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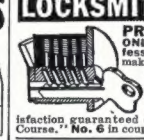

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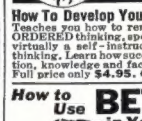

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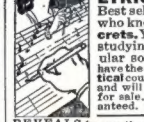

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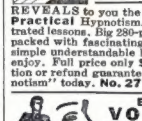

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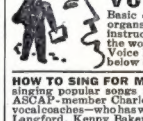

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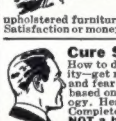

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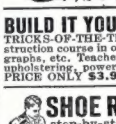

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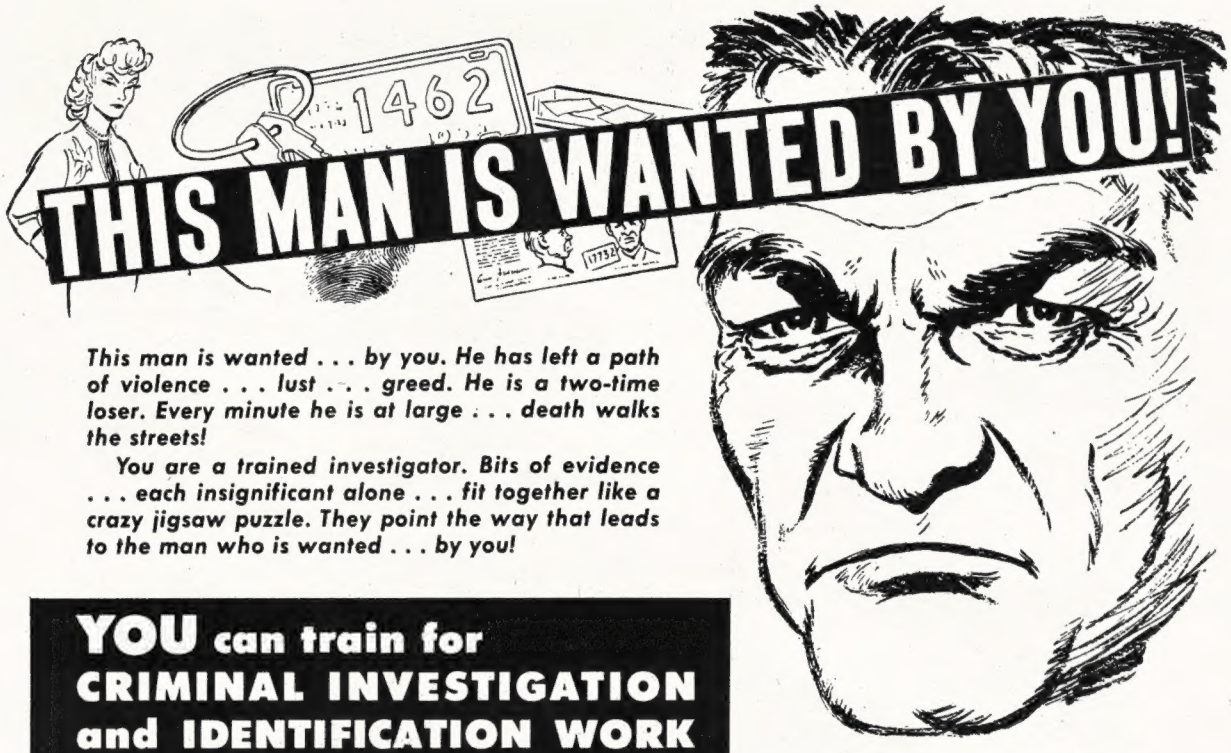

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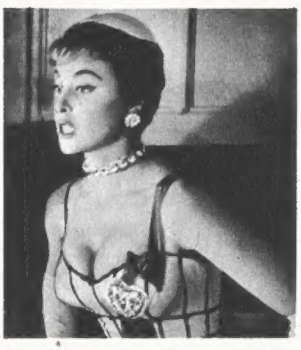

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By Richard Prather

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VOL. 5 NO. 44

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GAGS FOR MEN ONLY

In a Madison Avenue advertising agency, the chief copywriter for one of the nation's biggest soap manufacturers was having one of his moody mornings.

"It's ridiculous to be writing this stuff. Some of my Harvard classmates are shoveling money. One has a play running on Broadway, the other just got a hundred thousand for a story he sold to Hollywood. It irks me that the best I can make around here is thirty-five thousand a year."

"Still, it's nice irk if you can get it," remarked his young assistant dreamily.

★ ★ ★

Claude Rains tells about the starlet who was sent to New York by her studio to study the plays and pick up some theatrical culture.

Every night a studio representative whisked her to another theater. All she really cared about was going to the night clubs after the show, but visiting the theaters was the meal ticket. However, she made no secret of the fact that she neither knew in advance what she would see, nor cared.

One night, seated in the front row, she glanced at her playbill and read: "HAMLET, or THE PRINCE OF DENMARK." It got her real sore.

"You mean to say that five minutes before curtain time these goofs still don't know which show they're going to play?" she demanded indignantly.

★ ★ ★

They were talking about childless marriages in Hollywood, when a young actress declared, "My doctor tells me I could have a baby at the drop of a hat."

"Then why don't you?" asked producer Jerry Wald.

"Because my husband is in England making pictures, as you know," retorted the actress.

"And I suppose he took the hat with him," said Wald.

★ ★ ★

Sexy singer Eartha Kitt appeared in an unbelievably low-cut gown at dress rehearsal for her new show in a ritzy New York hotel.

"I am afraid we can't let you go on in this outfit," said the manager. Then he added, by way of explanation: "After all, not every man is interested in seeing bosoms."

"I didn't think we were appealing to that group," retorted the singer.

★ ★ ★

Asked to describe what a "wolf" is, experts on the subject tend to come up with different definitions:

"A wolf is a guy whose calculations improve amazingly the minute you switch from Arabic to feminine figures," says Hoagy Carmichael.

"A wolf observes all the rules of grammar—but just can't resist ending every sentence with a proposition," according to Jackie Coogan.

★ ★ ★

One of the leading young he-men of the movies flew to New York for a personal appearance and a brief vacation. Aware of his roaming eye, his young wife wired him the day after he left:

"Have a good time, darling, but don't forget that you are married."

Back came a telegram saying: "Sorry, your wire reached me too late."

★ ★ ★

While awaiting the arrival of her baby, a movie star—beautiful, but not overly-developed in the brain department—decided to use this period of absence from the screen for getting a divorce.

"What ground shall we claim? Desertion? Cruelty?" asked her attorney.

"I don't care for any of those," said the star.

"How about adultery?" continued the attorney.

"That's it!" exclaimed the star. "Why, even this child I am expecting isn't his!"

★ ★ ★

An assistant reported to the "Vice President in Charge of Creative Activities" at a big advertising agency that one of his copy writers was making derogatory remarks about him.

"I'll fix that guy," said the Vice President, instructing his secretary to call in the writer.

"Kevin, my boy, you have been doing a terrific job for us lately," said the Vice President to the amazed writer. "We do want to show our appreciation in a practical sort of way. I recommended that we raise your salary from $15,000 to $25,000, and the big boss has given his okay."

A few minutes later, the informer barged into the Vice President's office and wanted to know what was being played.

"Don't worry," said the Vice President. "I'll fire him tomorrow. But I want him to feel really sorry about the job he lost."

★ ★ ★

Jack Carson tells about the industrialist who was reprimanding his secretary.

"Myrtle," he said, "who told you that you could neglect your office duties just because I occasionally make a pass at you?"

"My attorney," answered the secretary.

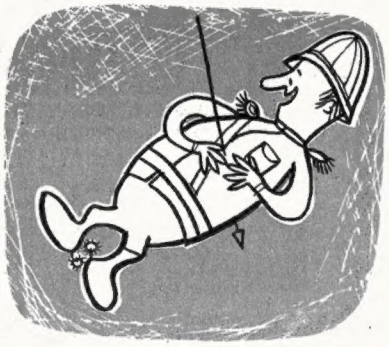
★ ★ ★

A favorite story in the British army deals with the retired colonel who was discussing wars with a few younger officers at his club.

"The last *real* war was the Zulu campaign," the colonel was telling his listeners. "Why, those fellows were eight feet tall. Once half a dozen of them ambushed me, dragged me from my horse and pinned me to the ground with a spear. There I stayed for three days until I was rescued."

"Didn't it hurt terribly?" one of the officers inquired.

"Only when I laughed," replied the colonel.



★ ★ ★

Curt Massey was golfing with a friend who made a very poor showing. Massey tried to come up with some helpful suggestions for improving the man's form, but he wouldn't listen.

"Oh, that isn't what's wrong," was the man's reply to Massey's every suggestion.

Finally, Massey got tired of it. Acidly he remarked:

"At last I know what's spoiling your game: It's that green lumber they are using in the tees."

They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

ALBERT DORNE — one of the greatest money-makers in commercial art. From the window of his luxurious studio high above New York, Dorne can see the slum tenement where he once lived.

Now they're helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. Before he was 13, he had to quit school to support his family. Although he worked 12 hours a day—he managed to study art at home in "spare time." Soon people were willing to pay good money for his drawings. At 22 he was earning $500 a week as a commercial artist. He rose higher and higher to become probably the most fabulous money-maker in the history of advertising art.

Dorne's "rags to riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school at 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan at 5. Robert Fawcett, the "illustrators' illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs, who once couldn't afford a cold-water flat, now lives in a magnificent home over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others: Nearly ten years ago, these men gathered in Dorne's luxurious New York studio for a fateful meeting. With them were six other equally famous artists—Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, John Atherton. Almost all had similar "rags to riches" backgrounds.

Dorne outlined to them a problem and a plan. He pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent...no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"

NORMAN ROCKWELL — this best-loved American artist left school at 15.

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the war-born methods of modern visual training. What better way could you teach the art of making pictures, they reasoned, than through pictures? They made over 5,000 drawings specially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw the "glamour girls" for which he is world-famous. Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent overlay," the instructor would actually *draw*, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record to refer to as often as he liked.

Eric Ericson

John Whitaker

John Busketta

Harriet Kuzniewski

School is launched; students quickly succeed. The Famous Artists Schools (whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in art education) now has 5,000 active students in 32 countries. The famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still own it, run it, and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

Eric Ericson is a good example. He used to work in an auto parts department. Today, he is an Art Director at *seven times* the salary he was making when he enrolled.

John Whitaker of Memphis was an airline clerk when he started his art studies. Two years later, he won a national cartooning contest. Recently, he was signed to do a comic strip for a group of newspapers.

John Busketta was a pipe-fitter's helper with a gas company. Now he works for the same company in the advertising department at a big increase in pay.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she enrolled. A few months later, she landed a job as fashion artist. A year after that, she was made assistant art director. Now, she does important fashion illustrations and gets lots of free-lance work, too.

"Where are the famous artists of tomorrow?" Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers all over the U. S. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs.

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them *do* have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art . . . if we can only find them."

Unique art talent test: To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 12-page Talent Test. Originally they charged $1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have valuable hidden art talent? Simply mail coupon below. The Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation. And it *might* lead you to become one of the "famous artists of tomorrow."

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Cavalier of the month

ROVING MALE

Robert Chester Ruark is a 41-year-old displaced North Carolinian who, armed with a typewriter, guts and a monumental disdain of tradition, has become king of the journalistic jungle. Eleven years ago Ruark, then a $125-a-week feature writer for Scripps-Howard, hit front pages everywhere with the declaration that "our girls look like something Salvador Dali would muster up after a midnight snack of Welsh rarebit and onion." Back came the roars of the womenfolk, the applause of the menfolk and from his employers the kind of contract newspaper writers dream about—a contract that let him roam the world and gave him complete freedom to pick his subjects. From then on it was Katy-Bar-the-Door as he went after phonies and frauds everywhere. In 1947 he rocked the country with a series exposing conditions in US Army camps under command of General John C. H. ("Courthouse") Lee in Italy. Then, he chased Lucky Luciano out of Cuba when he reported the gangster was operating in Havana. To Ruark a column is a public trust and nothing burns him up more than hearing that just one guy somewhere is taking a shafting.

Another tradition Ruark shattered is the one that says crusader-reformers like to live in attics where potato soup is the blue plate special. Not our Cavalier Robert. He lives in a villa in Spain and has more dough than he can fold (a lot of it from sales of his book *Something of Value* which still has readers all over the world retching delightedly at his realism) and now does only three columns a week. Despite his surroundings and affluence, there's no indication to date that high living has taken an edge off his fighting manner. His columns are as fiery as ever. And even his severest critics doubt if he'll change. He's not that type of guy. •

What keeps YOU from making more MONEY?

Just what is the matter—why aren't you making more money? Look around—probably many of the people you know are doing a lot better than you.

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But—they have something you lack—the fact that they have a better job and earn more money proves that. Success today is measured by the dollar sign.

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TO CAVALIER • 67 W. 44th STREET • NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

FRAUDULENT COCHISE

I read with indignation your story "I Am Cochise" (Dec.). What got me was that you made it sound like the Apache's own story, when actually it was just a story by a writer pretending to be Cochise. What gives?

B. M. Barnes
Jersey City, N. J.

Pinkerton did not pretend to be Cochise. He merely used literary license to write Cochise's story as he thinks the Indian would have told it had he been able to set it down. Pinkerton has studied Cochise's life for years, and his version of the Cochise story is, we think, the most accurate that you will find.

PARLOR POOCHES

Having read your story "Rhodesian Ridgeback—Killer of Lions" in the December issue, I want to say I've been to Rhodesia and seen the amazing dogs in action. But as to your comment that they're available in this country, don't try to buy one at the local pound. They're rare and expensive.

Dick Brady
New York City

As more dogs are imported, the price will drop.

KUDOS TO KEATING

I should like to express my appreciation for the dramatic, blood-chilling account of Bill Keating's patience and courage in sending waterfront killer Johnny Dunn to the electric chair ("The Man Who Tackled New York's Untouchable Killer," Nov.). The story deserves wide circulation, for it proves how tough it is for even a courageous prosecutor to prepare an open-and-shut case, especially when law officers are uncooperative. It also proves that once a case is properly prepared, there is always available an honest judge and unbiased jury to try it.

Fred Hadley
Chicago, Ill.

TYPEE—FACT OR FICTION?

I thought Herman Melville's *Typee* which you printed in November was fiction? You seem to play it as fact.

Ben Grunther
New London, Conn.

We said it was a true experience—which is correct. Melville actually went to the Marquesas and lived there four weeks with the man-eaters. When he returned, he wrote up his adventures with some fictional touches.

FREE FALL FROM 18,000 FEET

Your 101st Airborne paratroopers aren't really so tough. I'd like to see one of them duplicate the British airman who, back in 1944, dropped three-and-

one-half miles without a 'chute (it had been burned in his plane) and walked away. His fall was broken by branches and four feet of snow. He's got a certificate to prove it.

L. I. McNulty
Chicago, Ill.

No, they can't beat that. But the 101st does have cases where a guy whose 'chute hasn't opened was caught in mid-air by one of his buddies who brought him down safely. Tough enough?

BLACK AND WHITE

This note is in reference to the story "Call Me Killer" in November. Mr. Baldwin is obviously a liar when he says that "I would cheerfully have done the same to any white man if he had committed crimes similar to those carried out by the Mau Mau." I might have swallowed that were Mr. Baldwin not from the U. S. A. where white men have killed and suppressed black men whenever it has pleased them to do so. . . . The white man has only shown mercy to others when his position was such that he might be in need of it himself.

H. B. Swinger
New York City

GETTING THEIR ANTELOPE AT 600 YARDS

In your article "How They Got Their Antelope" (Oct.) you say that hunters rarely get closer than 600 yards to buck antelope. This is a crock. I have hunted antelope up here in Montana for 22 years and my hunting companions and I get plenty of shots from 150-200 yards. Hell, we couldn't hit one at 600 yards if we shot all day.

Vic Carey
Kinsey, Mont.

You're right of course—hunters do get closer than 600 yards. But our boys didn't need to. What's wrong with your shooting out thar?

CONTROVERSY ON SKIDS

Griffith Borgeson's advice on how to handle skids in your August cover story "Why You're A Lousy Driver" is asinine. . . . If he does not retract that business about slipping the clutch or throwing the gear box into neutral before the streets become snow covered and icy someone will undoubtedly be foolish enough to try this so-called means of overcoming a slide and kill themselves.

Miles T. Rader
Denver, Colo.

Dear Mr. Rader:

All skids are caused actually by loss of traction due to acceleration, deceleration and/or cornering forces that reduce the bite of tires on the surface. If acceleration is causing the skid, get off the throttle. If the brakes are doing it, use them more gently or use the gearbox. If excessive centrifugal force is doing it, reduce your cornering speed. And when your rear end swings, swing in that same direction to neutralize the sideways movement.

A driver can work his way out of a skid with steering and discreet application of power to the driving wheels. But frightened drivers are not discreet and are inclined to put on too much power, aggravating the skid. Hence the suggestion that the average motorist get into neutral and stay there, thereby eliminating all the tricky variables but one: the steering.

Sincerely,
Griffith Borgeson

You're all crazy. The only way to avoid skids is to put spikes on your tires.

Pete Martin
Portland, Maine

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ONE GUY EYES '57

Let me say at the start that I'm not going to put the rap on 1956. It was a good year. Any year you survive is a good year, and you wouldn't be reading this if we hadn't survived. But also among the survivors, at year's end, are a number of characters whose absence would make life sunnier. For the New Year, then, I offer, not a list of resolutions, but a list of candidates for oblivion. May they vanish as fast as last week's paycheck.

Down With—

Elvis Presley, whose hound dog yelping rings through every juke box in the land. He is slated to enter the Army sometime this year, and, remembering back to some of the sergeants I've known, I think he and the Army are each getting what they deserve.
Prohibitionists who are still trying to dry up the land.
Censors who think they know what you shouldn't read.
Phonies of all kinds, near and far.

Up With—

Marilyn Monroe, a constant reminder that women can be sexy funny and in one terriffic package.
Ed Sullivan, who, in spite of the critics, puts out one of the greatest shows your old eyes will ever see.
Rocky Marciano who proved that nice guys can finish first.

By now you've seen all the new cars for fifty-seven. Almost all of them are lower and longer. Lower cars, I like. They'll hold the road better, and they look faster. But making cars longer is crazy. They're harder to park, to maneuver in traffic, to care for. In 1957 I condemn all designers who have lengthened their cars to spend a month of Sundays polishing them. And all the engineers who built them I sentence to the endless job of enlarging the garages their cars won't fit into.
At the same time I gloomily predict that the designers are at this very moment working in secret to make the '58 car longer. Look next year for the car so long it has an extra set of wheels to hold up its middle. Look also for the hinged sedan which corners in sections. But don't look for me in them.

The new year will find the scared baseball moguls face-lifting their outmoded ball parks and generally acting as if they really wanted the fans to watch their teams. College football will settle down after all the scandals and the recruiters will find new, ingenious ways to cheat and/or duck the new codes which will be about as worthless as all their predecessors. Wilt Chamberlain will make basketball's biggest news—and another college scandal will explode. A national sports mag will breathlessly discover wrestling is crooked.

No telling yet what the possibility of virgin birth (a case is being investigated in England) will bring except that it will do away with such jokes as the one about the doctor saying "I have fine news for you, Mrs. Jones." To which the patient says *"Miss* Jones" and the doctor replies "Then I have bad news for you."

About five more variations of long hair big-busted blondes will find a place in the Hollywood firmament and by the year's end an oddity like a redhead or brunette will become the brightest star. Another country will take the play away from Italy and Sweden in the imported beauty field. Grace Kelly will have a baby and the whole country will have morning, afternoon and evening sickness reading the slop that will be written about this event. Anita Ekberg will get divorced and a couple of millions guys will read about it and think the same thought.

The Brink's Bandits will be back in the news big. A prominent TV star will be murdered and a lot of people will be surprised to find out this is a crime.

WHAT *WON'T* HAPPEN IN '57

CARS

The car manufacturers will curtail production saying they've been making too many of the darn things anyway.

A sports car that will accommodate a guy over 4 ft. tall will be built.

SPORTS

Ike will break 80 in a foursome made up of Drew Pearson, Harry Truman and Doug MacArthur.

Casey Stengel will say lefty batters can hit lefty pitching.

A college football coach will say, about his team: "Sure they're good. They're the best money could buy. They couldn't get into a third-rate college but what do I care as long as they win?"

A growing metropolis will refuse to let the Washington Senators move there, saying, "Who wants the bums?"

A redheaded outfielder will catch two consecutive flies in a world series game and the announcer won't mention that he has set a record for catching flies in clusters of two by red-headed outfielders whose grandmothers live in Oregon.

MEDICINE

A prominent doctor will say we all never had it so good—and if we keep up the boozing, smoking and trying to make a buck we'll set a new record for longevity.

ADVERTISING

A cigarette manufacturer will say his butts taste like someone's socks but they're cheaper by the pack.

A brewer will say "Of course our beer's wet. Who the hell wants a dry beer?"

A TV announcer will replace his "and now for an important message" line with the words "Now here's that damn sponsor again."

MILITARY

The Air Force will refuse some dough from the defense budget saying "We got all we need—give it to the Navy."

Selective Service will say they've got all the guys they want—and just the right kinds of guys too.

A retired Marine general will say the new guys have it too tough and the Corps should take it easy.

THE EDITOR

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This shot was taken by FBI camera located behind one-way window. Sebold (back to camera) is receiving secret information from Frederick Duquesne, top German operative. Calendar, clock record date and time for use as evidence.

AMERICA'S MOST DARING COUNTERSPY

The astonishing story of how one courageous American, operating alone, took over the Nazi spy ring which had already stolen our top secret bombsight—and captured every German spy in the U. S.

By Andrew Hecht

"The Gestapo does not make mistakes. If they say it is *you* they want to see, you'd better go see them," warned the desk sergeant in the police station of the industrial town Mulheim on the Ruhr.

"But I am an American citizen. What business can they have with me?" insisted the man we will call William G. Sebold.

"You'll find out soon enough," said the sergeant. "Besides, our records show that you were born here. As far as we Germans are concerned, the motto is: Once a German, always a German!"

And thus began, in the grimy little town of Mulheim, the drama that helped the FBI to accomplish history's greatest feat of counter-espionage. At first, however, it looked as if the plot would end right then and there.

Husky 6-footer Sebold indignantly walked out of the police station. He was still puzzled by the letter he held in his hand. It had come from the headquarters of the Gestapo in Berlin and was signed by one Dr. Otto Gassner.

"Nice to know you are back home," the letter said. "Please drop in at my office at your earliest convenience. I should like to talk over old times with you." The note ended with a "Heil Hitler!"

Sebold knew of no "old times" he could discuss with a man he never met. After an absence of 18 years, he had come to Mulheim in 1939 to visit his widowed mother, his sister and two brothers. He had emigrated to the U. S. in 1921, when he was 22 years old, and became a naturalized citizen in 1930. He was now on leave of absence from his job as draftsman at Consolidated Aircraft in San Diego.

Sebold was sore about being bothered by the Gestapo. Where did they come off telling an American citizen what to do? He simply did not feel like going to Berlin. By the time he reached his mother's house he decided that he would not go. He would pick up his belongings and skip the country he had never really liked.

"William Sebold" (right, face blacked out) agreed to become counter-spy on condition his true identity would never be revealed. Man at left is Duquesne, one of 33 Nazi operatives Sebold saw convicted.

But at home he discovered that his American passport had vanished. Frantically, he searched through his belongings. He went through the pockets of his suits, emptied the dresser drawers, climbed to the attic to look in his suitcases. He could not find the passport.

"They must have stolen it from me," he told his mother. "The police were bad enough under the Kaiser but they never stooped to this sort of thing. I bet you they picked my pocket right after I got off the boat in Hamburg."

"Willie, please," Sebold's aged mother pleaded, "even the walls have ears. I knew there would be trouble when that letter from the Gestapo came. You cannot run away from them. You must never forget that the rest of us, your family, will be here after you go home. It is us they can revenge themselves on. You must do as they tell you."

Pistol raised, crew member guards pilots taking Norden bomb sight from plane. Despite such stringent security, Nazi spies got secret.

The man responsible for stealing bombsight, Hermann Lang, Norden engineer.

Continued from preceding page

Lilly Stein, 27-year-old brunette, was Sebold's contact in New York. Germans held her parents, forced her to spy.

So Sebold took the train to Berlin. For hours he tried to figure out what the Gestapo wanted from him and how he managed to draw their attention in the first place. Then he suddenly remembered the two men he met at the bar on the *Deutschland,* the German boat on which he made the crossing. They had become most interested in him when he mentioned that he was employed in the American aircraft industry. They must have been German agents, and now the Gestapo was probably going to pump him for restricted information.

In Berlin, Sebold was met by Dr. Gassner and by Nicholas Ritter, who later turned out to be a colonel of the Luftwaffe, working for the "Abwehr," the Intelligence Service headed by famed Admiral Canaris.

It soon became obvious that Sebold was wrong. His hosts were not after the military secrets he might have known. They wanted much more.

Bluntly they told him that they picked him to become a member of "unsere Gesellschaft"—"our society"—meaning the Intelligence Service. If he refused, "the pressure of the state" would be brought to bear upon him and his family.

"But I don't know a thing about espionage work," protested Sebold, panic-stricken. "I'd probably make a mistake the first day and they would catch me. So what good would I be?"

"Don't you worry about that!" Dr. Gassner reassured him. "Colonel Ritter will teach you the ropes, and I don't mind telling you that you look like a pretty smart fellow to me."

"I have to think this over," said Sebold, who was covered with sweat.

"Take a day or two to think it over," said Dr. Gassner jovially. "Go on back home, and then let us know what you decided. Meanwhile, our men will be keeping an eye on you. Don't forget—if you refuse, your family will suffer."

Sebold returned to his mother's house in Mulheim. Soon a messenger brought him a letter from Dr. Gassner.

"I thought you'd like to know about the kind of funerals we give to enemies of the state," said the cheerful little note, and proceeded to give a description.

Sebold was terrified for his family, and felt he had no choice. He wired Dr. Gassner: "I accept your proposition." He hoped he could stall for time and somehow find a way to escape from the Nazis.

Then, suddenly, he had an inspiration. Rushing to the phone, he called Dr. Gassner, and told him that he would have to go to an American Consulate so he would be issued a new passport.

"Oh, no, you don't," blurted the Gestapo man. "We'll give you one of our faked American passports."

"But that would be taking an unnecessary chance," argued Sebold. "Some official could discover it when I land in New York. After all, I am entitled to a real passport."

"Okay," said Dr. Gassner after a pause. "The nearest consulate to you is in Cologne. Go there—and don't spend any unnecessary time inside."

Sebold was suddenly elated and hopeful. He could tell the consul his story, and get a new passport. Then, with American aid, he could escape from Germany.

In Cologne, Sebold told his story to the American consul.

"We will give you a new passport, just as soon as we have checked your application by cable in Washington," said the consul. "And I suppose we could help you leave the country unmolested. But if I were you, I wouldn't do it."

"Why? What do you mean?" asked Sebold in consternation.

"Well, for one thing, the Nazis are apt to take revenge and put your family in a concentration camp," said the consul. "In addition, this is a golden opportunity for us. We have been waiting a long time for such a chance."

Sebold was bewildered. He stared unbelievingly at the consul.

"Mr. Sebold, you could perform an extremely valuable service to the United States Government by accepting the Nazi offer," he said. "Counter-espionage is a difficult task. But here is a case where the Germans would make it relatively easy for us, by placing a loyal American like yourself in a spot from where he could report to us about their espionage activities."

"You make it sound easy," said Sebold with a touch of bitterness. "To me, it doesn't look quite so easy. I'm no coward, but it's obvious that if there is a slip up, it's my throat they'll cut."

The consul agreed. "We know how dangerous such an assignment is. Nobody is going to blame you if you don't take it. You'll get your passport in any event, of course."

Sebold's head was spinning. Instead of spending a pleasant, quiet vacation with his family, he suddenly found himself in the midst of international intrigue. Not as a spectator enjoying a spy thriller, but as the principal actor, cast in the difficult and dangerous role of a double agent.

Then, he was seized by a sudden wave of anger and hatred for the Nazis. They had forced their way into his life. He would show them just what that would get them! He had left Germany many years ago because he refused to be pushed around, and nobody was going to do it to him now —not without paying the price.

"I'll do what you asked me to," Sebold told the consul.

Just as soon as the Gestapo knew that Sebold had made arrangements to receive a new American passport, they ordered him to proceed to Hamburg, where Col. Ritter took him in hand. In a school for spies operated by the Abwehr, Sebold got training in the function assigned to him: building and operating a radio transmitter. The course also covered en-coding and decoding messages, as well as microphotography. The Germans had just developed equipment which allowed them to reduce messages on film to the size of a small dot, and they could paste these dots in position as periods in otherwise innocuous letters. Peeled from the letter, the dots could then be enlarged for deciphering.

At first, Sebold had difficulty learning the involved "square code" system used by the Nazis, but he finally got the hang of it. The code given him was based on the British edition of Rachael Field's *All This and Heaven Too.* The key lay in the date a radio message was sent. One had to total up the day and month and add 20 to the sum. This indicated the page of the book on which the message was contained. Then, starting with the first line on the given page, the agent worked up and down the page in a complicated series of squares until the message was decoded.

Sebold was to build a radio transmitter when he got to New York, using parts readily available on the American market. They taught him in Hamburg how to put the set together, and gave him wiring diagrams on microfilm. In addition to this, Sebold carried three messages, for as many spies, on microfilm inside his pocket watch.

The Nazis were extremely cautious about allowing their agents to know and to meet each other. Normally, only one or two spies were assigned to a radio operator. But some of the operators sent to the U. S. proved to be quite inept. At the same time, the British tightened the blockade and picked many Nazi couriers from neutral ships. So the Abwehr found itself in a pinch. That is why the Nazi espionage chiefs were willing to entrust the fate of its proven spies to an unknown quantity—Sebold.

After almost two months of intensive training, toward the end of January 1940, Sebold was summoned to Col. Ritter's office.

"You have been doing pretty well," Col. Ritter told him, "and you are ready for service. Be prepared to sail for New York tomorrow."

His words burst like a bomb over Sebold. He suddenly realized that he was to leave the comparative safety of the spy school for the world of real action—to face all the dangers that his double role involved. There was no way out, he kept telling himself. But that didn't make things any easier. Suppose the Nazis had a counter-spy just like himself planted within the FBI. He would promptly find out what Sebold's game was, and how long after that would the Nazis in New York take him for a ride? Or even if they did not have such a counter-spy, they certainly had plenty of agents in the U. S. Suppose one of them were assigned to watching Sebold—and it would have been only logical to have a German agent observe the movements of a new, untried spy—how could he be dealing with the FBI without being promptly discovered and knifed in the back? But for Sebold, there was no way out. [*Continued on page* 86]

The frolics of the UNHOLY ROLLER

George Graham had a great time posing as an evangelist and fooling around with his boss's daughter. Then three forgotten mistakes paid a visit to the prayer tent

By Archie McFedries

Sister Emma Molloy, who billed herself as God's Own Messenger And Foe Of Rum And The Devil, was, back around 1880, the most popular and the most fraudulent evangelist in the Great American Middle West. A squat brunette in her middle forties, with a hard, square face and smouldering dark eyes, Sister Emma swept through the tall corn country magnetizing the peasants into churches, tents, lodge halls and open fields. When, toward the close of a service, after a substantial collection had been safely salted away, Sister Emma faced the parishioners and, with arms akimbo, shouted, in a voice that carried a country mile, "Come on up here, you sinners, and be saved!" the aisles came alive with drunkards, wife beaters, philanderers, cigarette smokers, card players and miscellaneous evil doers.

One lovely summer night, when Sister Emma was collecting souls in a tent on the outskirts of Kansas City, Kansas, there appeared, at the tag end of the line of the repentant, a hulk of a man of 35 with a flabby, bluish face, crafty eyes, and whisky on his breath. His name was George Graham and, after Sister Emma had elicited from him a pledge to keep his foot off brass rails in the future, he displayed a decided reluctance to move on. "You're saved!" Sister Emma said to Graham, measuring the man. "You can go home now."

"But," said Graham, fixing Sister Emma with a pious stare, "I don't *have* a home. My dear wife passed away. Now I have nobody—no relatives, nothing." Graham had a home, all right, right in Kansas City, and it was populated by a wife and two boys, Charley and Roy, aged, respectively, 12 and 8. He also had a criminal record, being fresh out of the can, where he had done a stretch for forgery. But, like many rascals, he dripped with charm and exuded sincerity. "I would," he said to Sister Emma, brushing away a crocodile tear, his tone unctious, "like to work for you. I'll do anything. I can also sing."

It just so happened that Sister Emma needed a collection taker, her previous one having died a month before. She stood there, measuring Graham, and decided that he would fill the bill. "But you'll have to keep your pledge to swear off drinking," Sister Emma admonished.

Graham raised his right hand and, at that very moment, caught a whiff of the evangelist's breath. Sister Emma, Graham was pleased to note, smelled like a distillery.

And so they got together, these two—the ex-jailbird and the fraudulent evangel.

Sister Emma had an adopted daughter who travelled with her—a bleak little 36-year-old spinster named Cora Lee Molloy. Cora Lee had quite a soprano voice but her other attributes put her in the class of the opera-star bride in the joke whose husband, looking at her in the disenchanting light of the morning after, was prompted to say, "Sing, damn you, sing!" Cora Lee had a hatchety face, buck teeth, a bony frame, spindly legs and a craving for a man. She had 20-20 vision when it came to spotting something attractive in a pair of pants but whenever she saw a prospect, she behaved as if every year was leap year and scared the boys off.

When Sister Emma introduced Brother Graham to Cora Lee, the pair looked one another up and down. Graham didn't see anything that excited him, but Cora Lee did. She began to gush and make cow eyes—but the best Graham was able to do was to be coldly polite.

As Sister Emma Molloy moved through the Corn Belt that summer, she drew bigger crowds than ever. Making sure that she kept her strength at high level for the Lord's work, she drank two or three bottles a day of a tonic for tired women that had the alcoholic boot of a Kansas mule. Sometimes, at night when she got up on the platform to begin her spiel, she was so crocked that she could hardly stand on her feet. But her voice and her enthusiasm saved her. [*Continued on page 63*]

While Sister Emma "saved" the sinners, the boozed-up Graham and the bewildered Cora Lee had a field day.

Illustrated by Harry Schaare

REPENT
THE
ORD
AVES

TRUE ADVENTURE

MY LEOPARD HAD TWO LIVES

A huge leopard, the largest I'd ever seen, strode silently from the black African night. Alive he was deadly and I shot him. But now came the moment of greatest danger

BY EDISON MARSHALL

Adapted from *The Heart of the Hunter*, copyright (©) 1956 by Edison Marshall.

It had begun by old Cottar saying that, if I did not mind a little discomfort, I should sit up one night with Africa. I had passionately, and sometimes blunderingly, hunted big game, but always the hunts had followed the same pattern—the stalk, the kill, with Cottar, my white hunter, by my side with his deadly aim when anything had gone wrong. This time, it seemed, I would be alone.

Cottar explained it further: "You should go out on the veldt, without fire. There's a good moon now, and you'd see a lot that would help you sell your books. You don't have to shoot anything, necessarily. The best way is to sit in a *boma*—that's a little shelter made of thornbrush, with a hole left to see through. I can't say it's completely safe, but what is? Lions and leopards avoid thorns. They know, although I don't know how they know, that a thorn in the foot often leads to a quick death by blood-poisoning or a slow one by lameness. Every critter has to be in robust health to survive on the veldt." Cottar, pleased with this last bit of understatement, stopped to give me a grin.

"How about man-eaters?" I asked.

"Man-eaters have been known to dive straight through the strongest bomas. For instance, those two devils up Tsoa way. If there was a Shenzi village near here, where they chuck out their dead for the beasts and birds, I wouldn't chance it; but these lions around here don't know any more what a man tastes like than I know patty de fraw graw." [*Continued on page* 97]

Each of us grabbed one of the leopard's great legs and began dragging. Then K'nini's light caught fiery eyes.

DOGPATCH SEX TRAP

While Tina Louise, the lovely redhead you see on these pages, looks like just one girl (though what a girl), she is currently representing quite a horde of lissome lovelies in the Broadway play *Li'l Abner*. As anyone who's ever read *Li'l Abner* in the comic strip knows, the big boob from Dogpatch was always being pursued by a battalion of buxom beauties till he finally got smart (reasonably so) and married Daisy Mae. When the producers of the new Broadway play, *Li'l Abner*, got started, they went looking for one girl who would represent all the bombers who flung themselves at and after the Yokum yokel. This was a search worthy of Mammy Yokum because not only did these female figments of cartoonist Al Capp's mind range from show girls to scientists, but all had the kind of shapes that could be developed only in an inkwell. Then, looking unlike any vision Mammy ever conjured, Tina Louise showed up and fit the role of Appassionata van Climax (now ain't that a real Capp name) like she fits her clothes. And even a casual glance at the way the dry goods hug her 36-24-35 frame will show you—that's pretty good fittin'. •

For her Appassionata role, Tina wears hair high, dress low.

The author, Peter Freuchen, who has faced adventure and cheated death in every corner of the earth.

My Most Dangerous Adventure

I was trapped in the frozen grave I'd dug myself. I could hardly move and all my equipment was outside. Then I found the strangest tool I have ever used—and once more I had a chance to live

by Peter Freuchen

Early in 1922 Peter Freuchen joined an expedition headed for Hudson Bay to study the Canadian Eskimos and make maps of the northern parts of that area which were still uncharted. After almost a year of exploring in small groups in the Hudson Bay area, the members of the expedition re-convened at Danish Island. . .

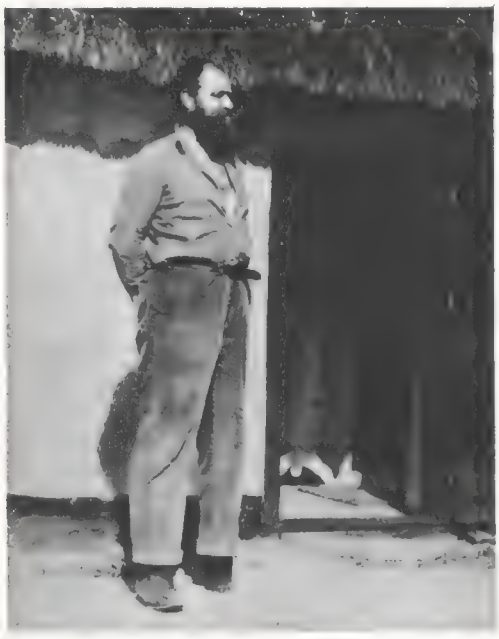
We spent the rest of the year 1922 in the neighborhood of Danish Island. We had planned to leave Canada in 1924, each by a separate route in order to cover as much territory as possible. Dr. Birket-Smith was to go south through Canada, Dr. Mathiassen north to Ponds Inlet on the east coast of Baffin Land, Knud Rasmussen was to go west through Arctic Canada to Alaska. It was my intention to go across Baffin Land, Devon Island and Ellesmere Land and across Smith Sound to Etah and Thule. But before I set out on the long trek to Thule, I planned to make an extensive mapping tour of the large area east of Igdloolik along the coast of Baffin Land. The maps of this region were very incomplete. I also hoped to make contact with some of the Hudson Strait Eskimos and to study their way of life. [*Continued on page* 59]

EXPLORER Freuchen gets ready to set out on an expedition in Thule. In the North he lost a wife and a leg.

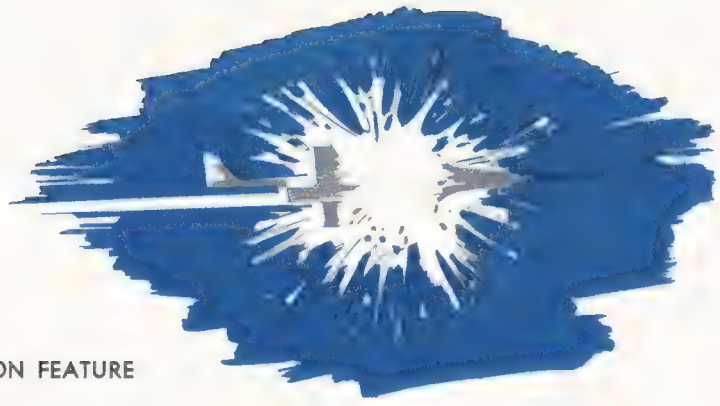
Peter Freuchen's life of adventure paid off recently in a spectacular way. Appearing on *The $64,000 Question*, he chose as his category The Seven Seas, and hit the jackpot for $64,000.

The story he tells here is a chapter from his book, *Vagrant Viking*, copyright 1953 by Peter Freuchen, with permission of the publishers, Julian Messner Inc.

CONTESTANT Freuchen with $64,000 Question's Hal March. Isolation booth was another conquest.



FARMER Freuchen as he looked shortly after amputation when he had to get used to his new peg leg.



SPECIAL FICTION FEATURE

This was it. Either he tamed the XF-8 or he died and the men waiting below were ruined—all because of the . . .

JINX JET

BY FRANK HARVEY

Johnny Howard and Liz Talbot stood in the Mojave desert outside the J. M. Mathieson Experimental Test Hangar, watching Rudy's contrail pencil itself slowly across the violet sky. Rudy was Liz's brother. He was up there now in the XF-8, a long skinny needle with a microscopic pair of wings, which Doc Henry had designed for 2,500 miles an hour. The test gang called it Henry's Hatpin. It had two power sources—jet and rocket.

Rudy had pushed it past 1,500 mph with the jet. This afternoon he was going to shove it to the limit with rockets, and if it didn't burn up by the heat of friction, old J. M. Mathieson could knock the X off the front and put the Hatpin in production. This J. M. needed to do. He'd sunk a pot of money in the jet tanker competition, which Boeing had won. But everybody said he had a winner in the eight. If Rudy Talbot went 2,500 miles an hour this afternoon, the Hatpin was in like Flynn.

From inside the hangar a radio speaker hummed and a voice said, "Hello Mathieson tower. This is Rudy Talbot at 58,000. Is the field clear for test?" As the tower said it was, Johnny Howard glanced sideways at Liz Talbot. She was Rudy's sister all right. She had Rudy's determined chin and hot blue eyes that looked straight into any eyes they met. There the likeness stopped. Liz had her own mouth, full and ripe, a pert nose dusted with freckles, and her hair was done in a little furcap effect. Right now she wore a baseball cap, a short-sleeved shirt, skirt, and high-heeled pumps that had once been white. Now they were filmed with desert dust and her legs were bare and brown and good to look at. Several times, in Los Angeles, people had mistaken Liz for Ann Francis, the young movie star.

Just as this story goes to press, word comes in that the Bell experimental rocket ship X-2 crashed and killed its pilot, Capt. Milburn G. Apt. No sharper reminder is needed to establish the authenticity of this Cavalier fiction story.

Johnny Howard said, "Let's get in out of the sun, Liz."

He didn't mind the sun. His face was tanned from sitting up there in the XF-8 on days when Rudy let him take the swing shift. Johnny just wanted Liz inside. Nothing was going to happen, of course, but he wanted her inside.

Liz said suddenly, "It's gone."

Johnny looked. The con had broken off short. The sky was empty and silent. He squinted to pick up the diving fighter, but didn't see it until it started trailing brown smoke, a viciously down-driven speck above the purple mountains. The speck plunged past the skyline and lost itself in the heat-shimmer of the Mojave.

"Talbot to test," Rudy's voice said matter-of-factly, over the radio. "I'm cutting the jet now."

Johnny heard the jet a moment longer, then it cut off and he saw the XF-8, very low, flash in over the field boundary. It moved in total silence, so close Johnny could see the crimson smudge of Rudy's crash hat inside the tempered-glass canopy. The General Electric J-79 jet engine was shut down. The air intake ducts were tightly closed with heat covers.

Rudy's voice said, "Okay test—I'm going to fire rockets."

There was an instant of silence, then a long torch of blinding flame from the Hatpin's tail and an explosive blast that shook the windows. The fighter went almost straight up and vanished in the clear sky. For several seconds nothing happened. The sky was empty. Then, very high, Johnny Howard saw a soundless streamer of orange burble across the blue. He looked at it curiously, wondering what it might be. It took the explosion some time to reach the ground. It came as a sharp, flat sound, small [*Continued on page* 81]

As the plane went almost straight up, it began to disintegrate—and there was no time to eject. Rudy was a goner.

Illustrated by William George

Climb to the Clouds

The world's first mountain race for cars toppled every climbing record around. But the real excitement began when the champions of gas and steam started a dangerous duel

J. L. Breeze, alert mechanic at his side, powers up slope in 40 hp Mercedes. His time for 8-mile run: 34 minutes.

BY ERWIN LESSNER

Over the weekend before the big race, automobile fans had been arriving in small, excited groups, mostly city folks from Boston and New York, at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, a quiet farming town now filled with the hiss of steam cars, the crackle of motorcycles and the heavy staccato backfire of "real automobiles"—the first gas-driven cars. Bretton Woods had two nice hotels, and for this reason it had been chosen by the organizers as the headquarters of the first "Climb to the Clouds," an auto race up the steep slope of Mount Washington, some 30 miles away. Farmers, many of whom in this year of 1904 had not yet seen an automobile, puzzled over such strange brand-names as Orient, Prescott, Peerless, Stanley and Mercedes.

Opinion was split over what the outcome of the race would be. Scoffers said that the best of the cars would take a week to make the climb, and that the majority would get stuck half-way up and never see the mountain top. But others thought there was a chance that the racers would make the climb in record speed. This group was divided between putting its money on the huge Mercedes driven by Harry S. Harkness, a wealthy, moustachioed sportsman from New York, and the fragile steamer, reportedly red-hot on mountain grades, belonging to F. E. Stanley, its co-inventor. Stanley himself exuded confidence. He not only professed complete faith in steam over gasoline, but hinted darkly that Mr. Harkness' colossus had something badly wrong with it.

Actually, a Stanley Steamer had already proved itself on the mountain run. Five years before, F. E. Stanley's brother had brought one of the Stanleys' first cars to Mount Washington. There were then only 3,200 cars registered in the United States, and the audience which gathered about the

Steamer flatly doubted the claims of its owner who said this was a car which would go anywhere, even to the top of their 6,288-foot mountain. He was discouraged from making the climb. Not only would it be risky, but even unlawful. The twisting, rock-filled cart road to the summit was private, and the owners barred any self-propelled vehicle from their property.

But the brother Stanley was a determined man, and his contraption worked. The Stanley Steamer scaled the 8-mile ascent in 2 hours and 3 minutes. There were no official time keepers or any of the paraphernalia of modern racing. There were also no reporters and thus very little publicity afterwards. This indifference to this feat contrasted with the intense interest auto racing had in Europe. There, great races, like the ones on Semmering Pass in Austria and on Mont Ventoux in France, got the backing of national automobile clubs and the growing automotive industries.

But if American racing pioneers were on their own they were fiercely resolute and did not miss their opportunities. Mount Washington became the goal of sporting scouts. Enthusiasm turned white-hot when on July 25, 1903, the first gasoline-engine powered automobile reached the top of the mountain. Arthur C. Moses, from Providence, R. I., covered the distance from Glen House, at the base, to the summit with his 24 h.p. Toledo touring car in 3 hours and 5 minutes. This time newspapermen were on the spot. They reported that Moses was "much gratified at his success," although he felt that 55 minutes should be deducted from his time "on account of necessary delay in winding the wheels with rope and sprinkling the road with sand to insure sufficient traction when negotiating 20% grades." Shortly after the sizzling 2 mph. ascent, reports had it that another car had bettered the mark to 1 hour 48, but there were no particulars.

In 1904, car registration in the U. S. A. had increased tenfold since the Stanley Steamer's first ascent. Quite a few automobiles and automobile fans were seen around Glen House, but no race had yet been organized. However, nobody doubted that it would soon take place and sportsmen wanted to be ready for the call. Soft-spoken F. E. Stanley, looking like a village schoolmaster with his iron-grey goatee and wire-rimmed spectacles, was at Glen House, watching gasoline-engined cars, electromobiles, and occasional steamers making test runs which usually covered only small sections of the rough road. Harry S. Harkness, powerfully built, ruddy and smart-looking in his natty sports clothes, was on hand, too. Harkness was not seen testing an automobile, but he was an automobilist of note who could afford the finest that international car makers could produce. Rumors had it that he was trying to determine which racer he should buy to win the first race up Mount Washington.

The event was finally announced for July 11, 1904. Its organizers, principally racers, fittingly called it the "Climb to the Clouds."

"The road has a sandy surface where the rocks do not show through," *The Automobile* magazine reported, "and it is broken in 350 different places by water bars that bump many a driver's heart out of place on the risky turns. It is a steady motor-testing rise from the 1,650 high bottom to the 6,300 feet top, with none of the convenient little downgrades that give a chance of gathering speed on an average mountain road. The stiffest grade is about 20%, and the average for the 8 miles of zig-zag and curves is 17%." (Simple arithmetics put the average at 11%, but this too was quite formidable.) "The average width is about 12 feet," the report continued, "but the surface is so uneven that it would be necessary to pull a car partly up on the inside bank to give safe passage to a car going at speed. When the timberline is passed, the mountain side pitches off abruptly, and a little error in steering would hurl cars and contestants several hundred or even a thousand feet below."

The organizers had a fight with the owners of the road. They said that cars "going at speed" would ruin the road and feared law suits brought by the families of those who hurtled into some abyss. In the spring of 1904 they finally consented. It seemed late to get entries for July 11, but the race was not postponed and the [*Continued on page* 50]

Proud inventor F. E. Stanley in steam car that beat locomotive. He was odds-on favorite after amazing 28:19 time.

Dejected sportsman Harry Harkness in battered 60 hp Mercedes. Despite handicaps, Harkness—and gas—finally won.

The Case Of The THREE WILD

By Richard S. Prather

One was a mouse, one was a hurricane, the third a mermaid. They were all blondes who had business with Shell Scott. And so did a murderer who was after the loose two million bucks

COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

She came into my office as if she were backing out of it, a thin, frightened-appearing mouse who looked like the picture taken before the Before picture, and she stared all around the office in a most bewildered way before even looking at me.

"You . . . are you Mr. Scott? It said on the door—I . . . oh. . ."

It says on the door, *Sheldon Scott, Investigations,* but I'd never thought that was anything to crack up about. Not even my appearance—6′ 2″, 205 pounds, stand-up white hair and whitish miniature-boomerang eyebrows, plus a slightly bent nose and a thin slice gone from my left ear—could have done this to her. Life could have. Or jaywalking through the Los Angeles traffic on Broadway one floor below. Or Trouble. Well, people come to me when they're in Trouble.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm Shell Scott."

I got her seated in the leather chair opposite my desk, then sat down again and waited.

She was about 25 years old, or possibly less, with muddy brown hair and eyes and complexion. Squint lines of worry etched the skin around her eyes, and the corners of her thin-lipped mouth turned down. Her face was almost expressionless, as if she were trying to keep the features rigid and immobile.

Finally she reached into the paper sack she was carrying, took out a bottle of milk, and put it on the edge of my desk. About then I got to thinking maybe she was in the wrong office. Next door to me is Dr. Elben Forrest, a consulting psychologist. He's pretty balmy himself, and all sorts of weird characters visit him.

But I didn't say anything except, "What did you want to see me about, ma'am?"

"I—I'm Ilona Cabot," she said. "Mrs. Cabot. I'm married." She paused, her head turned slightly sideways, peering at me from the corner of her eyes. Despite her plainness and drabness, she had a rather sweet look about her. Sweet—and naive, unknowing.

After a pause, she went on, "I've been married four days. And my husband has been . . . missing since late yesterday evening. I hope you can find Johnny. Something bad must have happened to him."

"Johnny's your husband?"

"Yes. Somebody must have hurt him . . . maybe he's dead."

Her face didn't change expression, but her eyes which had appeared shiny as glass, seemed to melt a little, two tears spilling from them and running down her cheeks. They reached her chin and for a second hung oddly from the flesh, like trembling beads, before falling to the dark cloth of her dress.

She went on, "Otherwise, he'd be with me. Maybe whoever's responsible for him being away is—is the same one that's trying to kill us."

"Somebody's tried to kill you?"

"Two nights ago, Sunday night, just about dusk, I was walking to the little store near our place—I live on Robard Street—when the car almost hit me."

"What car was that?"

"Just a car. I can't tell one from another. But it came down the street and, well, it seemed like whoever was driving it *tried* to hit me."

"Did you see who was driving?"

"No. I jumped and the car just barely missed me. I fell and skinned my leg."

She paused and I nodded encouragingly. I certainly didn't want her to show me her leg. "At the time I thought . . . well, that it was just an accident."

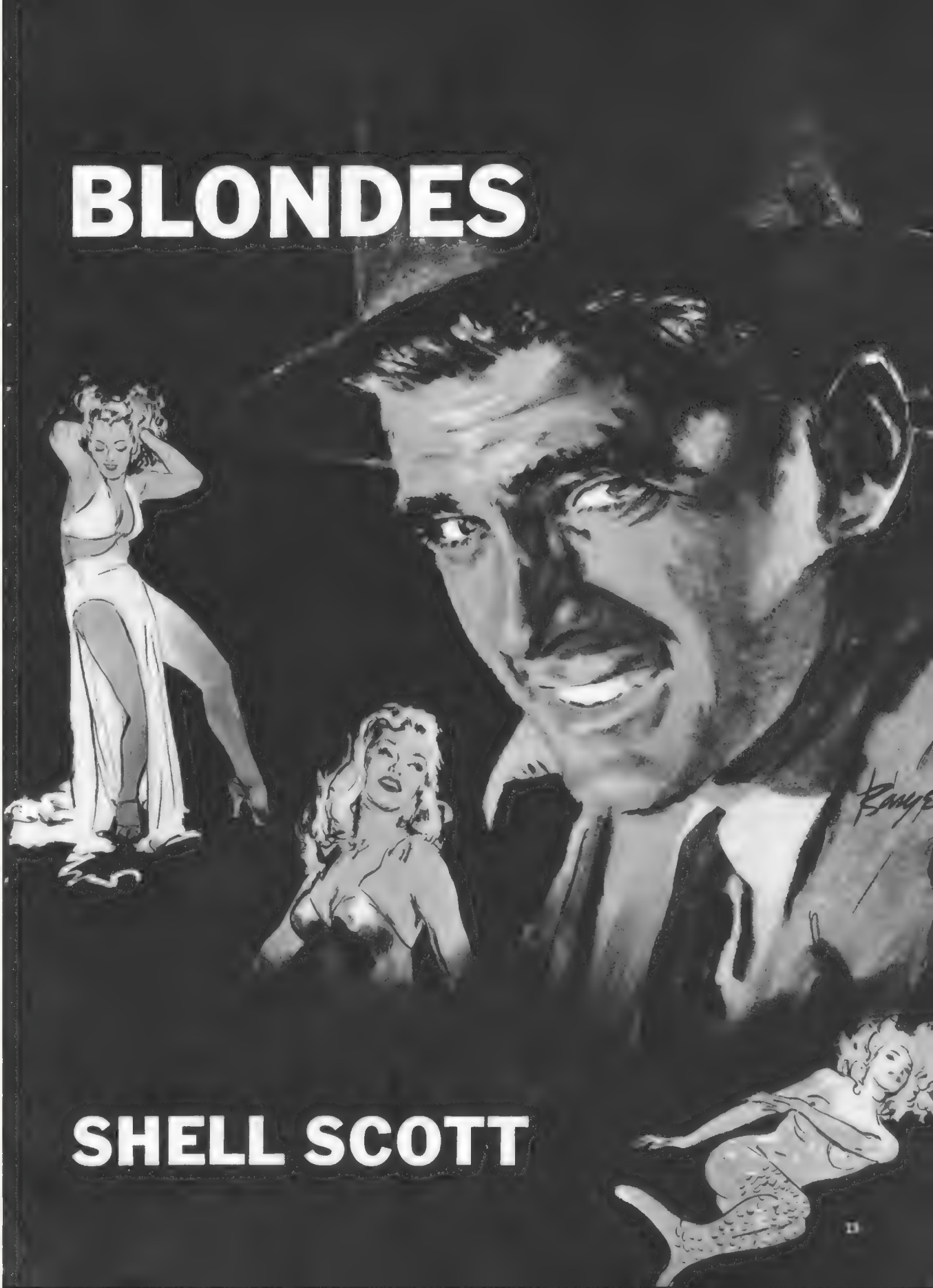
"But you don't think so now."

"No." She pointed to the bottle on my desk. "I got the milk from the porch this morning and before breakfast

Illustrated by Barrye Phillips

A New Exciting Adventure of

BLONDES



SHELL SCOTT

gave some to Dookie—my little cat. She died right away."

Without touching the glass, I took the top off the bottle and smelled the milk. I'm not a poison expert, but with cyanide you don't have to be an expert. The odor was faint, but it was the smell of peach pits.

"Cyanide," I said, "I'm pretty sure." It appeared that Mrs. Cabot was in the right office after all.

I found out what I could about her new, and suddenly missing husband. Oddly enough, she didn't know very much. She'd met Johnny Cabot it developed, on the seventeenth of this month, Saturday, exactly 10 days ago.

I said, "You mean that you'd only known each other six days when you were married?"

She nodded. "It was . . . all of a sudden." Two more shiny tears oozed from her eyes. And still there was no real change of expression on her homely face. It was as if pressure built up inside her head, forcing the tears out like fluid through a pinpoint opening in a mask of flesh.

"I'm awfully worried about him," she said. "He's all . . . he's all I've got."

And right then I moved over onto Ilona's side, not just because she was about to become a client, or because she seemed to be in trouble. It was Ilona Cabot's voice when she said, ". . . all I've got." Not the words themselves so much, but the sound of them, the twisted, aching sound that she seemed to be trying so desperately to control. The way she said that her husband was "all she had," it sounded literally true.

Until 10 days ago, Ilona had been Ilona Green, living cheaply and frugally by herself in a rented house on Robard Street and working in a secretarial pool at the Grandon Insurance Company on Hill Street. Usually, after leaving work, she said, she stopped for dinner at a cafeteria called Hansen's. That Saturday, 10 days ago, she'd been eating when Johnny Cabot joined her at her table. They'd started talking and, from this casual meeting, gone on to a movie and arranged to meet the following day. Three days after they'd met he'd proposed to Ilona, they'd got their blood tests and been married on Friday, four days ago.

I let his punch sail by, then straightened up and drove my left against the side of his chin. Now I had him.

Her husband had gone out after dinner last night, she said, about 7 p.m., and hadn't come back. He had told Ilona he was a salesman for the Webley Dinnerware Company, but was on vacation. She didn't know where the company was located.

"What about this milk? When is it left at your house?"

"The milkman comes by about five every morning and leaves a bottle on our porch. Between five and a quarter after usually."

"Uh-huh. And when did you get it from the porch this morning?"

"It was about six."

"So if somebody poisoned the milk, it was probably between five and six this morning." She nodded and I went on, "Where was Mr. Cabot when you almost got hit by that car?"

"He'd gone out for a walk. That was Sunday."

"Uh-huh." She didn't seem to find anything unusual in the fact that her husband had been nowhere around at the time of both attempts on her life. So I didn't mention it. Instead, I asked her to describe her husband.

Her eyes brightened and a smile touched her lips. She sort of glowed. She beamed. The man she described sounded like a composite of Greek gods and Roman athletes, so I asked her if she had a picture of him. She had brought one along in her purse.

Johnny Cabot even looked a little like a Roman athlete. In the snapshot, he was wearing swim trunks, leaning back on the sand with his elbows under him, sunlight glinting on almost as much muscle as tan. The features were sharp, pleasant enough. He appeared to be a very well-built, good-looking guy about 30. The expression was a bit surly, though. The dark eyes under heavy brows seemed angry, or resentful. Take him back a couple thousand years and put him in a different outfit, and he might well have been a Roman gladiator lying on his back in the arena, glaring up at some egg about to stab him with a trident. He was plenty good-looking, and that puzzled me; he and Ilona Cabot just didn't make a pair.

Ilona gave me their address, on Robard Street, and their phone number. And in a couple more minutes I was hired, for a minimum fee, to accomplish two things: first find Ilona Cabot's hubby, if he was still alive, and, second, learn who was trying to kill the Cabots—or kill Ilona. I had a feeling that the poison had been meant solely for her.

I told her she'd better move to another address temporarily, but she refused, saying that her husband might come home or try to get in touch with her there, might need her. I told her to be extremely careful about answering the door, and that I would phone or come by later in the day. She said that would be fine, and left.

As the door closed behind her, I picked up my phone and dialed police headquarters. I was still talking to Sergeant Prentiss in Missing Persons when the office door opened and my second caller of the morning came in. I didn't even look around for a few seconds, just finished asking Prentiss to let me know if they came up with anything from his bureau or the morgue on John Cabot, then started to hang up, and looked around, and dropped the phone.

This one would have made a pair with Johnny Cabot, gladiator. Or with Caesar. Or, especially, with me. Maybe

I saw the hole suddenly appear on the windshield and I stared at it stupidly. The slug had missed me by inches.

it was just that she benefited so much by comparison, and that she had entered about 15 seconds after the dull, drab one had left, but she seemed to have in abundance everything that Ilona had not.

This one was bright and sparkling, and her hair was red, fire-engine red, and that was appropriate because she would always be going to a fire. She was about 5'5" of spontaneous combustion leaning forward on the desk, both hands far apart on its top, and that caused the white blouse she was wearing to fall away from her body far enough to reveal truly remarkable proportions.

"I hope you can help me," she said.

"Help you?"

She had great big blue eyes and one of those mouths best described as ripe and red. It was plain asking for it. She went on breathlessly—but breathing, as I took pains to notice—"Oh, I do hope you can help me."

"I do, too. I—"

"It's men. Men like you. And sex, and all that."

"I . . . sex?"

"Yes. It's difficult to explain. Perhaps it's because I was so late getting started. I don't know how I could have been so casual about men before. Now I—I just want to hug them and squeeze—"

"Hug them and *squeeze*—"

"Like you. I could just hug you—boy. Could I *hug* you! You must be big as a house."

"I'm only six-two. Hardly a house . . . what the hell—"

"It's nice, but I can't go around like this all the time. Can't you do something to help me, doctor? Prescribe something?"

"Honey, I know exactly what will . . . doctor? What do you mean, doctor?"

"Aren't you Doctor Forrest?"

"Hell, no," I said disgruntledly. "I'm only Shell Scott."

"Who's Shell Scott?"

"Me. I just told you, I'm Shell Scott—oh, the devil with it."

"What have you done with Doctor Forrest?"

I got up and walked across the room to the bookcase against the wall. I looked at the happy, dumb, multi-colored guppies cavorting in their small aquarium atop the bookcase. They crowded up at the front of the tank and ogled me leaping about friskily, expecting me to feed them. But I merely dipped my fingers in the water and put them, cool and wet, on my temples.

When I'd got pretty well calmed down, I said, "I haven't done anything to Doctor Forrest. He is right next door, where he belongs. Where you belong. Where, perhaps, *I* belong."

She laughed, but then got quiet for a moment. "You must mean I'm in the wrong office."

"Now you got it."

She stared at me, then said almost resentfully, "Well, it's a mistake anybody could have made. Especially when I saw that woman leaving here. That proved it."

"Proved what?"

"That this was a psychologist's office. A woman who looked like that would almost have to be coming out of a psychologist's office. What kind of an office is this, anyway?"

"I'm a private detective."

"Gracious. What would a woman like that want with a detective?"

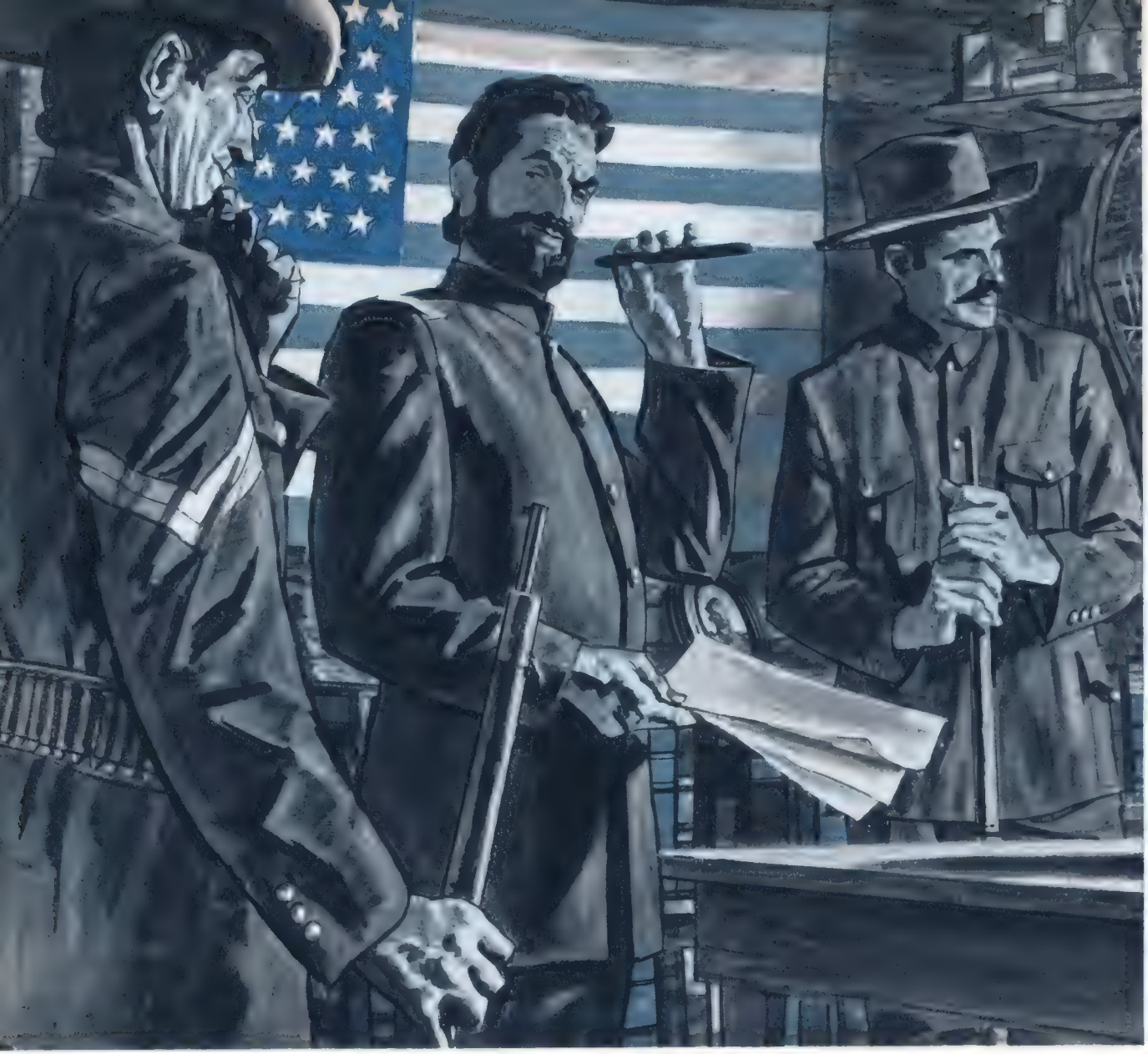
"She wants me to find her husband, among other things."

"Husband!" she looked shocked. "Husband? I—well, who would have thought she'd have a husband?"

"Lady," I said, "this has all been very new and interesting, but it's time to call a halt. I have work to do."

"You must think I'm an awful [*Continued on page* 69]

The activities of Shell Scott, Richard Prather's muscular private eye, first came to the public's attention in November of 1950 with the publication by Gold Medal Books of *Case of the Vanishing Beauty*. Since then Prather and Gold Medal have followed Shell through nine more blonde-filled adventures which have won him a reading audience that now numbers well above 7,000,000 readers.



When the Spanish American war broke out, Soapy set up an enlistment station and raised an army for his private use.

TRUE ADVENTURE

THE DICTATOR OF SKAGWAY

It didn't matter what you were in Skagway—pimp, preacher or prospector. If you had a buck, Soapy Smith knew about it and you had to thank him for it or fight him for it

BY PIERRE BERTON

In the fall of 1897, a moon-faced rogue with the beard of a devil and the eyes of a poet, arrived in Seattle to study the business opportunities afforded by the Klondike stampede. His name was Jefferson Randolph Smith, and, at the level of society on which he moved, his reputation was an enviable one. He was the master of the sure-thing game, the king of the confidence men, the one-time emperor of the Denver underworld and the ex-ruler of Creede, Colorado. The local sharpers noted the advent of this formidable competition with dismay and saw business disaster staring them in the face. But Smith had no intention of lingering in Seattle. It was merely a way point in his checkered odyssey. His eyes were cast northward and a plan was already forming in his mind.

Willis Loomis, who had once been a police chief of the the great silver camp of Leadville, Colorado, encountered Smith on a Seattle street a few days after his arrival.

"I'm going to be the boss of Skagway," Smith told Loomis. "I know exactly how I'm going to do it and if you come along I'll make you chief of police."

Loomis turned down the offer, though he didn't doubt Smith could make good on it, and the two men parted. Then Smith, after casing the Alaska boom towns as carefully as a military commander, headed north for Skagway with five of the shrewdest, most cold-blooded con men-killers ever spawned by the United States.

If ever a man went into a new enterprise with better credentials than Smith, he hasn't come to light. For 30 hectic years he had been practicing, sharpening his techniques and polishing his routines for just such a situation as now

Illustrated by William George

SOAPY'S SKAGWAY—IN NEW-FOUND PICTURES

This picture, one of a remarkable collection of photos uncovered by a Tacoma, Wash. reporter, shows Skagway as it looked when Soapy first landed there. Above, the main street. Owner of Clancy's saloon (r) was Smith's first partner.

presented itself. Smith was determined to make Skagway the crowning point in a long and rich career of knavery.

Jefferson Randolph Smith was born in Georgia and raised in the turmoil of Civil War days. He liked to give the impression that he was the scion of a prominent Southern family, though this fact has always been in dispute. But his Dixie background contributed a soft accent and courtly manner that remained with him and were of immeasurable value in convincing the unwary that he was a man of honor and upbringing. He drifted to Texas, worked as cowboy on the Chisholm Trail and there decided that he would never again sully his hands in common toil. It was in Leadville, the stamping ground of Calamity Jane and Wild Bill Hickock, that his career began. Here the youthful Smith met a man named Taylor who had developed an ingenious method of selling soap and realizing a two thousand per cent mark-up on each cake. Smith soon mastered the soap game and the nickname "Soapy" followed him to his death.

Like all swindles, the soap game was run on the principle that there is a broad streak of avarice in most men. Smith would gather a crowd about him and then begin a fluid and convincing spiel about the qualities of the 25c soap he had for sale. As he talked, he would dexterously wrap each cake in a blue paper, slipping banknotes of varying denominations into some of the cakes and tossing them carelessly into a basket in such a way that the suckers thought they could spot where each of the lucky cakes had got to.

A rare picture of Soapy Smith at the bar of his famous Parlor, headquarters for the gang. Man at Smith's right is partner John E. Clancy. Note how small the saloon is—and the workmanship in the highly-polished mahogany bar.

No other con man could touch Smith at the soap game because it called for a sleight-of-hand that few could master. Smith had to pretend to put money in certain cakes of soap, while actually slipping it in others, whose wrappers he then had to twist slightly so that they would be identifiable to the boosters and shills whom he had mingling with the crowd. And all the while he had to keep up a convincing line of chatter. ("My father lives in Panama. He is very rich and sends me money to give away to lucky men who deserve it.")

When the crowd was big enough, Smith would offer the unwrapped soap, "the finest cleansing product ever brought forth by man's scientific ingenuity," for 25c a cake, and the wrapped soap at $5 a cake. This was a signal for one of the shills to move forward, purchase a wrapped cake, open it, and whoop with delight as he waved a $20 bill aloft. After this neat bit of play the suckers followed like flies. None of them ever got anything more than a cake of soap but if a sucker complained too hard about it he was likely to get a lot more than he had bargained for.

Smith never entirely abandoned the soap game; in his later years it brightened up a dull day to bilk a few passing suckers, but his sights were set on bigger game. With the money he earned in the soap business Soapy was able to start expanding his operations and to collect a nucleus of high class, polished thugs around him. From Leadville he began making the rounds of the new silver camps and his tawdry trail led him to such places as Durango, Silver City,

SOME SWINDLED. Lonely nights in fields, broken only by solitaire made miners easy marks when they hit town.

SOME SWEATED. The miners worked the gold fields; Soapy Smith's crowd worked the miners.

SOME SUFFERED. Many men trying to bring in supplies in makeshift craft met disaster before they got to fields.

Denver and Creede. By this time he was running fake businesses, salting mines with phony silver and gold deposits and selling them for big money, running phony lotteries and issuing worthless stock by the car load.

It was in the silver camp of Creede, a town with no law or government, that Smith learned some of the tactics that would later serve him so well in Skagway. Enlarging his gang Soapy simply moved in like an invading army, declared martial law and took over the town. He then set up a government which had his thieves holding every office from mayor to chief of police and coroner, the latter a man with plenty of business on his hands.

Smith was a man of considerable imagination, and his ruthlessness was often masked by his dry sense of humor. Once in Denver he was hauled before the Fire and Police Commission after two California real estate men charged that he had bilked them out of $1,500. His defense was so ingenious and far fetched that it won his acquittal. He argued that he wasn't running a gaming house at all but an educational institution similar to the famous Keeley Institute. Just as one provided a cure for the drinking habit, so the other afforded a release from the curse of gambling. Smith claimed. He went on to nail down his argument by pointing out that in *his* establishment gamblers didn't have any chance of winning because things were so arranged that nobody could win. In fact, Smith pointed out, he had a sign displayed prominently at the head of the stairs saying as much: Let the Buyer Beware. (To give the place a suit-

SOME STRUCK IT RICH. The big time for sourdoughs (named for pancake mixture that was their main food staple) came when the scales told them how rich they'd hit it. But a big part of stake went for sky-high rations.

ably high tone, of course, the sign had been translated into Greek.) Smith ended his harangue by crying out that the plaintiffs had learned a lesson that they would never forget: they would never gamble again. "In fact, gentlemen, I should be recognized as a public benefactor. Praise, instead of censure, should be our portion."

When the news of the Klondike strike flashed through Denver, Smith realized that his finest hour had come. He was always in the habit of keeping the door ajar to anticipate the knock of opportunity and this time he heard the knock a few thousand miles away. But he had to move fast before the frontier was organized. Skagway, in the words of the Superintendent of the North West Mounted Police was "little better than a hell on earth" in the winter of '97-98. The phrase would have delighted Soapy. He could hardly wait to hie himself to hell.

His closest henchman was the "Reverend" Charles Bowers, who had been with him since Leadville days, a notorious bunco man whose saintly appearance, gentle voice and benevolent mien made it possible to masquerade as a man of the cloth. Bowers' whole personality exuded sanctimony, but he was as hard as sheet steel beneath the velvet exterior. Because of his personality Bowers was a first class "Steerer": he guided suckers to the various fake business establishments where other members of the gang lay in wait to fleece them.

Two other long-time business associates were Syd Dixon and George Wilder. Wilder acted [*Continued on page* 90]

HAIR-RAISING HUNT FOR THE WILD GOOSE

Up in the North Atlantic, on the island of Mykines, there's great sport for any red blooded guy who loves roast goose and is part mountain goat himself

ISLAND of Mykines is one of Faeroes Islands. Its 200- or so natives, of rugged Norse stock, fish for a living.

● To the natives of the island of Mykines, which lies in the North Atlantic between Scotland and Iceland, a wild goose chase is the biggest event of the year—an event that, far from being fruitless, fills their larders with the meat of the wild Solan Geese they call Sulas. The Sulas are migratory birds who spend their winters in North Africa and return to Mykines in the early spring to lay their eggs. The young cannot fly till it is time to go South and during this period sit on the rocky ledges, fair game for hunters. The day of the hunt comes late in September when the Sulas are nice and fat. Because of the treachery of the ground they have to cover to get to the quarry, and the narrowness of the ledges on which they do the killing, the men are in danger to the very end of the hunt. Once the party gets back to the village, the geese are distributed and Mykines' biggest day of celebrating begins.

HUNTED geese live on ledges through spring, summer, and early fall, their white feathers slowly turning gray.

HUNTERS have to cross narrow bridge between two crags. In old days they had to make the journey by rope.

To get to sleeping birds, men have to be lowered on mesh of waxed rope. . . .

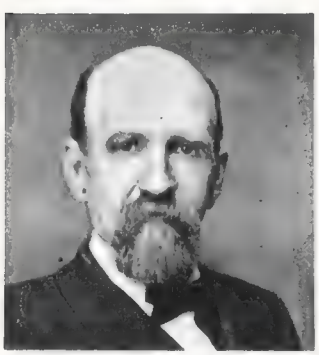
. . . down some 300 feet of steep wall to a slimy ledge. There they corner and slaughter the birds.

On rare occasions hunters catch geese in open and kill them with clubs or by wringing necks.

Pictures by
BIRNBACK PUBLISHING SERVICE

At eighty yards, backed only by my scarecrow "crew," I opened fire on the oncoming canoes filled with savages.

First around the world—ALONE



BY CAPT. JOSHUA SLOCUM

Many have done it since—crack-pots, adventurers, old and young men—but when Capt. Joshua Slocum set out in 1896 to circumnavigate the globe alone, the experts said it was impossible. Slocum, a master mariner who had captained everything from longboats to clipper ships, hand-built for the journey the 37-foot sloop *Spray* which, after exhaustive analysis of her lines, is still famous as a masterpiece of marine design. Here is an exciting chapter from Slocum's book on his voyage, "Sailing Around the World Alone."

TRUE ADVENTURE

There'll never be another seaman to match Joshua Slocum. In a tiny boat, lightly armed, he did the impossible—he sailed around the world alone. Here is his story, in his own words

The morning of February 14, 1896 was a memorable one for me. It was memorable for two reasons: I was about to sail on a freshening breeze into the tortuous and savage-infested Strait of Magellan; and I was almost half-way on my sailing voyage around the world—alone.

Since I had left Boston 10 months before on my great adventure, I had been well aware of the dangers of such a lone voyage. In the past 10 months I had been chased by African pirates, become deathly ill from spoiled cheese and had survived monstrous seas in my 37-foot sloop *Spray* which I had built myself. Now I was about to enter that strange and forbidding channel that separates the southern tip of South America from Tierra del Fuego (Land of Fire) and Cape Horn. With a smart, following breeze, I passed through the narrows without mishap and cast anchor at Sandy Point, a Chilean coaling station and fishing village.

The port captain, a Chilean naval officer, advised me to ship hands to fight Indians in the strait farther west, and spoke of my stopping until a gunboat should be going through, which would give me a tow. After canvassing the place, however, I found no one man willing to embark. At this point in my dilemma Captain Pedro Samblich, a good Austrian of large experience, coming along, gave me a bag of carpet-tacks, worth more than all the fighting men and dogs of Tierra del Fuego. I protested that I had no use for carpet-tacks on board. Samblich smiled at my want of experience, and maintained stoutly that I would have use for them. "You must use them with discretion," he said; "that is to say, don't step on them yourself." With this remote hint about the use of the tacks I got on all right, and

Illustrated by Leon Gregori

saw the way to maintain clear decks at night without the care of watching.

Samblich's tacks, as it turned out, were of more value than gold.

The port captain, finding that I was resolved to go, even alone, since there was no help for it, set up no further objections. But he did advise me, in case the savages tried to surround me with their canoes, to shoot straight, and begin to do it in time, but to avoid killing them if possible—I heartily agreed to comply.

It was not without thoughts of strange and stirring adventure beyond all I had yet encountered that I now sailed into the country and very core of the savage Fuegians.

A fair wind from Sandy Point brought me on the first day to St. Nicholas Bay, where, so I was told, I might expect to meet savages; but seeing no signs of life, I came to anchor in eight fathoms of water, where I lay all night under a high mountain. Here I had my first experience with the terrific squalls, called williwaws, which extended from this point on through the strait to the Pacific. They were compressed gales of wind that Boreas handed down over the hills in chunks. A full-blown williwaw will throw a ship, even without sail on, over on her beam ends; but, like other gales, they cease now and then, if only for a short time.

February 20 was my birthday, and I found myself alone, with hardly so much as a bird in sight, off Cape Froward, the southernmost point of the continent of America. By daylight in the morning I was getting my ship under way for the bout ahead.

The sloop held the wind fair while she ran thirty miles farther on her course, which brought her to Fortescue Bay, and at once among the natives' signal-fires, which blazed up now on all sides.

By daylight the next morning the *Spray* was again under way, beating hard; but she came to in a cove in Charles Island, two and a half miles along on her course. Here she remained undisturbed two days, with both anchors down in a bed of kelp. But at the end of the fierce wind-storm fair weather came; then I got my anchors, and again sailed out upon the strait.

Canoes manned by savages from Fortescue now came in pursuit. The wind falling light, they gained on me rapidly till coming within hail, when they ceased paddling, and a bow-legged savage stood up and called to me, "Yammerschooner! yammerschooner!" which is their begging term. I said, "No!" Now, I was not for letting on that I was alone, and so I stepped into the cabin, and, passing through the hold, came out at the fore-scuttle, changing my clothes as I went along. That made two men. Then the piece of bowsprit which I had sawed off at Buenos Aires, and which I had still on board, I arranged forward on the lookout, dressed as a seaman, attaching a line by which I could pull it into motion. That made three of us, and we didn't want to "yammerschooner"; but for all that the savages came on faster than before. I saw that besides four at the paddles in the canoe nearest to me, there were others in the bottom, and that they were shifting hands often. At eighty yards I fired a shot across the bows of the nearest canoe, at which they all stopped, but only for a moment. Seeing that they persisted in coming nearer, I fired the second shot so close to the chap who wanted to "yammerschooner" that he changed his mind quickly enough and bellowed with fear, "Bueno jo via Isla," and sitting down in his canoe, he rubbed his starboard cat-head for some time. I was thinking of the good port captain's advice when I pulled the trigger, and must have aimed pretty straight; however, a miss was as good as a mile for Mr. "Black Pedro," as he it was, and no other, a leader in several bloody massacres. He made for the island now, and the others followed him. I knew by his Spanish lingo and his full beard that he was the villain I have named, a renegade mongrel, and the worst murderer in Tierra del Fuego.

So much for the first day among the savages. I came to anchor at midnight in Three Island Cove, about twenty miles along from Fortescue Bay. I saw on the opposite side of the strait signal-fires, and heard the barking of dogs, but where I lay it was quite deserted by natives.

On the next day the wind was again blowing a gale, and although she was in the lee of the land, the sloop dragged her anchors, so that I had to get her under way and beat farther into the cove, where I came to in a landlocked pool. At another time or place this would have been a rash thing to do, and it was safe now only from the fact that the gale which drove me to shelter would keep the Indians from crossing the strait. Seeing this was the case, I went ashore with gun and ax on an island, where I could not in any event be surprised, and there felled trees and split about a cord of fire-wood, which loaded my small boat several times.

I took great care against all kinds of surprises, whether by animals or by the elements. In the Strait of Magellan the greatest vigilance was necessary. In this instance I reasoned that I had all about me the greatest danger of the whole voyage—the treachery of cunning savages, for which I must be particularly on the alert.

The *Spray* sailed from Three Island Cove in the morning after the gale went down, but was glad to return for shelter from another sudden gale. Sailing again on the following day, she fetched Borgia Bay, a few miles on her course, where vessels had anchored from time to time and had nailed boards on the trees ashore with name and date of harboring carved or painted. Nothing else could I see to indicate that civilized man had ever been there. I had taken a survey of the gloomy place with my spy-glass, and was getting my boat out to land and take notes, when the Chilean gunboat *Huemel* came in, and officers, coming on board, advised me to leave the place at once, a thing that required little eloquence to persuade me to do. I accepted the captain's kind offer of a tow to the next anchorage, at the place called Notch Cove, eight miles farther along, where I should be clear of the worst of the Fuegians.

We made anchorage at the cove about dark that night, while the wind came down in fierce williwaws from the mountains. An instance of Magellan weather was afforded when the *Huemel,* a well-appointed gunboat of great power, after attempting on the following day to proceed on her voyage, was obliged by sheer force of the wind to return and take up anchorage again and remain till the gale abated; and lucky she was to get back!

I was left alone the next day, for then the *Huemel* put out on her voyage the gale having abated. I spent a day taking in wood and water; by the end of that time the weather was fine. Then I sailed from the desolate place.

There is little more to be said concerning the *Spray's* first passage through the strait that would differ from what I have already recorded. She anchored and weighed many times, and beat many days against the current, with now and then a "slant" for a few miles, till finally she gained anchorage and shelter for the night at Port Tamar, with

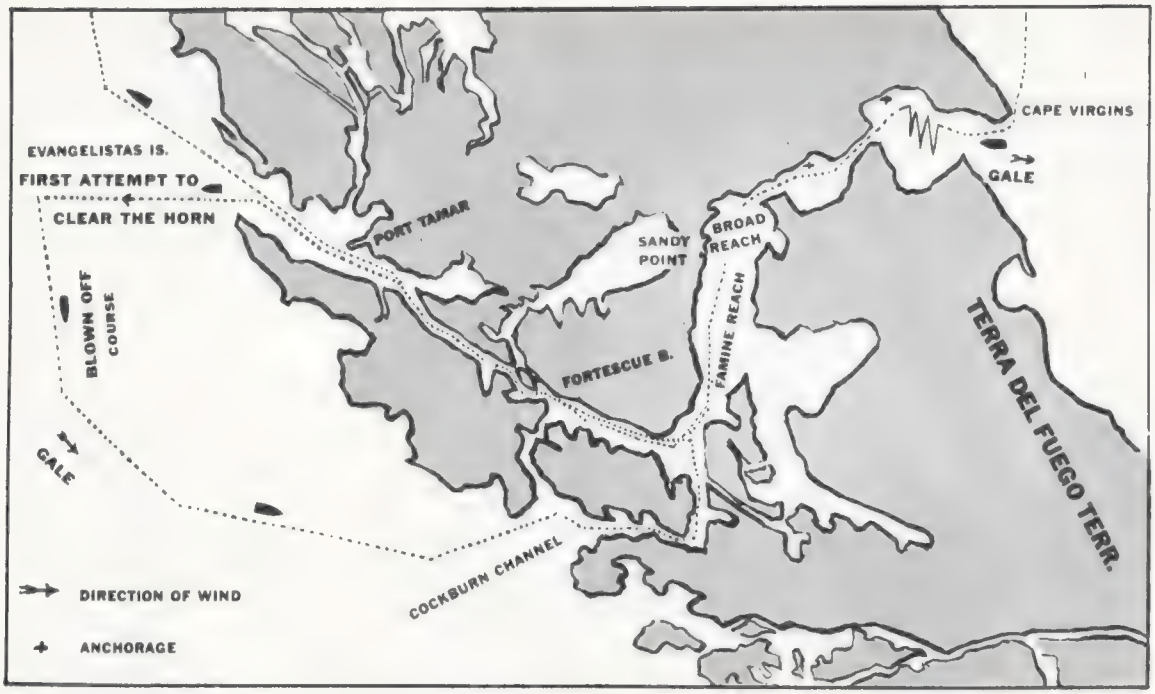


Chart shows how Slocum first made it through Strait to be blown south into the Cockburn Channel for his second try.

Cape Pillar in sight to the west. Here I felt the throb of the great ocean that lay before me. I knew now that I had put a world behind me, and that I was opening out another world ahead. I had passed the haunts of savages—or so I thought at the time.

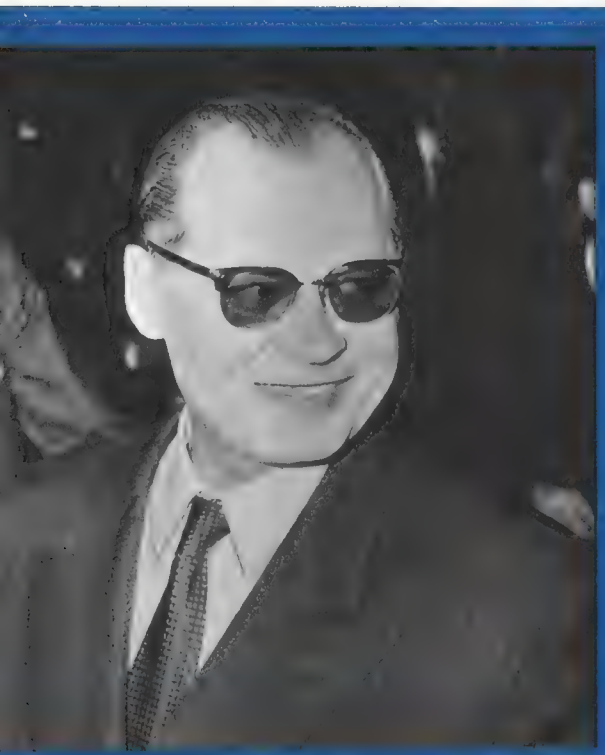
It was the 3d of March when the *Spray* sailed from Port Tamar direct for Cape Pillar. I fervently hoped the wind from the northeast might hold till she cleared the land; but there was no such good luck in store. It soon began to rain and thicken in the northwest, boding no good. The *Spray* neared Cape Pillar rapidly, and, nothing loath, plunged into the Pacific Ocean at once, taking her first bath of it in the gathering storm. There was no turning back even had I wished to do so, for the land was now shut out by the darkness of night. The wind freshened, and I took in a third reef. The sea was confused and treacherous. I saw now only the gleaming crests of the waves. They showed white teeth while the sloop balanced over them. "Everything for an offing," I cried, and to this end I carried on all the sail she would bear. She ran all night with a free sheet, but on the morning of March 4 the wind shifted to southwest, then back suddenly to northwest, and blew with terrific force. The *Spray*, stripped of her sails, then bore off under bare poles. No ship in the world could have stood up against so violent a gale. Knowing that this storm might continue for many days, and that it would be impossible to work back to the westward along the coast outside of Tierra del Fuego, there seemed nothing to do but to keep on and go east about, after all. Anyhow, for my present safety the only course lay in keeping her before the wind. And so she drove southeast, as though about to round the Horn, while the waves rose and fell and bellowed their never-ending story of the sea; but the Hand that held these held also the *Spray*. She was running now with a reefed forestaysail, the sheets flat amidship. I paid out two long ropes to steady her course and to break combing seas astern, and I lashed the helm amidship. In this trim she ran before it, shipping never a sea.

When all had been done that I could do for the safety of the vessel, I got to the fore-scuttle, between seas, and prepared a pot of coffee over a wood fire, and made a good Irish stew. In the tide-race off Cape Pillar, however, where the sea was marvelously high, uneven, and crooked, my appetite was slim, and for a time I postponed cooking. (Confidentially, I was seasick!)

The first day of the storm gave the *Spray* her actual test in the worst sea that Cape Horn or its wild regions could afford. In no part of the world could a rougher sea be found than at this particular point, namely, off Cape Pillar, the grim sentinel of the Horn.

On the fourth day of the gale, rapidly nearing the pitch of Cape Horn, I inspected my chart and pricked off the course and distance to Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, where I might find my way and refit. Just then I saw through a rift in the clouds a high mountain, about seven leagues away on the port beam. The fierce edge of the gale by this time had blown off, and I had already bent a square-sail on the boom in place of the mainsail, which was torn to rags. I hauled in the trailing ropes, hoisted this awkward sail reefed, the forestaysail being already set, and under this sail brought her at once on the wind heading for the land, which appeared as an island in the sea. So it turned out to be, though not the one I had supposed.

Night closed in before the sloop reached the land, leaving her feeling the way in pitchy darkness. I saw breakers ahead before long. At this I wore ship and stood offshore, but was immediately startled by the tremendous roaring of breakers again ahead and on the lee bow. [*Continued on page* 84]



Eugenio Messina, head of vice ring that flourished on two continents. He is now in a Belgian jail.

Carmelo Messina, gang's star procurer, traveled frequently to Europe, wooed prospective prostitutes with gifts, champagne.

SULTANS OF THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE

Reporter Webb. He exposed ring despite danger to his life.

Here is the inside report on the world's biggest vice ring. Employing hundreds of girls on two continents, safe from the law, its rulers were kings—until one reporter, threatened by gangsters and police—dared to attack

BY HENRY JORDAN

U. S. FLEET maneuvers are security-shrouded. Yet last August, London's streetwalkers had ample notice of the imminent arrival of a dozen American naval units at Southampton, England. More than 1,000 hand-picked harlots jammed the trains from London and piled into the port city's hotel rooms. When the eager gobs swarmed ashore, the bad babes were occupying strategic positions in every beer trap, snackbar and dance hall in town.

The perfect timing of this sex maneuver had American and British intelligence officers baffled. How did the street girls get the tip-off on the fleet's arrival? Investigation failed to supply an answer. The multi-millionaire boss of the traveling flesh supermarket had a peach of an alibi. He was—and is—residing in the quiet seclusion of a jail in Belgium.

This super vice-king who manages to run a white-slave business from a prison cell is Eugenio Messina, a stocky, swarthy, manicured, silk-shirted, 46-year-old thug with a spaghetti-stuffed face and a taste for luxurious living. Along with his four brothers, his lieutenants in sin, little Eugenio runs a far-flung network of fleshpots through Europe and the harems of the Middle-East. With hundreds of girls under his thumb, Eugenio Messina is the world's biggest dealer in human, female flesh.

Eugenio Messina and his brothers were ready for the vice rackets from birth. They were born in a dirty Egyptian brothel in Alexandria, from Italian parents. Father was the brothel keeper, Mother took time out to have her five children, but continued to work her trade. With this heritage, Eugenio drifted around the Mediterranean cities—Barcelona, Casablanca, Naples—plying the trade of a pimp. He became proficient with guns, knives and razors. He showed a remarkable aptitude for the business of prostitution, and it was soon clear that he was meant for bigger things than his father.

On a foggy day in 1934, Eugenio arrived in London, his plans matured. He had brought along a single, saleable asset—a sin-hardened French tart named Andrée, his wife.

On their first day in "The Smoke," as criminals call London, Eugenio sent Andrée into the streets, and was delighted when she returned with a fistful of pound notes. It was impressive how the London gents went for Latin charms. Sure of success, Eugenio gave the high sign to his four brothers, the hulking, pock-marked Carmelo, Alfredo, the smart-aleck, Salvatore, the eldest, and Attilio, the youngest. They all scampered from Alexandria to The Smoke, bringing with them *their* assets, their wives Ida, Collete, Marie and Mimi.

The dough to be made in The Smoke was a matter of never-ending wonder to the clan. "If we had a thousand dames we could sell them all," Eugenio said, and the clan agreed. All they needed was the broads.

Slowly, Eugenio built his empire, using his ready cash to import more foreign beauties and to add to a slowly-building group of London houses which he converted to brothels. Still, Eugenio was

Money-making Messina prostitute Marie Vervaeke. She earned $6,160 in six weeks.

Eugenio's lady lawyer. She said England wanted prostitution.

One of Messinas' cars, a Mercedes, used on procuring trips.

Prostitute Betty de Meester. Like most Messina girls, she was a European import.

MESSINAS
No. 3898
75th Year
3p.
Sunday, June 24, 1956
THE PEOPLE
OVER 4,500,000 NET SALE
THE PERSONALITY PAPER
New facts to shock Britain
DUNCAN WEBB EXPOSES THEM AGAIN
ARREST THESE FOUR MEN
They are the emperors of a vice empire in the heart of London
THE FIRST WARNING
How they run their London vice gang
DUNCAN WEBB IS THE ONE MAN THEY FEAR
THIS TIME HE MUST ACT!

THE empire of vice controlled by the Messina brothers in the West End of London is now operating on a bigger scale than ever before.

They have imported more women from France and Belgium, they are using more premises for immoral purposes and open soliciting on the streets has reached a level of brazenness unequalled anywhere in Europe.

Shocking as are the disclosures now being made at the trial in Belgium of the two most evil Messinas — Eugene and Carmelo—they in fact give no real idea of the gigantic vice ring they still control in London.

One Scotland Yard officer who gave evidence against them referred to only four houses their women-pals using for immoral now going on, some facts have been given about the way in which these monsters fooled our police in order to get their foreign women on to the streets in London.

According to the law, this is, of course, "impossible." No woman from the Continent can come over here to work without a permit from the Ministry of Labour.

The Messinas' way around

One of Webb's hard-hitting articles on the Messinas. He succeeded in whipping up public, failed to stir police.

not in the big time. The war was good for business. Soldiers crammed the London streets, eager to part with their pay, but a shortage of raw materials prevented Eugenio from further expansion. Only when the war ended, and an unlimited number of girls could be brought from the continent, could Eugenio get the operation in full swing. By 1947, the pinch was over, and the Messina clan could show for its planning and hard work the largest single flesh bonanza the vice world had ever seen.

To run a business of such scope, the Messinas had to develop a scientific, assembly-line technique. Several expensive houses scattered over London functioned as headquarters. A legal front was set up which served as a business office. Wire-taps kept the white slavers informed on daily happenings at the brothels. Informants kept them one jump ahead of the police department. A modern accounting system gave them an up-to-date picture of cash receipts and expenditures over the entire network. And always, the organization was growing.

The Messinas had become gentlemen of means, and one would think they would have retired their wives from business. But nothing like this happened. The Messinas were too big for their small-town wives now. By threats of physical violence, they kept them on the streets, leaving the brothers free to galavant in the plush hotels and clubs.

The bigger and more blatant the business, the less the vice bosses—who posed as diamond merchants—engaged in the dirty work. Their underlings, platoons of madams and squads of pimps, handled the mechanics of the business. For special jobs, like a rubout, Eugenio would bring an expert over from Paris, an hour's plane hop away. The man was back home before the body had cooled ten degrees. Police were helpless in these underworld murders to prove who was responsible, but they estimate that at least 15 of the prostitutes murdered in London since 1939 were victims of the Messinas. These girls, who had tried to cross their bosses, were quietly garroted with nylons, florist's wire or strong rope, sliced up into parts or brained with beer bottles.

Only once, back in 1947, did the smooth Eugenio forget his aristocratic manners. A little pimp named Giorgio Pacello had crossed him up. The street was dark, and Eugenio personally disemboweled him. As four of Pacello's gang testified against Eugenio the law could not help but put him away. The three years he sat in a jug for this crime was the only indignity he ever suffered at the hands of British justice.

Eugenio usually stayed close to London, but his four dynamic brothers did a good deal of flesh hunting abroad. Carmelo was the star recruiter. He would coo and woo, make gifts, let the ladies wallow in champagne and lobster Thermidor, even promise marriage. His object was to entice the doll to London. Not much has ever leaked out about the technical details of these recruiting operations. Girls who still work for the Messina interests know better than to talk, and girls who escaped in one whole piece are scarce. One of the few who managed to run out on the bawdy life is a German girl, named Pepita Wagner of all things. A well-built brunette with large brown eyes, the attractive Pepita told me her story in a Berlin bar, nervously lighting cigarettes.

"The year was 1947," she began. "You went hungry then

in Berlin even if you had a job. I had one, behind the espresso machine in a bar. One day a guest started a conversation with me—Carmelo Messina. Only he gave his name as Raymond Maynard. He said he was a London diamond dealer. He was charming and courteous, and we became quite friendly. Each time he came back from London he brought me something we hadn't seen in Germany since before the war—usually some canned ham or a pair of nylons. I was attracted to him and became his mistress.

"One night he asked me to come to London and live with him. Nothing could have made me happier. After my arrival he phoned my hotel. He told me he wouldn't have time to see me but would take care of my bills.

"The next day a scarfaced man looked me up. He said Carmelo had sent him with a message. Police were going to arrest me because I had entered Britain illegally. But Carmelo could fix things up. By marrying a Britisher I would become British myself and could thumb my nose at the law.

"I was so bewildered that I would have said yes to anything. A few hours later a marriage clerk was marrying me to a half-witted fellow named Johnson who was given a bottle of gin for his trouble. I don't have to tell you I never saw him again.

"When I got back to my hotel all my belongings, cash and trinkets Carmelo had given me were gone—stolen. On the table was a message from him: Go over to 15 Curzon Street and talk to a good friend of mine, Mrs. Martha Watts. I was desperate and went there.

"Mrs. Watts, despite her English name was French, a fat little woman. A man was with her. He locked the door so I couldn't leave. Martha said, 'The fun is over, my pigeon. Now you've got to work for a living. It's men or nothing.'

"I said I didn't want to be a prostitute. The man showed me a razor stuck in a potato. 'This is for dames that get funny ideas,' he said. Martha hit me and, boy, could she hit with her white little fist! She said, 'It's two pounds (then $9) a trick. We split—30 per cent for you and 70 for the house. And you start work right now.'

"They shoved me into a room where a so-called customer was waiting. Martha told him to ring the bell and they would fix me if I didn't do my stuff right. The customer, I later found out, was Attilio Messina. The Messinas always like to break their girls in themselves.

"I started going out into the street and bringing men back like the other girls. I was trapped, scared to death. I was trying to save up enough money to go back home, and once in a while I put an extra three pounds in my stocking.

"Martha Watts sent for me. She screamed, 'You're cheating—we're keeping track of you. We know. If you don't stop, you'll end up in the Thames.'

"That night I picked up a G.I., a tall Texan. I told him my story. He said, 'You know how they find out how much you make? They have the place bugged, honey.' He searched the room. I didn't know what bugged meant till he showed me the microphone he ripped out from behind the washstand.

"He walked me downstairs. It's against the rules to leave the house with a customer. Two Messina pimps jumped at me but the G.I. managed to fight them off and get me out. He gave me the plane fare and an hour later I was in the air."

But the generous G.I. had wasted his money. Prostitution corrupts, just as does dope. Back home, the Messina victim had soon drifted back into the business and before long she was a madam herself. The Messinas probably would forgive her.

In the summer of 1950, the flesh tycoons discovered that they had at least two enemies. One was a Member of Parliament who inquired in the House of Commons why Messina prostitutes and pimps were permitted to choke the streets of aristocratic Mayfair, within a stone's throw of Buckingham Palace, the Queen's residence. He calmed down when Home Secretary Chuter Ede gravely told him that the Messinas were only a myth. Ede assured him that everything was in applepie order.

But Duncan Webb, a 31-year-old crime reporter for the London newspaper *The People*, could not be shut up so easily. He had long been burned up over the scandalous vice conditions. In the course of his career he had been kicked, slugged, attacked with knives, shot at, and had once been the target of a car that jumped onto the sidewalk and tried to crush him against a housewall. He was determined to destroy the vice empire, though the obstacles were immense. Not only did the Messinas wield enormous power, even extending to the British Parliament, but even Scotland Yard's vice squad had failed to make a dent in the Messina operation. Webb felt, he said, [*Continued on page* 54]

DO SOMETHING ABOUT 'MESSINA HOUSES,' SAYS M.P.

Express Parliamentary Reporter

THE Home Secretary, Mr. Gwilym Lloyd George, was questioned by an M.P. yesterday about houses said to have been bought in London for the Messina brothers since they fled from Britain four years ago.

Mr. Richard Stokes (Soc., Ipswich) asked the Home Secretary whether he was aware that on February 21 an injunction upheld in the Court of Appeal, and what action had since been taken against Eugene Messina and his brother as proprietors.

Mr. Gwilym Lloyd George, the Home Secretary, said that the facts on which the injunction was granted did not disclose grounds for police action.

The two women concerned in the civil proceedings had

West End is permeated by gangs of this kind?

Mr. Stokes also asked whether the Home Secretary was aware that No. 39, Curzon-street was sold on February 10, 1954, to Mme. Johans and subsequently resold as a brothel for £10,000 to Eugene de Bono, alias Messina, on October 10, 1954, while a refugee from justice in this

Webb's articles brought outcry even in British parliament. But despite exposures, Messina gang continues to flourish.

Toughest Animal Trainer

BY JEAN MUIR

The drunken miner threw down another shot of whiskey, looked around the barroom slowly and said in a loud voice, "That's what we saw, I tell ya. We seen it. An old man riding a grizzly bear—with the wind whipping out his long gray hair and all that white beard. I tell ya it was the Old Man of the Mountain hisself. And that fearful beast he was riding with his belly all a-rumble. . . ."

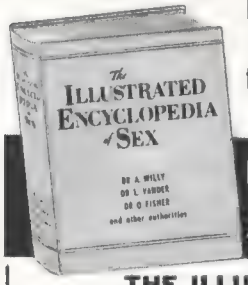
As his voice disappeared into another tumbler of whiskey, his companion, also drunk, stood by his side nodding his head vigorously. He was the only man in the Sierra saloon who believed the narrator of the strange story; everyone else in the room was sure the two strangers who had come staggering out of the mountains were just two more victims of the horrors the going brand of rotgut whiskey distributed.

A few years later, 10,000 people had seen Grizzly Adams (born James Capen Adams), not only riding his grizzlies but wrestling with them, too. About 1858 he had moved down into San Francisco with half a dozen of his monstrous pets and had them on exhibition at the Pacific Museum, along with the elk, cougars, wolves and eagles he had collected on hunting exhibitions all the way from the Coast Range to the Rockies. But he was not an old man—just prematurely grey. Seeing him swinging along the street in moccasins and fringed buckskin suit, the fox tail on his cap whipping out in the breeze, any sober man could have told he was in his prime and as rugged as a barbed wire fence. But he was pretty well chewed-up by that time, too. His back was a mass of scars [*Continued on page* 93]

Who Ever Lived

John Adams just didn't know how to get along with humans, but he could handle grizzly bears better'n any man who ever lived. He even knew how to escape one who had him pinned to the ground—and he did it

Illustrated by Brendan Lynch



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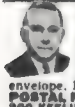

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CLIMB TO THE CLOUDS

Continued from page 27

number of contestants turned out to be so satisfactory that the competition had to be stretched to two days, July 11 and 12. Vehicles ranged from motorcycles to steam cars and "real automobiles," some of them air-cooled.

F. E. Stanley brought his newest model, a frail-looking buggy with a club-shaped steering bar. It produced gentle hissing sounds when in action and it looked like a toy when it stood beside Mr. Harkness' giant Mercedes, the model that had won the previous year's Gordon Bennett Race in Ireland, at an average speed of 49.2 mph. The 60 hp, 4-cylinder Mercedes not only could hit 70 mph on level roads but was reputedly climbing like a mountain goat. A similar model had shattered the record on the Semmering. Besides Stanley had information that Harkness' racer was not in good working order.

Harkness had, in fact, been all too confident of his driving skills and the sturdiness of his car—a short chassis on which were mounted an engine of 10 liter piston displacement and two diminutive uncushioned seats. Instead of shipping the Mercedes by railroad as far as possible, he had driven it over some 200 miles of bumpy roads to Glen House, with the result that his spring leaves were "down" and the frame bent. A team of mechanics tied crude blocks of timber to the inside of the collapsing springs to hold them in position and tried odd fastenings to prevent the frame from falling apart. Harkness wanted to make a test ride, but his helpers warned him that the Mercedes could stand one trip at best; it would have to be either the test or the race, and Harkness wanted to run.

He was seen stalking around the parking lot and the starting line, his smart looks mellowed by a touch of melancholy.

Other drivers were extremely cocky. Practically everybody expected to win, at least in his own class.

Entries were divided, officially, into three classes, according to curb weight: up to 1,000 lbs., 1,000 to 2,000 lbs., and "open to all." Unofficially, they were also rated by list price. Harkness' Mercedes cost four times as much as the most expensive American entry, and roughly 27 times as much as F. E. Stanley's steamer. No Ford figured on the list of entries, but the 1904 Ford, a predecessor of Model T, sold at $900, and the amount spent for the Mercedes car exceeded the initial working capital of Henry Ford's plant.

Long before dawn on the morning of July 11, Bretton Woods was abuzz. Steam cars were put into extra service to take spectators from Bretton Woods to the foot of Mount Washington and the 40-year-old Rack Road railroad mobilized its wobbly rolling stock to carry full loads of passengers to the mountain top. Its locomotives made the ascent in slightly less than one hour (the distance they covered was only three and one-half miles) and travellers wondered whether any car would be able to beat that record.

Local authorities sent no delegation. Their contribution to the race consisted in levying a toll charge of $2 per vehicle.

Officials of the American Automobile Association of the racing board started the cars and waved them to a finish (not with checkered flags but with their hands). Timing was entrusted to the wizards of the Chronograph Club of Boston. Telephone relays were set up at start, finish and at three intermediate stations. Smoke rockets were to be used to signal arrivals and departures, but the rockets

CONTESTANTS IN THE FIRST "CLIMB TO THE CLOUDS"

Make	Entrant	Hp	Weight (Lbs)	List Price ($)
Phelps Special	L. J. Phelps	20	1700	2500
Olds	Benj. Smith	7	1000	under 650
Cameron	E. S. Cameron	6	850	650
Orient	A. B. Jameson	6	650	550
Stanley	F. E. Stanley	7	800	670
Prescott	A. L. Prescott	7½	1400	1000
Stanley	G. J. Peacock	7½	1400	1000
Columbia	H. W. Alden	14	—	1750
Haynes-Apperson	Frank Nutt	12	1500	1450
Winton	Henry Fosdick	20	2000	3000
Peerless	A. E. Morrison	24	2500	4000
Pierce Arrow	Percy P. Pierce	24	2500	4000
Peerless	Ernest A. Rogers	24	1990	3700
Winton	Alexander Winton	—	—	—
Olds	F. H. Peabody	4	875	650
Olds	Turner	4	875	650
White	Jay Webb	10	1900	2500
Rambler	A. Gardner	16	1650	1100
Stevens-Duryea	O. Nestman	7	1300	1300
Metz Motorcycle	A. Batchelder	2	110	212.50
Metz Motorcycle	F. R. Dickinson	2	110	212.50
Mercedes	J. L. Breeze	40	2200	8000
Mercedes	H. S. Harkness	60	2200	18000

were not visible through the heavy clouds. Charles J. Glidden, who ran a touring service, improvised another means of communication. He stayed by the telephone at the Summit House, a hotel, 50 feet from the finish line, and shouted to the officials at the timer's stand through a megaphone.

Start intervals were set at 30 minutes so that the faster cars would not overtake slower ones on the narrow road. There was not much parking space at the summit, so there would be further intervals to send those who had completed the run back to the valley. On such a schedule the program would take at least 15 hours and possibly more. It was agreed that cars stalled en route could have another try and any prospective record-breaker could have two runs—if he wanted and dared.

By 5 a.m. on July 11 spectators had already arrived both at Glen House and the mountain top. Telephones were tested, megaphones blared, a few useless rockets were fired. The race was on.

The first to leave the starting-line was L. J. Phelps, driving his Phelps Special. Fifty-six minutes and 15 2/5 seconds later, the Special chuckled up to the finish line and was even able to make the 25% grade past the finish line too. Phelps was so proud of the car he had built that he left it standing there as a challenge to later arrivals. Already, the record had tumbled.

The next two, the Cameron runabout and the Orient "Buckboard," barely made the finish line. They were badly out of breath and their running times were undistinguished.

Then came a long pause. The Jay Webb's White, a steamer, had a punctured tire and limped back for another run. Frank Nutt's Haynes-Apperson had a broken valve, and its mechanic had to be an acrobat to keep it in the race at five mph on straight stretches.

Shortly before 11 a.m., with Benjamin Smith's one-cylinder Olds also in at a racing time of well over one hour, newsmen began preparing copy in praise of Phelps' splendid mark. Only Stanley and Harkness could beat it, and probably not even they. But then came a sensation. Out of the last turn, surrounded by blue fumes and spitting violently, dashed Ernest Rogers' Peerless. The announcement was thunderous: "48:07 2/5." Signalmen, telephone operators, onlookers and Summit House personnel applauded, whistled, and cheered. It was a new kind of drive, quite different from previous performances. People who came up to the summit after watching the morning runs from vantage points below told how mechanics had had to get out and help push their vehicles over the rough spots, especially at corners. Once a driver and his mechanic both had gotten out and added desperate manpowers to seven sluggish horsepowers before their car would resume self-propulsion. The Peerless certainly did not need pushing and its mark seemed unbeatable by anyone, including the Stanley Steamer and Harkness' Mercedes. But from then on, records fell like autumn leaves.

Around the rock-littered final turn thundered the Pierce Arrow in 44:37 4/5, and next came Morrison's Peerless, a

R. C. Anderson
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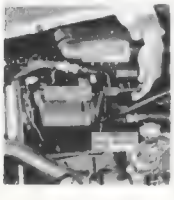

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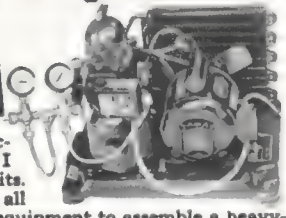

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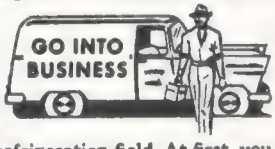

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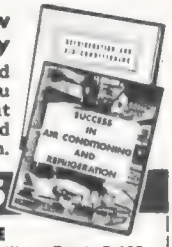

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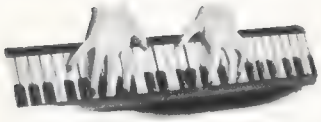

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regular stock car with tonneau body, in a fantastic 36:44 1/5.

During luncheon recess, the first batch of cars was routed back to Glen House were mechanics waited for them. There were troubles galore. No part seemed defect-proof under the strain. Brakes were in the worst of shape and had to be "wetted down" to be used with any effect. Drivers said that their cars had shown "a natural desire to get out of control" and that the trip downhill had been a nightmare. Others added that springs just did not seem to have any effect and that cars bounced like vicious rodeo animals. However, everybody was anxious to run again, pending permission from the racing committee.

But first it was still the turn of those who had not yet raced. They were led by the "small" Mercedes entered by J. L. Breeze. The body of the 40 hp touring car towered high above the broad hood. It was stripped of all non-essential parts. The four bucket-size cylinders emitted cannon-like exhaust noises. Driving chains squealed and rattled, and the springs and frame shrieked protest as the 2,200-pounder bumped across dips and water-filled holes (also called "thank-you-ma'ams"). Above the engine roar came the screech of shifting gears. Breeze tried to keep in second, but the gear was too high and eventually he stayed in first, virtually standing on the gas pedal. But he did lose time, a scant 50 yards from the finish. Mistaking the official's frantic gesticulations as the journey's end, he stopped prematurely and had to get his car going again.

The waving had meant congratulations. Despite the subsequent slowdown, the Mercedes had set a new mark—34:09 4/5.

Prophets got busy again. This mark, they said, would stand for at least one year. The puny Stanley Steamer could not get anywhere near to it and Harkness' Mercedes would not start at all. The troubles of the colossus were now widely talked about.

The mark lasted for less than 30 minutes.

On the telephone, Glidden got word that Stanley was leaving the starting point. He shouted the word through his megaphone, and the crowd at Summit House stiffened. For a half-hour they waited and then silent but for a soft hissing and discreet squeaking, Stanley's little steam car came out of the final turn. His incredible time was a mere 31:41 2/5. Seven steam hp, worth $670, had beaten 40 gasoline hp, worth $8,000.

Breeze glumly announced that he would make another run next morning and Stanley cheerfully replied that he too would make another attempt and do even better. "You don't mean to say that this object of yours is a regular $670 model?" an onlooker sneered.

"Pay me $670 cash and it's yours," Stanley replied softly. The onlooker turned away with a sigh.

The first day closed on an anticlimax. Fosdick's Winton, which had been expected to perform in champion style, climbed asthmatically in 1 hour 33 minutes, and other performances were not thrilling either. There was no official word from Mr. Harkness, Stanley's only remaining threat.

Down at Glen House, Harkness' mechanics were tight-lipped. Their boss was haughty but said nothing about his racing plans, and the big Mercedes stood in the garage, battered and untended. It was impossible to find out what condition it was in, but Stanley thought that Harkness would run. The Stanley car was in top shape and no amount of tinkering could have coaxed it into a better performance. If it would have to race only against the 40 hp Mercedes, it would be an odds-on favorite; but if it would have to compete with the 60 hp giant, the best it had done that afternoon might not be good enough. Since the engine could do no better, the driver would have to perform beyond the call of reason. Adding one mile per hour to the speed at which he had taken hairpin turns might cut driving time by a couple of minutes, but it would add a hundred perils. However, mild-mannered Stanley had a lion's heart.

As a glum dawn lazily crawled up from behind hill crests, Stanley, his mechanic and the steamer were ready. But the organizers made it known that the first car would not start until 9 a.m. and that those who had not run the day before would have precedence. Only one car had not run the day before; and Mr. Harkness was nowhere to be seen.

At 8 a.m. Harkness had not shown up. In the garage his big car stood, a silent puzzle.

At 9 a.m. Mr. Stanley was notified that he could make the first run. Word was relayed to Summit House that the steamer would open the procession of fast cars. It was generally assumed that Harkness had quit for good.

The steamer was on its way at 9:21. Telephones were beseiged; people scrambled for listening posts and vantage points. Stanley still refused to believe that his dangerous opponent had quit. He took every chance on the book and rushed on, irresistibly. Somehow the light car stayed on the road, even though its wheels occasionally were no more than one-half inch from the border of the precipice. It covered the first two miles in 6½ minutes, reached Halfway House in 13 minutes, and passed the finish line with a time of 28:19 2/5. To the onlookers, the trip seemed uneventful. Sensation-seekers, who had hoped to see the road littered with gleaming bits of coal, were disappointed. The steamer left no flaming trail.

While press photographers took pic-

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tures of the fabulous Stanley alongside a rack locomotive which it had so spectacularly outperformed, the Metz motorcycles were climbing to the clouds though a thin, steady rain had begun. Al Batchelder covered the course in 34:11 2/5, pedalling with his athlete's legs to help the gasping 2 hp engine. Dickinson, on the other cycle, was a heavyweight with less than athletic legs, and the chain of his Metz had a vicious tendency to jump the gear. Dickinson's trip lasted for one uncomfortable hour.

It was pouring by luncheon recess. Reporters drafted more copy in praise of the steamer. A small printing press had been set up at Summit House, and the editor of an improvised bulletin gave Mr. Stanley a banner headline. No noteworthy stragglers were expected to make the soaking ascent. Spectators packed their bags and the rack railroadmen prepared to take passengers down to Glen House.

But at 3:21 p.m. the telephone rang, and a few seconds later Glidden shouted that the big moment had come. He had learned that Harry Harkness, grim-faced in his yellow duster, had roared away from the starting line at what was called terrific speed. Spectators were running for raincoats and umbrellas when the two-mile relay called to report that the Mercedes had thundered past at 3:27 sharp. At 3:32½, Halfway House announced that the big car had gone by like a phantom. Mr. Harkness had no gear trouble; his second gear had all the stuff to keep the Mercedes surging upward. The message from Halfway House had hardly come through when the thunder of the mighty engine became audible at the mountain top. A heavy mass of clouds engulfed the slope, but the noise told the spectators that Harkness was coming up undaunted, showering rocks at every turn. His Mercedes rounded the first corner, every water hole threatening to wreck the frame. Despite the fact that his front springs were secured by timber blocks, Harkness banged across the finish line at the fantastic time of 24:37 2/5.

The late start had a most trivial reason: Harry Harkness had overslept. In the end, gasoline beat steam, and Mercedes was the car of cars in the mountains of New Hampshire, even though experts later commented that even more might have been expected from it. Some wizards who watched Harkness' car drive downhill after its record-shattering ascent told of the German automobile's inadequate brakes and of the shortcomings of its coil spring clutch which did not hold securely enough to permit the use of cylinder compression to assist the failing brakes. Mr. Harkness did not pilot the Mercedes back to Glen House. He left the hazardous task to his mechanic and rode down by rail. The engineer contributed his share to new marks by cutting 5 minutes from the scheduled time.

The "Climb to the Clouds" was held again in 1905. William H. Hilliard, of Boston, driving a 60 hp Napier Gordon-Bennett Model 1904, cut Harkness' record by more than four minutes. But the remoteness of Mount Washington did not permit truly big crowds to attend the race; and when communications eventually improved, the "Climb to the Clouds," first American mountain race, was already overshadowed by other automobilistic events.

But after the end of World War II, the advent of the sports car restored the race. The Sports Car Club of America became the most important sponsoring organization in the U. S. A. In the early 1950s, the "Climb to the Clouds" was again on the calendar of events.

The world's oldest mountain race for automobiles is still run on the old track, but the cart road has been greatly improved since the old rough-and-tumble days. So, of course, have the cars. The 4½ liter Ferrari, which Carroll Shelby, of Dallas, Tex., drove to victory on July 15, 1956, had an engine with less than half the piston displacement of Harkness' Mercedes, but its power output was higher than that of all entrants in the 1904 event combined. However, there are limits to the speed that even the finest car can maintain on the ascent to Mount Washington. The Ferrari established a record, but it remained short of the 10 minute mark on which racers set their sights. Shelby covered the eight miles in 10:21 4/5. The weather in which the latest "Climb to the Clouds" was held justified the conservation of the name. The winning car finished its run shrouded by dense clouds. •

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SULTANS OF THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE

Continued from page 47

that "I did not have the hope of a snowball in Hiroshima."

As most Messina girls were foreigners, the reporter figured that there might be rivalry and jealousy between the Latin imports and their English sisters. Webb picked up seven duds but the eighth jane talked. But she was scared to death.

"Sure you won't rat on me?" she kept interrupting herself while tipping Webb as to what she knew of the organization, what girls he should try to talk to and what pimps to avoid. Pointing to Webb's battered pipe she said, "If you make a wrong move you won't need any more tobacco for that."

With the girl's information to go on, Webb made his next move. After a lot of pub-crawling he would now have to do some crib-crawling: have himself picked up by Messina hustlers to get first-hand knowledge of the real estate when they plied their trade.

In Shepherd Market he ran into a dark, slim girl—French Violet, described to him as one of Eugenio's busiest gold mines. Violet winked, Webb winked back. She hooked her greedy little hand into Webb's arm and led the way to her operational base. At 4 Queen Street, an elegant Georgian dwelling, she stopped, pressed a contraption concealed in the paneled wall. The door swung open into a carpeted reception room. At a desk piled high with ledgers sat a prim-looking elderly woman—the madam—who never raised her eyes. Violet took Duncan to a nicely furnished groundfloor room. As soon as the door shut behind them she stretched out her hand.

"My present, darling. Three pounds. Four if you want funny things."

"This can't be the way it works," Webb cut in while trying to read the number off the phone on the other side of the bed. "I'll give you your present afterward."

Her dark eyes flashed. "You pay now!"

"But I want to stay all night. Will five-pounds do?"

Few hustlers, as Webb knew, will stay all night with one man. Violet's temper exploded like a firecracker.

"Get out!" she shrieked. "Get out you sonofabitch!" She gave him a kick in the rear and pushed him out the door. The madam looked at him severely as he passed her desk.

Within minutes another hustler had him in tow. She was French, a tower of flesh. She took him to a different house, at 39 Curzon Street. When she asked for payment, Webb produced a pound note, $2.80 at the present rate.

"That's all I have," he said.

The woman burst into mocking laughter. Then she spat at him through clenched teeth, opened the door and pointed. "Out!" And to speed him on his way she walloped him over the head with a brass vase.

For three weeks Webb played this trying game. He was spat at, bellowed at, given the heave-ho. But he felt it was worth it as he kept filling whole notebooks with names, addresses, descriptions and observations. He had strolled into and flown out of more than 100 love temples. He had reached a point where most Messina women in Mayfair knew him as a lousy customer. When he showed himself on the street they would start toward him screaming like banshees and clobber him with umbrellas and handbags. It was time to end the field investigation.

Webb's next step was to try to link the flesh factories with the Messinas. Webb started checking real estate records. But not one of the houses he had been to was registered in the Messinas' name.

Duncan Webb had reached a dead end. He knew the women, the addresses, the front men, but he still could not prove that they were all part and parcel of the Messina enterprises. A brainstorm helped him break the deadlock. It was so simple he wondered why he hadn't thought of it before. He would look for the names of the Messina wives in the records of convicted prostitutes. Even though the hustlers were very highly protected, they were not immune against being pinched about once every three weeks. They would be taken to the police court, pay an $8,00 fine, and be off again, pounding the pavements and swinging their handbags.

In searching the court records Webb didn't have to look long. He quickly came across the name Andrée Messina, Eugenio's wife. In short order, the four other Messina doxies turned up in the files. Andrée, the court record showed, had 128 convictions, Colette Messina 123. All five girls totaled 591 raps. This alone Webb hoped, should prove to a blind man that the Messinas were up to their dirty necks in the wholesale pandering business.

But the way things were going Webb worried that he might not be able to prove anything at all. Each time he left the house he wasn't sure of getting back alive. The Messinas were on the gun for the relentless reporter. From morning

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to night goons were breathing down his neck. They trailed his every step, pursued him by car and stood in wait outside his door. Living like a hunted animal, Webb was forever on the run. He never slept in the same place twice.

He had friends at Scotland Yard, officers who were not sewed up by the Messina mob. One of them warned Webb, "Some of the chaps at the Yard are trying to frame you. Put dope in your pocket or something like that. Watch out!"

Webb's publisher valued his top reporter too highly to have him framed by crooked police or chilled by gangsters. So he hired for Webb three strong-arms, two of them ex-Scotland Yard men familiar with the ropes. Webb had orders never to make a step without at least one of the boys acting as a witness and bodyguard.

But one night Webb lost his shadow. As he had to go to his house for a change of clothing he decided to take a chance. In the shadows he picked out three hoodlums watching the entrance. Suddenly he heard footsteps at his back—a fourth hood was cutting him off.

Just ahead of Webb was a fire and police call box. He didn't dare call the police—he couldn't trust them. So he put in a fire alarm, giving his address and a phony name. At the sound of the fire engines the mugs faded.

Despite obvious attempts to silence Webb, he was still being criticized as only a muck-raking journalist. Home Secretary Chuter Ede told Parliament that there was nothing to Webb's story.

But Webb was ready to trigger his bomb. On Sept. 3, 1950, appeared the first of his articles, headlined:

THE FIVE MESSINA BROTHERS—
EMPERORS OF VICE
ARREST THESE MEN!

Below this, Webb told the saga of the Messinas. He gave the names of prostitutes, madams and pimps, addresses of brothels, told how women were imported or fraudulently married off.

The second installment appeared a week later, on Sept. 10. At 10:30 a.m. of that sunny fall day Eugenio and Carmelo Messina got into their respective Rolls-Royces and didn't stop until the boat-train was taking them to Paris.

As Webb's articles continued to appear, Salvatore and Attilio lost their nerve and also hit out for Gay Paree. But Attilio quickly recovered from his attack of chicken fever. He returned to The Smoke to join Brother Alfredo who had never flunked at all.

Once again the Home Secretary was asked about the Messinas.

"Oh, those," the Honorable Chuter Ede yawned. "According to my information they have left the country." The case was closed and the pleasure houses stayed wide open.

In fact, for the exiled Messinas new lush days were dawning. Eugenio showed himself the kind of genius who draws fresh strength and inspiration from a wallop on the chin. Why pile the bulk of his business into The Smoke? Other sinspots needed his help: Paris, Milan, Brussels. . . .

Then there was another hungry market he had long had his eye on: Saudi Arabia. The sudden wealth poured in there by oil-drilling American companies had fanned the desire for bigger harems. King Saud's slavers were roaming Africa, gutting thatch-roofed villages and dragging off the young into slavery, perhaps as many as 2,000 a month, the United Nations was told. They were destined for the harems of the King and his henchmen.

But more in demand and far harder to come by than the ebony-hued Africans are their European sisters. The thought of them will start Arabian harem lords dreaming deliriously. Once in a while, Allah be praised, they get hold of an honest-to-goodness blonde.

The King's procurers prowl Paris and Rome tourist hotels, tea dances and backstages. Gullible dolls are dazzled by promises of marriage. Before they know it they are belly-dancing for some Arabian Sheik.

The traffic in blondes, however, was only a dribble. To put it on an assembly line basis was work cut out for the Messina syndicate. They knew just where to tap a rich supply of long-limbed, creamy-skinned fillies: in Eastern Germany. And as the territory is under the heel of the Russians the flesh export could easily be camouflaged as flight from Red terror. Eugenio wasted no time in organizing this branch of the traffic.

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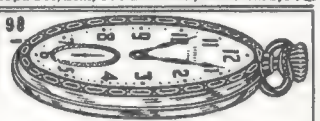

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The world's conscience rose against the brazen Arab slavers on several occasions. As a result of complaints filed with the United Nations by France and Britain, 24 countries were asked to meet in Geneva, Switzerland, on August 13, 1956.

When the delegates assembled, one chair at the oval conference table remained vacant: Saudi Arabia's. The Arab lords, just like the Messina brothers, hope to see the flesh markets flourish for many years to come.

Spreading out all over the map didn't mean that the Messinas were going to neglect the London end. Eugenio dug up a cousin in Sicily and airmailed him to The Smoke to assist what was left of the clan there: two brothers and all five wives. Besides doing their full share of hustling, the girls now spied, helped with the money collections and ruled the pimps with iron mitts. Business so well managed was bound to blossom.

Eugenio himself set up headquarters in Brussels, Belgium's friendly, prosperous capital, an easy jump from other European nerve centers. He leased a luxurious penthouse on fashionable Louise Avenue and got a fleet of large American and British cars in which to move his merchandise.

Meanwhile, his pock-marked Brother Carmelo established a branch under the palms of Juan-les-Pins, a French Riviera resort popular with the sporting crowd and dolls eager to make the best of a two-week vacation and a bikini. Brother Salvatore, in turn, carried the firm's flag to Rome and Milan.

As time went by, a curtain of silence dropped on the scene. You could see the Messinas having themselves a ball at social galas in Monte Carlo and Paris, but their names were absent from the front pages. Then, toward June 1955, a thing or two went wrong.

The story starts with a blind man stopping a young girl on a Brussels street.

"Would you do me a favor," he said in a quavery voice. "A really great favor?" He held out a letter. "Take this to the address on the envelope. It is important that you don't mail it but deliver it in person."

The girl, Pamela De Man, a goodlooking youngster of 17, promised to deliver the letter next day after school, and the blind man, tapping his white cane on the sidewalk, disappeared in the afternoon crowd.

That evening, Pamela told her father, a prominent Brussels newspaper man, about the letter. Peter De Man held the letter up to a strong light. There was no writing visible inside, only a folded sheet of white paper. Suspecting a white slaverers' trick De Man went to see his friend, Detective Chief Anton Cuyppens. The address on the letter was: Alexander Miller, 117 Louise Avenue, Brussels.

Only the location meant something to Cuyppens. It was one of the poshest residential buildings in town. The janitor at the address told Cuyppens Mr. Miller was a very fine man, a Britisher, active in the diamond trade. He occupied the penthouse.

Cuyppens took the elevator up. Mr. Miller turned out to be a smiling man who, even by night, hid his eyes behind smoke-tinted glasses. The diamond on his hand flashed, his brilliantined hair shone like a mirror and the whole boy reeked of a beauty parlor.

"Police," Cuyppens said.

The smile stayed put. "What can I do for you?"

Cuyppens quizzed him about the letter and the blind man.

"You have me completely puzzled," Miller said. "I don't know any blind man. I expect no letter. Maybe that young lady wants to get into the movies and needs the publicity?"

That was the end of that.

But before two weeks were up Cuyppens was to hear the name Miller again. This time in connection with a tip-off from the Brussels telephone company. An alert operator had noticed that a party named Alexander Miller was forever calling numbers in East Germany. The girl thought there might be a spy ring at work. Cuyppens thought of diamond smuggling since Miller was in the gem business.

Detectives assigned to shadowing Miller soon reported this was not the case. But both Miller and his brother, a pock-marked hulking fellow, were chasing after very young and very good-looking girls. That would not be illegal except that the girls always seemed to disappear from the city while new ones took their place.

Smelling a white-slave setup, Cuyppens grabbed several of the girls. Jeanne David, a beaut with a soft face, a sweet smile and a prize-winning body job, candidly told of meeting Mr. Miller at a seaside resort. He had showered her with gifts, introduced her to a life of luxury and hinted at marriage.

"Yesterday he told me it was all over," Jeanne went on. "It was quite a blow. I had just gotten used to the good life. He said I could go on living well, have a car and furs, but I would have to go to London where he would introduce me to rich men."

"You told him, I hope," Cuyppens broke in, "you didn't want to become a prostitute."

She blushed. "I told him I'd think it over."

Another girl friend of Miller's, Anne Bruymeel, made the detectives blush while adding to the evidence. She told how he had taken her to his beautiful penthouse. "All white carpets, you know." He had showed her his three bedrooms. "I knew what he wanted and took all my clothes off. He said a girl like me could make a lot of money, either in

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London or at the King's court in Arabia. He tried to talk my mother into letting me go. She told him she thought he was a white slaver. To prove to her he wasn't he showed her a Saint Anthony medal he always wore. But Mother still refused to let me go."

Now Cuyppens had enough evidence to arrest Miller as a white-slave suspect. But for the pinch Cuyppens had to go to Knokke, Miller's favorite seaside resort, an hour's drive from Brussels. Due to other work it was nearly 11 p.m. when Cuyppens, accompanied by two detectives, got there. He located Miller, along with his brother, toasting two blondes at the "Horse's Neck," a fashionable nightclub.

Not wanting to interfere with the club's business, Cuyppens resorted to a ruse. He sent Miller and his brother a message that a woman waiting outside wanted to see them. That brought them out on the trot.

Seeing the detectives Miller went for his rear pocket. But Cuyppens was a thought faster, grabbing Miller's gun first. Simultaneously, another detective relieved Miller's brother of his gun. Both weapons, fully loaded, had their safety catches off. They denied being brothers, or even knowing each other well. "We met at the hotel bar this afternoon and just got together for a good time," the Cuban said.

Cuyppens radioed the suspects' fingerprints to the Paris headquarters of Interpol, the International police. Next morning Interpol radioed back that Sella and Moreno were the old firm Eugenio and Carmelo Messina.

Along with this Interpol supplied some information which had been available for years but nobody had been interested in.

In 1926 and 1928, Eugenio Messina had been convicted in Egypt of raping a 12-year-old girl, narcotics peddling and gun running. In 1930-32 before descending on London, he had been tossed out of Morocco for organizing unlicensed brothels and assault with intent to kill. Brother Carmelo had served time in Egypt for slashing a prostitute and had been deported from Spain for organizing unlicensed brothels.

Searching Eugenio's white-carpeted penthouse, Cuyppens discovered a concealed wall safe containing $200,000 worth of jewels, several guns and some fascinating documents.

First there was a British passport. The name was Alexander Miller but the picture was Eugenio's. Immigration stamps showed he had been in and out of Britain several times only recently.

Then there was a letter from Martha Watts, the London madam, telling how well some of the new girls were applying themselves, and as proof quoted their almost unbelievable earnings over a six-week period.

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But the safe also contained evidence that some girls may not be walking the streets willingly. There were dozens of blank checks signed by the women along

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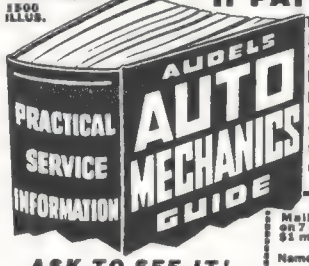

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with their passports. The checks gave the Messinas a good grip on the prostitutes' bank accounts, and without their passports they could not escape easily.

Cuyppens turned to matters closer to home. How did the Messinas happen to be staying in Belgium, posing as Cuban, Brazilian and British nationals?

"I bought the Cuban passport from a Cuban consul," Carmelo explained testily. "It's all legal. I need the paper to go to America."

Eugenio said his British passport was a forgery. But he was telling a lie. It was authentic and could only have been obtained by bribery. Making less bones about the Brazilian document, he said. "I bought it so I could go to Cuba."

The boys knew the ropes all right. Camouflaged as Latin Americans they could have gotten around U. S. immigration difficulties. Eight years ago another son of Sicily, Lucky Luciano, had tried to run the U. S. dope and prostitution rackets from Cuba. The isle of rum and rumba would make a handy base of operations for the Messinas too.

The Belgian authorities thought to have the goods on the two flesh peddlers and with the help of Scotland Yard hoped to jug them for solid stretches. But once more the Yard acted as the Messinas' best friend. Of some 20 prostitutes the Belgian prosecutor asked to be made available as witnesses, the Yard produced not a single one. "They are afraid to testify," was the unofficial explanation. But when the trial went underway on June 22, 1956, two Scotland Yard inspectors did show up. One testified that Alfredo Messina had tried to bribe him to the tune of $560. The other admitted knowing "about 20 Messina girls." That wasn't much good as trial testimony.

The Messinas were ably defended by two goodlooking lady lawyers, what else would you expect? The ladies pictured Britain as a country where prostitution was most welcome. Carrying coals to Newcastle or harlots to London might be unnecessary but at any rate, argued the lady lawyers, it wasn't a crime.

Just the same, the jury took a dim view of Eugenio's bedroom activities and East Germany phone calls, which enabled the judge to hang a 7-year pandering rap on him. Carmelo could be convicted of nothing more serious than gun-toting and entering Belgium under a phony name. He was sentenced to 10 months imprisonment but as he had already spent that much time in jail awaiting trial he was released on the spot. Radiating happiness he threw a champagne party for the British correspondents come over for the trial. Only Duncan Webb excused himself.

Carmelo is doing business at the old stand, and so are his brothers and the five Messina wives. The cooped-up Eugenio acts as an advisory—he has experience in running things by remote control. Due to excellent management the largest number ever of Messina girls are prowling the sidewalks of London, brazenly insulting passersby who refuse to buy.

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MY MOST DANGEROUS ADVENTURE

Continued from page 23

In the early spring of 1923 I was ready and set out with Bangsted, our married Eskimo couple from Thule and a Canadian Eskimo, Patloq, as a guide. We were in high spirits when we started, but the going was slow as the sleds were loaded with equipment and supplies. The dogs were in good condition and the weather was fine at first. We made progress for five days until we met our first snowstorm and had to stay on the same spot for three days. I had hoped to make up for this loss of time as soon as we got going again, but before long we were delayed once more. Halfway up the coast of Melville Peninsula we had to travel inland because the ice was no longer reliable. We had to go through deep snow and our loads were too heavy for the dogs going uphill. Finally we were forced to unload something from each sled to maintain any semblance of speed. We stored the unloaded supplies in a big pile and planned to send one or two sleds back for them the next day.

When we made camp that night, I was annoyed at this extra delay, which meant we would waste another whole day. I knew that my dog team was stronger than the other teams and I was sure I could get the extra load onto my sled. So I started back for the load. The thought of going 36 hours without sleep did not bother me. The dogs did not like going back, but as long as we traveled with an empty sleigh I had no trouble with them.

I had gone only a short while when the wind began increasing rapidly and with it the snowdrift. At first there was only a brisk "floor sweep," as the Eskimos call it. But the wind mounted by the minute. In Greenland the temperature always rises with the wind, but in Hudson Bay the wind did not have this effect upon the temperature. It remained at 54° below, and the snowdrift increased until it was like a heavy fog that cut sharply into my nose and ears. It seemed to penetrate my very brain, and it made me dangerously sleepy.

Soon I could no longer see our tracks, but I managed to stick to the right course until I found the pile we had left behind. I got the whole load onto my sled and, although it was heavy, I thought the dogs would get new strength when we turned around and they knew that food and rest were ahead of them. But the wind was straight ahead and growing stronger by the minute. Soon it was so violent my whip could not reach the dogs. I tried running ahead of the sled to stay close to the dogs where I could whip some speed into them, but it was no good.

I thought it would be easy to find my way back since I had only to follow my own tracks, but they were already obliterated by the whirling snow. I determined the direction by the wind, which is an unreliable indicator. Without knowing it, I got off course and soon the dogs knew that something was wrong. There were hills we had never climbed before and several times we got stuck in rocks. The moment we got stuck the dogs simply settled down in the snow and refused to move again. I first had to get the sled loose and then struggle with the dogs, screaming and swearing at them and using my whip brutally to get them up. When this had been repeated a few times, I finally lost all sense of direction.

Suddenly we came to an enormous boulder where there was a deep depression in the snow on the wind side. It was like a small cave giving shelter against the howling wind. The dogs dived into the hole, and I decided to spend the rest of the night there.

I set about building an igloo, but for the first time in my life I found it impossible to cut through the snow. It had been packed solid by successive storms and I gave it up as a hopeless task. But I made up my mind to stay awake and wait for daylight.

At first I kept awake by walking back and forth in front of the boulder. When this got too boring I tried the old trick of walking with my eyes closed. I walked 10 paces straight ahead, turned right, 10 more paces and another right turn, another 10 paces and the same thing a fourth time before I opened my eyes to see how far I had strayed from the starting point. But for once this game proved too cold, too windy and too uncomfortable. I felt an unbearable desire to lie down and saw no reason why I should not do so without risk, and I decided to make a small cave-like shelter where I could stretch out.

I began digging in the solid snow and soon I had a depression long enough for me to lie down in. I put my sled on top of this strange bed, then I put all the lumps on top of the sled and around the sides. I had built my bed in such a way that the end opened into the cave where the dogs were asleep, and I left this side uncovered, since it was well protected by the large boulder.

On my sled I had the skin of a bear's head I had killed some days before, and I took this along for a pillow. Finally, as I crawled into my snug little shelter, I pulled my small seal-skin bag in place with my foot, so that it covered the opening like a door. It was a little like a berth on a ship—rather more cramped but I had room enough to stretch out.

I was well protected against the subzero temperature, dressed like an Eskimo in two layers of fur—one with the hairs inward against my skin, the other facing out. I had heavy boots and good gloves. Strangely enough I have never been bothered by cold hands, not so my feet.

Warm and comfortable at last, I soon fell asleep. I woke up once because my feet were cold and I tried to kick out the bag which served as a door. I wanted to

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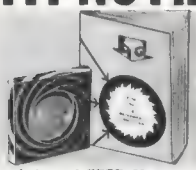

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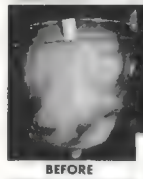

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get out and run around to increase my circulation, but I could not move the bag. It was frozen to the sides of my house, I thought. In reality there was an enormous snowdrift in front of it. I was annoyed but not enough to keep me from going back to sleep.

When I finally woke up, I was very cold. I knew I had to get out and move about at once. What worried me most was the fact that my feet did not hurt any more—a sure sign of danger. To get out I had simply to crawl out through my little door, I thought, and I inched my way down to the bag. I could not move it. I used all my strength, but it was obvious that I could not get out the way I had come in. I was not worried because I expected to turn over the sled which covered me and get up that way. And I managed to turn over and lie on my stomach so that I could push up the sled with my back. There was not room enough to get up on my knees, but I pushed with my back the best I could. The sled would not budge!

At last I was really worried. My friends would soon begin to search for me, of course, but the question was whether I could survive until they found me. Perhaps I could dig my way out. But the snow surrounding me was now ice, and it was impossible to make the smallest dent in the surface with my gloved hands. I had left my snow knife outside on the sled with all my other tools. I decided to try digging with my bare hands. My hand would freeze but it would be better to lose one hand than to lose my life. I pulled off my right glove and began scratching with my nails. I got off some tiny pieces of ice, but after a few minutes my fingers lost all feeling, and it was impossible to keep them straight. My hand simply could not be used for digging so I decided to thaw it before it was too late.

I had to pull the arm out of the sleeve and put the icy hand on my chest—a complicated procedure in a space so confined I could not sit up. The ice roof was only a few inches above my face. As I put my hand on my chest I felt the two watches I always carried in a string around my neck, and I felt the time with my fingers. It was the middle of the day, but it was pitch black in my ice house. Strangely enough I never thought of using my watches for digging—they might have been useful.

By now I was really scared. I was buried alive and so far all my efforts had failed. As I moved a little I felt the pillow under my head—the skin of the bear's head. I got a new idea. By an endless moving with my head I managed to get hold of the skin. It had one sharply torn edge which I could use. I put it in my mouth and chewed on it until the edge was saturated with spit. A few minutes after I removed it from my mouth the edge was frozen stiff, and I could do a little digging with it before it got too soft. Over and over again I put it back in my mouth, let the spit freeze and dug some more, and I made some progress. As I got the ice crumbs loose, they fell into my bed and worked their way under my fur jacket and down to my bare stomach. It was most uncomfortable and cold, but I had

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GORDON FAWCETT.
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1956.

[SEAL] LILLIAN M. KLEIN

(My commission expires April 1, 1958)

no choice and kept on digging, spitting, freezing and digging.

My lips and tongue were soon a burning torture, but I kept on as long as I had any spit left—and I succeeded. Gradually the hole grew larger and at last I could see daylight! Disregarding the pain in my mouth and ignoring the growing piles of snow on my bare stomach, I continued frantically to enlarge the hole.

In my hurry to get out and save my frozen legs I got careless. I misjudged the size of the hole through which I could get out. My hand had, naturally been able to move only above my chest and stomach, and to get my head in the right position seemed impossible. But I suddenly made the right movement and got my head in the right position.

I pushed with all my strength, but the hole was much too small. I got out far enough to expose my face to the drifting snow. My long beard was moist from my breathing and from the spit which had drooled from my bear skin. The moment my face got through the hole, my beard came in contact with the runners of the sled and instantly froze to them. I was trapped. The hole was too small to let me get through, my beard would not let me retire into my grave again.

I could see no way out. But what a way to die—my body twisted in an unnatural position, my beard frozen to the sled above, and the storm beating my face without mercy. My eyes and nose were soon filled with snow and I had no way of getting my hands out to wipe my face. The intense cold was penetrating my head, my face was beginning to freeze and would soon lose all feeling.

With all my strength I pulled my head back. At first the beard would not come free, but I went on pulling and my whiskers and some of my skin were torn off, and finally I got loose. I withdrew into my hole and stretched out once more. For a moment I was insanely grateful to be back in my grave, away from the cold and the tortuous position. But after a few seconds, I was ready to laugh at my own stupidity. I was even worse off than before! While I had moved about more snow had made its way into the hole and I could hardly move, and the bear skin had settled under my back where I could not possibly get at it.

I gave up once more and let the hours pass without making another move. But I recovered some of my strength while I rested and my morale improved. I was alive after all. I had not eaten for hours, but my digestion felt all right. I got a new idea!

I had often seen dog's dung in the sled track and had noticed that it would freeze as solid as a rock. Would not the cold have the same effect on human discharge? Repulsive as the thought was, I decided to try the experiment.

I moved my bowels and from the excrement, I managed to fashion a chisellike instrument which I left to freeze. This time I was patient, I did not want to risk breaking my new tool by using it too soon. While I waited, the hole I had made filled up with fresh snow. It was soft and easy to remove, but I had to pull it down into my grave which was slowly filling up. At last I decided to

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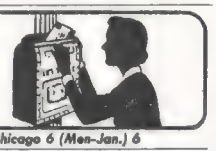

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try my chisel and it worked! Very gently and very slowly I worked at the hole. As I dug, I could feel the blood trickling down my face from the scars where the beard had been torn away.

Finally I thought the hole was large enough. But if it was still too small that would be the end. I wiggled my way into the hole once more. I got my head out and finally squeezed out my right arm before I was stuck again. My chest was too large.

The heavy sled, weighing more than 200 pounds, was on the snow above my chest. Normally I could have pushed it and turned it over, but now I had not strength enough. I exhaled all the air in my lungs to make my chest as small as possible, and I moved another inch ahead. If my lungs could move the sled I was safe. And I filled my lungs, I sucked up air, I expanded my chest to the limit—and it worked. The air did the trick. Miraculously the sled moved a fraction of an inch. Once it was moved from its frozen position, it would be only a question of time before I could get out. I continued using my ribs as levers until I had both arms free and could crawl out.

It was dark again outside. The whole day and most of another night had passed. The dogs were out of sight, but their snug little hole by the boulder was completely covered by snow, and I knew they must be asleep under it. As soon as I had rested enough, I got to my feet to get the dogs up. I fell at once and laughed at my weakness. Once more I got to my feet and once more I fell flat on my face. I tried out my legs and discovered the left one was useless and without feeling. I had no control over it any more. I knew it was frozen, but at first I did not think about it. I had to concentrate on moving. I could not stay where I was.

I could only crawl, but I got my knife from the sled, pulled the dogs out of their cave and cut them loose from the harness. I planned to hold to the reins and let the dogs pull me on the snow, but they did not understand. I used the whip with what little strength I had left, and suddenly they set off so fast my weak hands could not hold the reins! The dogs did not go far, but they managed to keep out of my reach as I crawled after them. I crawled for three hours before I reached the camp.

As soon as I had been inside our igloo for a while and began to warm up, feeling returned to my frozen foot and with it the most agonizing pains. It swelled up so quickly it was impossible to take off my kamik. Patloq, our Canadian Eskimo companion who had had a great deal of experience with such accidents, carefully cut off the kamik, and the sight he revealed was not pleasant. As the foot thawed, it had swollen to the size of a football, and my toes had disappeared completely in the balloon of blue skin. The pain was concentrated above the frozen part of my foot which was still without feeling. Patloq put a needle into the flesh as far as it would go, and I never noticed it.

The only thing to do was to keep the foot frozen, Patloq insisted. Once it really

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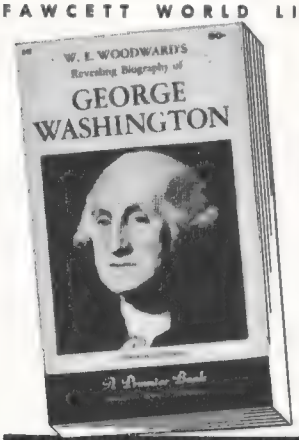

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thawed, the pain would be impossible for me to go on. It was obvious that we could not stay where we were and that we had to give up the whole expedition to Baffin Land. And with my foot bare to keep it frozen, we returned slowly to Danish Island, where Knud Rasmussen was completing all preparations for his long journey to Alaska.

He was horrified when he saw what had happened to me, and he wanted to give up his trip. But I insisted I could take care of myself with the aid of our Eskimo friends, and I persuaded my companions to carry out their plans according to schedule.

I was left with Bangsted and the two Eskimo couples from Thule, who refused to leave me.

I was nursed by Patloq's wife, Apa, and I was in constant discomfort. It felt as if my foot had been tied off very tightly. The leg above was all right but the flesh below turned blue and then black. I had to lie quietly on my back while my nurse entertained me by recounting her experiences with frozen limbs. She knew a number of people who had lost both legs, others their arms or hands, but many had been killed because they were far too much trouble to take care of. And as the flesh began falling away from my foot, she tried out her special treatment. She captured lemmings—small mice—skinned them and put the warm skin on my rotting foot with the bloody side down. Every time she changed this peculiar kind of dressing, some of my decayed flesh peeled off with it, but she insisted on this treatment until there was no more flesh left.

Gangrene is actually less painful than it is smelly. As long as I kept my foot inside the warm house, the odor was unbearable, so we arranged to keep the foot outside. We made a hole in the wall by the end of my bunk, and I put my foot out into the freezing temperature whenever the odor became too overpowering. As the flesh fell away from the bones, I could not bear having anything touch the foot, and at night when I could not sleep I stared with horrible fascination at the bare bones of my toes. The sight gave me nightmares and turned my nerves raw. I felt the old man with the scythe coming closer, and sometimes we seemed to have switched roles and my bare bones to have become part of him.

In the meantime it seemed as if Apa's cure was having some effect. The gangrene did not spread beyond the toes. Once the decay had bared all five toes to the roots, it did not go farther, and the flesh stopped peeling.

I could not stand the sight, however, and one day I decided to do something about it. I got hold of a pair of pincers, fitted the jaws around one of my toes, and hit the handle with a heavy hammer.

The excruciating pain cut into every nerve of my body, an agony I cannot describe. Siksik had watched me and was deeply impressed. She offered to bite off the rest of the toes, and if her teeth hurt as much as the pincers, she said that I could beat her up. Ignoring her offer, I fitted the pincers around the next toe, and this time it did not hurt so much. Perhaps one could get used to cutting off toes, but there were not enough of them to get sufficient practice.

I admit that I cried when I was through with them—partly from pain, partly from self-pity. But it was a great relief to have the toe stumps off since they had kept me from walking and putting on my kamiks. Now I could at least get on my boots and hobble around.

During the winter we moved from Danish Island to Vansittart Island near by where we spent some peaceful and lazy weeks. My wound did not heal, however, and I realized I had to do something about it. We had heard that the Hudson Bay station in Chesterfield Inlet was visited every summer by a steamer which carried a doctor, and I decided to go down there by boat, once spring arrived. I knew I could not make the long sled trip to Thule next year if my foot did not improve. And Bangsted and I went to Repulse Bay and then to Beach Point near by. Bangsted soon returned to Danish Island, and I stayed on in Beach Point until Cleveland left for the south. Every summer he went down to Chesterfield Inlet with the furs he had collected during the winter.

In Chesterfield I had a long waiting period before the steamer *Nascopie* arrived from the south.

The young doctor on the *Nascopie* operated on my foot but when I came out of the ether, he told me that he had only done enough to save it until I got proper treatment at a hospital.

In Copenhagen I got the proper treatment, but it was too late. After a "cleaning-up" operation proved futile, the leg was amputated—and with it, I was sure, were all ties to the fine adventurous life I had known.

Time proved me wrong. •

THE FROLICS OF THE UNHOLY ROLLER

Continued from page 16

One night, Sister Emma was leaning down on the platform to save a woman sinner. This particular sinner had more brains than the average peasant and she got a whiff of Sister's breath. "What is that I smell on your breath, Sister Emma?" the woman made so bold as to ask.

"Medicine, Sister, medicine," snapped Sister Emma.

"Smells like wine to me," said the doubter.

Sister Emma glared at the woman. "You're saved," she bellowed. "Now get out of here. You're holding up the line!"

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Brother Graham, wearing a turned-around collar and a frock coat, turned out to be a real ball of fire. Looking as pious as all hell, he and Cora Lee sang duets for the congregation. It was when he took up the collection, though, that Brother Graham really hit his stride. When a prosperous-looking worshipper dropped a small, rather than a large coin into the basket, Brother Graham took steps. He would either stare the niggardly worshipper into such a state of embarrassment that the worshipper would shell out, or, if the tight one was a man, Graham would sometimes reach right into the man's pocket to see what was there. When he found a fat pigeon with a wad, he'd just peel off a big bill, smirk at the victim, and say, "I think I'll just take this for the Lord."

Brother Graham, quick to take advantage of Sister Emma's failing for the tonic, got some of the stuff for himself. Sister Emma caught him swigging a bottle one night, just before the service was to begin. "What's that you're drinking?" Sister Emma asked.

"Some of that tonic *you* drink," said Graham.

"Do you *have* to take that?" asked Sister Emma.

"Yes," said Graham with a smirk, "to keep my strength up for the Lord's work." Sister Emma just stood there, knowing that Brother Graham had her. Thereafter, when Graham passed through a congregation taking up the collection, his breath, often as not, preceded him. Curiously enough, though, the revivalists seldom detected anything suspicious in Graham's breath. When Graham happened to notice a questioning face, he'd put a hand to his throat and say, "I'm taking medicine for my sore throat."

Shortly after coming to an understanding with Sister Emma about drinking, Brother Graham made quite a discovery. One night, Cora Lee, doing everything in her power to make headway with Graham, showed him her bank book. "Just look at how rich I am," Cora Lee said.

Graham looked at the book, which showed a balance of almost $20,000, gulped, blinked and forced a smile. "Cora Lee," he said, "you're the prettiest girl I ever saw."

Sister Emma was quick to notice Graham's changed attitude toward Cora Lee. One night she asked him what his intentions were.

"To tell you the truth, Sister Emma," said Graham, who was turning out to be a pretty fair actor, "I'm in love with Cora Lee."

"In *love* with her!" Sister Emma could hardly believe her ears. Although her affection for Cora Lee was that of a mother for a daughter, Sister Emma was not blind to Cora Lee's physical shortcomings.

"Are you," Sister Emma wanted to know, "enough in love with Cora Lee to marry her?"

"Indeed I am," said Graham.

Sister Emma was so delighted over the fact that her daughter wouldn't be an old maid, after all, that she decided not to bring up something that had been on her

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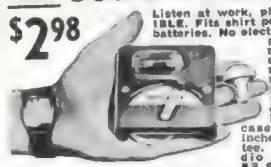

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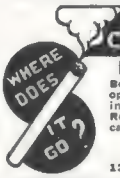

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mind for some time now—shrinking collections. Although her crowds this particular summer were bigger and more enthusiastic than ever, the collections were dwindling. Sister Emma had begun to wonder if Brother Graham could possibly be short-circuiting the take. Now though, she was willing to leave the question unanswered. Even if Graham *was* dipping his hand into the till, the money would, now that Graham was emerging as a prospective son-in-law, remain in the family.

Graham popped the question and Cora Lee, who could hardly believe her ears, squealed her acceptance. When the happy pair told Sister Emma that they were all set to go, Sister Emma had a suggestion. Why not wait, she asked, until the summer tour was over? Then she would give the couple a bang-up wedding at her 70-acre estate just outside Springfield, Missouri. Brother Graham and Cora Lee thought this was a splendid suggestion.

Shortly afterward, Sister Emma was booked for a week's revival in the heart of Kansas City. Graham, knowing that his deserted wife always attended revivals, decided to miss the engagement. "I don't feel well," he said to Sister Emma the morning the revivalist hit town. "I think I'll go away somewhere for a week's rest."

"You look all right," said Sister Emma.

"But I feel like I'm going to collapse," said Graham. "You can collapse," said Sister Emma, her voice rising to a bellow and her hard jaw set, "after we leave Kansas City."

"But why is Kansas City so important?"

"The people here have lots of money and I need you to see that they are very liberal at collection time."

So Graham appeared as per instructions, singing duets with Cora Lee, and taking up the collection, his eye peeled for some sign of his wife. Nothing happened.

During the first two nights, everything went fine, but on the third night, the lightning struck. Brother Graham and Cora Lee had sung two duets and Sister Emma had delivered a sermon on, of all things, faithlessness, and, while Sister Emma was getting a second wind to call the sinners up to be saved, Brother Graham was moving among the faithful with his collection basket. He was not far down the aisle when, suddenly, he spied, not far in from the aisle, three shockingly familiar faces—those of his wife and two sons.

Brother Graham, thinking fast, pretended not to see his family and decided to skip their row. But it was no use. There was his wife, a dark little woman with a pinched face, pursed lips and artificial cherries in her hat, glaring at him. The little woman looked at her husband for a few pregnant seconds, then screeched: "Why don't you come home to your wife and children instead of running around with this evangelist!" Graham, pretending to ignore the remark, continued with the collection. "It's *you* I'm talking to!" yelled Mrs. Graham. "You, there, taking up the collection! You're my husband and the father of these two children here. Why don't you come home and support us—you bum, you!"

With that, the place was a bedlam. Sister Emma, who had been sitting up in the pulpit with Cora Lee, taking it all in, finally restored order. Then, after she had reaped her crop of sinners, she followed Mrs. Graham outside the tent. "I want to hear everything you have to say," she said to Mrs. Graham. Mrs. Graham didn't have much to add to what she had already said. Her husband had served a prison term for forgery and, upon his release, had deserted her and the two children.

"Don't worry," said Sister Emma. "I'll send him back to you."

When Sister Emma went back to the tent, she found Brother Graham and Cora Lee in a sizzling embrace. "Take your hands off my daughter!" she told Graham. "Get out of here! I never want to lay eyes on you again."

Graham just leered at Sister Emma, then said, "Cora Lee has something to say to you."

"Oh, Mama!" said Cora Lee. "You can't send George away now!"

"And why not?"

"Because I'm going to have a baby."

"You're *what!*"

"She says," cut in Graham, "she's going to have a baby."

Sister Emma was in a real spot. She couldn't very well fire Graham now. Neither could she go through with the marriage of Graham and Cora Lee since Graham already had a wife.

"I wish I knew what to do," said Sister Emma.

"I have an idea," said Graham, the schemer.

"Let's hear it," said Sister Emma.

Graham said that his wife suffered from a malady that would carry her off to eternity in a year or, hopefully, perhaps less. "So why don't we just wait til she dies," said Graham, "then Cora Lee and I can get married."

"But if the baby is born before your wife dies, what then?"

"We'll just hide the baby somewhere."

The plan didn't sound too good, but it was better than nothing. So the tour continued. But little Mrs. Graham, not to be outwitted, warmed up to her campaign. She took in washing to get enough money for transportation to wherever Sister Emma, God's Own Messenger And Foe Of Rum And The Devil, was holding a revival. Sometimes alone, sometimes with one or both of the kids, she would settle herself in a spot where she wouldn't be readily observed from the pulpit. Then, at the opportune time, usually when Brother Graham was taking up the collection, she would let go with another expose of the facts. She would tarry just long enough to fully savor the shambles, then vacate the premises.

A situation like this couldn't, of course, continue. By now the word was spreading through the Bible Belt that Sister Emma Molloy was countenancing an illicit relationship between her step-daughter and the married collection taker. Hecklers began to appear in the congregations. More important, from Sister Emma's point of view, attendance dropped off and collections began to dwindle. Drastic action was indicated.

It was Sister Emma, the clever one, who was visited by a brilliant thought. One

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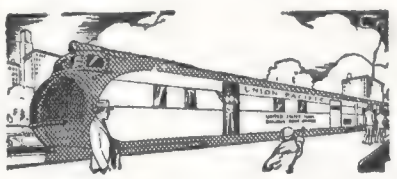

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night she called on Mrs. Graham, who was living in a heatless hovel with the two boys. "Why don't you and the children come and live with us," said Sister Emma. "We could be like one big happy family —and I'll pay all the expenses." Mrs. Graham jumped at the chance.

Sister Emma rented an architectural monstrosity on the outskirts of Kansas City and there they were, under one roof, the six of them—Sister Emma, Cora Lee, Graham, Mrs. Graham and Charley and Roy. Mrs. Graham, curiously enough, didn't seem to mind the relationship between her husband and Cora Lee. What the little woman wanted, more than anything else, was a roof over her head and food and clothing for herself and the kids, and now she had all that. In fact, Mrs. Graham never had it so good and she was so appreciative that she pitched in and did the housework and the cooking.

Now there came an unexpected development. Cora Lee had a miscarriage. She was ill for several weeks, but not dangerously so, and presently she was up and about again, looking forward to the spring, when the religious caravan would hit the road. Sister Emma, who had meantime been under the wheels, now found herself in the driver's seat. She no longer needed Brother Graham. She could give him his walking papers. And the same applied to Mrs. Graham and the two boys.

So one night, when Graham was sneaking into Cora Lee's room, Sister Emma intercepted him and said, "You and your family will have to go."

"I don't care what happens to my family," countered Graham, "but *I'm* not going."

"You're what!"

"I said I'm not going."

"All you're after is Cora Lee's money, you scoundrel, you!"

Graham exhibited that smirk of his. Just then Cora Lee walked into the scene. "Cora Lee," said Sister Emma, "all this man here wants is your money. He doesn't love you at all."

Graham, the actor, took Cora Lee into his arms. "You mean all the world to me," he whispered to Cora Lee. Cora Lee, who had never had it so good, wouldn't listen to Sister Emma's plea that she send Graham packing. "I don't care," she told Sister Emma, "if George *does* want my money. He can have it—as long as he wants me, too."

Graham had some news for Sister Emma. A Chicago newspaper, which had gotten wind of the shenanigans in the evangel's household, had offered Graham a fancy price for the inside story.

"You're just *saying* that!" snapped Sister Emma.

"Oh, am I?" Graham whipped out a letter from the paper confirming his statement.

If Sister Emma hadn't realized she was thoroughly licked, she realized it now. "How long," she asked Brother Graham, "do you suppose it will be until your wife dies?"

Graham shrugged.

"Do you know what I think?" said Sister Emma, her voice freighted with alarm. "I think she's gotten *better* since she

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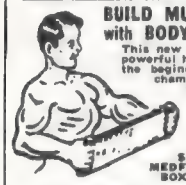

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came to live here. I don't think she's going to die at all."

Realizing that Mrs. Graham's sharp tongue would start clacking louder than ever if she was told to go, Sister Emma and Graham put their heads together to think up some way of making the little woman *want* to leave. "I got a great idea," said Graham.

"What!"

"My wife's always been scared to death of crazy people. Let's all make believe we're all going crazy."

So Sister Emma, Cora Lee and Brother Graham, the schemers, began walking around with far-away looks in their eyes, muttering that the Day of Judgment was at hand. Mrs. Graham would look at the three, as they paraded through the house, and bite her nails. Presently it was obvious to the plotters that their plan was going to succeed. Now Graham remembered that his wife abhorred noise—especially noise in the middle of the night. So he went out and bought three cornets. Now he and Sister Emma and Cora Lee began to parade through the halls, in the watches of the night, blasting away on the cornets.

One morning, Mrs. Graham approached Sister Emma with her two boys in tow and her bag packed. "I'm leaving, Sister Emma," she said. "I'm going to live with my sister in Fort Wayne."

"Oh." said Sister Emma, "must you leave us?"

"Yes, I must."

"Haven't we treated you right?" asked Sister Emma.

"You've treated me just fine," said Mrs. Graham, "but I think it's time me and the boys made a change."

Mrs. Graham's Fort Wayne sister, Mrs. Abbe Breeze, was nobody's fool. When Mrs. Graham told her why she had left Sister Emma's mansion, Mrs. Breeze measured her sister, then said, "They've made a fool of you."

"How?" asked Mrs. Graham.

Mrs. Breeze, who saw through the whole plot, explained it to her sister. Enlightened, Mrs. Graham ran her tongue over her lips and said, "Don't you worry, Sister dear. I'll get even with them."

Came Spring—the spring of 1885—and Sister Emma began her tour. At practically every stand, little Mrs. Graham appeared with Roy and Charley and, after thoroughly exposing her husband and Cora Lee, reduced the meeting to a shambles. Sister Emma was really on the horns of a dilemma and the horns looked sharper than ever when Cora Lee discovered that she was pregnant again.

In July, Brother Graham and Cora Lee were married at a quiet ceremony on Sister Emma's farm near Springfield, Missouri. Shortly after the ceremony, Cora Lee had another miscarriage, and the newlyweds remained on the farm while Sister Emma went out as a solo act on the revival circuit. Little Mrs. Graham —the first Mrs. Graham, that is—had apparently changed her mind and her ways, or something. For she no longer appeared to wreck Sister Emma's revivals. Some people thought this was because Brother Graham and Cora Lee, the exsinners, were not appearing with Sister Emma. Others didn't know.

Early in November, some four months after the marriage of Brother Graham and Cora Lee, the postmaster of Brookline received a communication from Mrs. Abbe Breeze of Fort Wayne, saying that her sister, Mrs. George Graham, and the woman's two sons, had, more than a month previously, set out for Sister Emma's place in Brookline with Brother Graham and had never been heard from since. Mrs. Breeze, admitting that she didn't know how to go about solving such a problem, asked the postmaster to do a little investigating on her behalf.

The postmaster, a man named Cooper, went out to Sister Emma's. Sister Emma was still out in the tall corn regions, collecting souls and money, but Brother Graham and his bride were still in residence. So were the two children of Brother Graham by his first wife. But the first wife was nowhere around. "We parted along the way," said Brother Graham, speaking, as it was to turn out, the gospel truth.

The whole business might have died then and there had it not been for a young snoop named Ed Davis, who ran a farm near Sister Emma's place. Davis, who had an open face and a round haircut, was a devotee of the detective stories of Edgar Allan Poe and was, in fact, so steeped in Poe literature that he read sinister meanings into practically everything.

Davis took it upon himself to go out and have a talk with Brother Graham. "Where is your first wife?" he wanted to know.

"Not that it's any of you damned business," said Graham, who had been punishing the grog, "but we split up between Fort Wayne and here."

"Why?"

"She met a sporting man and became a fallen woman."

"Why were you bringing her here?"

"To take care of her and the children."

"When were you divorced?"

"Months ago."

"Where?"

"None of your business."

Davis got off a letter to Mrs. Breeze, asking the woman exactly when and from where she had last heard from her now-missing sister and to please forward a good photograph of the first Mrs. Graham. Mrs. Breeze enclosed a photo with a reply stating that her sister had written to her from The Grand Hotel in St. Louis on September 28, saying she was shortly to leave for Sister Emma's place at Brookline.

The problem of Davis was now to get enough money to go to St. Louis and investigate. He knew that the farmers of the region hated Brother Graham because the two-faced Brother, off on an anti-booze kick, often conducted one-man raids on the farmers' stills. So when Davis went around asking for a pot of $100 to go to St. Louis the sum was quickly and enthusiastically over-subscribed.

In St. Louis, Davis saw by the register of The Grand Hotel that a Mr. and Mrs. George Graham and two children had been ensconced in the hostelry from the

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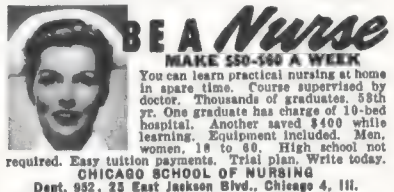
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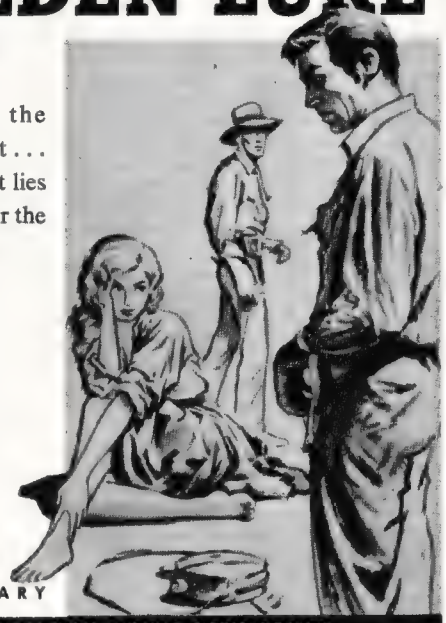

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night of September 28 to the morning of September 30. On the assumption that Mrs. Graham had been disposed of somewhere between St. Louis and Brookline, a distance of about 200 miles, Davis began showing the picture of the missing woman to train crews.

Now Davis ran into one of those things that occasionally pull the long arm of coincidence right out of its socket. One of the train conductors to whom Davis showed the photo happened to be the brother of a farmer whose still Brother Graham had smashed. Thus the conductor had good reason to recognize, and hate, Brother Graham whenever he saw him. And he clearly recalled that he had seen Brother Graham and a dark little woman and two children on his train, which ran between St. Louis and Brookline, on the night of September 30—the date the Grahams had checked out of the St. Louis hotel. The conductor remembered the date because it had been his birthday and because he had had words with Graham over the raid on his brother's still.

PHOTO CREDITS

Page 6, WW; Page 12, UP; Page 13t, WW; Page 13bl, UP; Page 14, UP; Page 15, WW; Page 22, 23, Julian Messner; Pages 26, 27, Culver; Page 34, Murray Morgan· Page 35tl, Alaska Sportsman; Pages 35ml, 35r, 36, 37, Murray Morgan; 44tl, tr, London Express Page 44bl, Odham Press; Page 45t, bl, Odham Press; Page 45bm, br, London Express.

On the fateful night, the conductor now recalled, Graham had not ridden to Brookline, but had left the train with his wife and children at a whistle stop called Dorchester. The next move of Ed Davis, the Poe fan, was elemental. He snooped around Dorchester and learned that Brother Graham and his wife had put the two kids up at a rooming house on the night of September 30. Next morning, Brother Graham, alone, called for the kids and took them to Sister Emma's

Now Ed Davis infiltrated the farmers of the countryside, quietly murmuring "Murder!" The whole region around where the first Mrs. Graham had last been seen was turned inside out. And, sure enough, the first Mrs. Graham put in an appearance at the bottom of a limestone cave, shot through the head.

Sister Emma and Cora Lee were accused of being accessories of Brother Graham in the murder, the motive being that classic one—the removal of an obstacle. But the charges against the evangelist and her homely daughter wouldn't stick, and, disgraced, they trailed off into space. Brother Graham, facing the music alone, got a Philadelphia-type lawyer who wangled so many delays at bringing him to trial that Graham's enemies, the raided farmers, grew restless. So restless, in fact, that they broke into the jail house one night, stood Brother Graham on a horse-drawn flat wagon under a tree and looped a rope fastened to his neck around a big branch. Then somebody spoke just one word that saw justice done. That word, addressed not to any human but to the horse drawing that wagon, was, simply and lethally, "Giddiyap!" •

The Case Of The THREE WILD BLONDES

Continued from page 31

goof. It's just that I had an appointment with Doctor Forrest and was so worried about telling him. I had to grab my courage with both hands, if you know what I mean."

"I think I do."

"I'm really not a goof. Normally I'm quite . . . normal. But . . . well, I'm sorry. If I need a detective to investigate something I'll get in touch with you, Mr. Scott. All right?"

I grinned. "That would be all right even if you *don't* need a detective to investigate something, Miss. Is it Miss?"

She smiled. She was really an interesting-looking, intriguingly-fashioned female when she smiled like that. "Miss Carol Austin," she said. "Plaza Hotel, room thirty seven, Mr. Scott."

"I'll remember. And call me Shell."

"Goodbye." She walked to the door, then looked back at me. "Shell." She went out smiling.

I sat behind my desk, smiling. Then my eyes fell on the bottle of milk. Ah, yes; Ilona. I went back to work.

It was afternoon before I came up with anything solid. By then I'd had the milk tested—it was loaded with enough potassium cyanide to kill a dozen people—and had located Johnny Cabot's address. At least it had been his address before he'd married Ilona.

At the Hall of Justice I got a copy of the application for marriage license which had been issued 10 days before to Johnny Cabot and Ilona Green. He had automatically given his parents' true names and addresses. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Cabitocchi lived at Pomona, California. When I called them, the Cabitocchis knew nothing of their son's marriage, but were able to supply me with the address at which they wrote him. That was Apartment 12 in the Franklin on Sunset Boulevard between L.A. and Hollywood. By 5 p.m. I was talking to the manager there. After I'd identified myself and explained why I'd like to look over Cabot's rooms, the manager let me into apartment 12, and followed me inside.

The rooms looked as if they had been very recently used. I asked the manager if Cabot were still living there, "Far as I know," he said. "Rent's paid up for another month."

In the bureau drawer I found a stack of photographs. There were about 20 of them, each different and all of women. Ilona wasn't one of them.

In the same drawer were two clippings from newspapers. One of them, yellowed by time, was brief mention of a paternity case that had been tried here in Los Angeles. A man named William Grant, 26, had been accused of fathering the child of one Mary Lassen, 18, but had beaten the case in court. The other clip stated that William J. Grant had died after a long illness and that services for the "well-known local bachelor-millionaire" would be held on the following Thursday.

A paternity case. I wondered why they were never called maternity cases. I also wondered what Johnny Cabot was doing with the two clippings—but then I hit pay dirt. It was a pay voucher, showing that John Cabot had received his salary from the Westlander Theater.

The Westlander is a burlesque house, but it's to the burlesque circuit about what Spike Jones is to classical music, or one pair of bloomers is to the Arabian Nights. On occasion newcomers to the game got their start at the Westlander, but usually the game was almost over before an act hit the small theater on Los Angeles Street.

I headed for Los Angeles Street.

The Westlander was showing a twin movie bill—*Dope Hell of the Sadistic Nudists*, and a film about a real negative thinker, *I Even Went Wrong Wrong*. In front of the small theater were stills from the movies, and nearly life-size photos of the burlesque queens currently appearing here. I bought a ticket from the gal in the booth, turned and took a step toward the entrance, then stopped and blinked, and blinked again.

Opposite the box office was the large photo of a large gal, and even though she was a young and shapely creature, especially in contrast to the others pictured here, and even though she was a long lush blonde with equipment which looked like what we might expect on next year's model, that wasn't why I was blinking.

I was blinking at the name printed on the picture's base—Ilona, the Hungarian Hurricane.

Ilona?

Just a few hours earlier I'd been talking to another Ilona, my client, Mrs. Johnny Cabot, who was the only Ilona I'd talked to in months, maybe even years. I looked the picture of this one over carefully, but she was for sure a different Ilona. I went inside.

In a couple minutes I'd located the manager inside his office. He was a pale, cigar-chewing man named Dent. I identified myself and said, "I'm trying to locate Johnny Cabot. He still work for you?"

The manager nodded and said around his long brown cigar, "Yeah. That's funny, y'know? You comin' here?"

"How's that?"

"Private detective, I mean. You're the second one been here in the last coupla weeks."

"Oh? Who was the last one? What did he want?"

"Guy named . . . ah, Wells—Welch, that's it, Welch. Wanted to talk to Ilona. She'd just started here—new to the business. He talked with her, then left with Johnny."

"Johnny Cabot?" Dent nodded and I asked, "What did he want with Cabot?"

"I dunno. I just saw them leavin' together."

"When was that?"

Dent checked some records in his desk. "Fifteenth, it must've been," he said. "Johnny asked off on Saturday the seventeenth, for ten days, and that detective guy was here a couple days before that. Johnny just got back today."

"Back? You mean he's here now?"

"Where'd you expect he'd be? Sure he's here."

"I . . . did Cabot say why he wanted time off?"

"Just that something important had come up."

I was remembering that Cabot and Ilona Green had met on Saturday the seventeenth. "O.K. if I talk to Cabot?"

"Sure. Have to wait a few minutes. He's my singer."

Dent showed me to a box seat at the side of the stage, briefed me on what remained of the show, and left. The chorus was currently occupying the stage. It consisted of about 20 girls, or rather females, all leaping about with complete disregard of the pit band, shaking to the left, and shaking to the right, and backward and forward, but the kindest thing I could say about them was that they were no great shakes.

When they trooped off into the wings, a tall, thin, bony babe trotted listlessly into view, smiling as if it were painful, and proceeded to take her clothes off like a woman preparing to go to bed alone on a freezing night, with only one thin blanket in the house. There just wasn't any joy in it.

Finally it was finished. The chorus trooped back on and

began tap dancing to one number while the band played another, and a tall dark guy walked onstage carrying a microphone and its stand. A couple yards in from the wings he stopped, placed the mike before him, spread his arms wide and started singing.

So here, at last, was Johnny Cabot.

Somehow I hadn't quite believed Cabot would be here, not until this moment. If the story Ilona Cabot had told me was true, Cabot's being here four days after his marriage, singing in a cheap burlesque house instead of home with his bride, just didn't make good sense to me. Not yet, anyway. But it was the gladiator-boy, all right. Sharp, good-looking features, heavy eyebrows, thick dark hair. He had that surly look still, I noticed, even though he was smiling most of the time.

But I wasn't smiling. The sounds banging in anguish at my eardrums were coming from Johnny Cabot as if they were escaping. He had a high, squeaky voice that sounded like a musical saw being played in a swamp full of mosquitoes, and his stiff gestures might have been Frankenstein's monster blowing kisses at King Kong.

Then it was over. Johnny bowed and beamed to a complete absence of applause, then went offstage. The girls trooped out of sight.

I got to my feet, ready to go backstage and talk to Cabot, but a voice cut in over the p.a. system, saying that we had reached the climax of the show—Ilona, the Hungarian Hurricane. I watched it all.

The number was *Diane*, played slowly and deliberately, and Ilona was slow and deliberate in her movements, of which there were a great many, and many of them great. She was tall, wearing heels at least four inches high, with a lot of blonde hair and a lot of blonde skin showing, and she seemed to be enjoying herself almost as much as I was.

I gleefully ogled the last twitch of tassel, the final flick of bead, and then, when Ilona, the Hungarian Hurricane, bounced and jiggled out of sight, I got up and headed backstage for my first words with Johnny Cabot.

I found him in a small room off a hall smelling of powder and perspiration. A stagehand pointed to the room and when I knocked, Cabot opened the door and glared out at me. That is, he looked out at me, but the general arrangement of his features made it appear that he was always glaring, or perhaps on the verge of biting somebody.

He was about my height, but slimmer, with thick, wavy black hair and light blue eyes. I'm pretty brown myself, but this guy must have made a career of soaking up sun because he made me look anemic by comparison. Those pale blue eyes were startlingly light in his darkly bronzed face.

He was good-looking, all right, but to me, anyway, he had the look of those guys who star in pornographic movies. He looked weak, much more physical than mental, not clean-cut, not pleasant. He stood there smiling at me, and while it wasn't a bad smile, I almost wanted to go at it like a mad dentist. Once in a while you meet guys like Cabot. It's as if odorless skunk waves keep coming out from them at you. I wondered how my client had failed to notice it. But maybe he affected women differently.

He had his shirt off, and thick muscles moved on his chest. It seemed incredible that a voice so thin could come out of a chest so thick. "Yeah? What you want?"

"You John Cabot?"

"Yeah. So?"

I flipped open my wallet and flashed the photostat of my license in front of his face. His eyes aimed at it and barely focused on it as I snapped the wallet shut and stuck it back in my coat. Sometimes, if you do that fast enough, people think you're some kind of important official. Like a policeman.

"I'm Scott," I said brusquely. "Mind telling me where you were this morning? Early—say about three to six a.m."

He said slowly, "I had a supper date. You know, real late. From about one, till after six."

"Six in the morning?" That seemed like an odd time for a date of any kind. Well, almost any kind.

"Yeah," he said. "Gal didn't get off until after midnight."

"Get off where?"

"Club out on Beverly," Cabot said. "The . . . Grotto." He paused. "Say, you're not a cop, are you?"

"Nobody said I was. I'm Shell Scott, a private investigator."

He spat out foul words. "Private! Why, you son—"

"Hold it, friend. You can watch your tongue or the ceiling."

He bit off the rest of his swear words, but said, "What in hell do you want with me? What's the score?"

"I'm checking up on an attempted murder."

He grinned, unpleasantly. "I haven't tried to kill anybody, Scott. If I had tried, I'd have killed him. Who was the victim?"

"The attempt was made on your wife. Matter of fact, she sent me out to find you."

"Ilona? She sent you? How in hell did she know—" He bit it off.

"How'd she know what, Cabot?"

"Beat it."

"Aren't you interested in an attempt on your wife's life? She thought maybe it was an attempt on your life, too, since somebody poisoned the milk and you might have drunk some. I don't see it that way, but—"

"I got no more to say to you."

I tried a stab in the dark. "What about Welch?" For a stab in the dark it got quite a reaction.

"Huh?" Cabot's face almost got pale. The blood did leave his face for a while, and that tan over pallor made him look sick. Maybe he was sick. "Welch?" he said. "I . . . don't know anybody named Welch."

I grinned at him. "No. You always look like this. You know who I mean, Cabitocchi. A detective named Welch."

He stared at me stupidly. His mouth opened and closed. But then he balled up his fists and stepped toward me, anger flushing his features and making him appear normal again.

I thought for a second there I was going to get to hit him, but something made him stop. A sort of crafty look appeared in his pale blue eyes. He took a deep breath, then said levelly, "Out. Out you go, Scott. You're a private dick, and if you bother me any more, I'll—" he grinned nastily—"call a cop."

Then he just stood there and looked at me, grinning. He was right, too. A private detective is merely a private citizen and if I were to let my emotions rule my knuckles, I could very well wind up in the clink. I left.

I had a lot more to puzzle me now than I'd had when I'd come into the Westlander Theater. I'd found Cabot, all right, but the big half of the job was no closer to a solution; I still didn't know who'd tried to kill my client, Ilona.

The thought of one Ilona led logically to thought of the second one. After half a minute and one more question of a stagehand, I was knocking on another dressing-room door. This time it was the dressing room of Ilona, the Hungarian Hurricane. A voice inside said, "Just a minute," with no accent at all except the feminine one. Then the door opened.

The only similarity between this gal's expression and Johnny Cabot's was that she looked as if she were going to bite somebody, too. But gently. With eclat, verve, abandon. "Yes?" she said softly.

"Yes, indeed. I just saw your act—"

"Oh, good. Come in." I went inside and she said, "I'm just learning, you know. Did you like it? My dance?"

"You bet. It was real . . . likable."

"*Wonderful!*" she cried enthusiastically, and gave a little bump from sheer joy. "Wonderful!"

Ilona was wearing an abbreviated robe which looked a bit like one of those "Shortie" nightgowns and fell down her thighs only about halfway. It was blue, and made a pretty contrast with her white skin.

"I practice all the time," she said. "You know what they say, practice makes perfect."

"That one was pretty near perfect right there."

"*Thank* you," she squealed.

"Uh, my name is Shell Scott." I finally got to tell her I was a detective, and asked her about her co-performer, Cabot. She thought he was real nice. She'd been working here only a little over two weeks, and Cabot had been here the first week only.

So there wasn't much she could tell me about Cabot, but remembering his reaction to detective Welch's name, I asked the Hungarian Hurricane, "Do you know a man named Welch?"

"No." She was walking around the room, snapping her fingers and everything. "Who is he?"

"Another detective. I understood that he talked to you here a couple weeks ago. About that long back."

"Oh, him. Yes, sure. What about him?"

"Would you mind telling me what he wanted with you?"

She was standing in front of the full-length mirror, leaning

slightly back from it and practicing, then she glanced at me and said, "You don't mind if I do this, do you?"

"No," I grinned. "Go right ahead."

"I just want to get the rough edges off this movement. I think I've got most of them off now."

"I'd say so."

"What was it you asked me?"

"I don't remember."

"Oh, yes. About Mr. Welch. That detective. He just asked me if I'd ever been in the Banting Orphanage here in Los Angeles, and I told him no, and he thanked me and left." Suddenly she let out a wild high-pitched noise.

"What was that?" I said. "You all right?" She hadn't even stopped what she was doing.

"Oh, that was just my squeal," she said.

"Your what?"

"Squeal. You know, toward the climax of my act, when I'm all a-frenzy, I squeal. It adds something."

"I see. Yes, it would add something. Banting Orphanage, huh? What did he want to know that for?"

"I don't know. That was all he asked me, and then he left."

"You ever see him before?"

"No. Nor since."

"Do you know if he was a friend of Johnny Cabot's?"

"I don't know—Johnny asked me what the detective wanted with me, though—right after the detective talked to me."

"He did, huh? What did you tell him?"

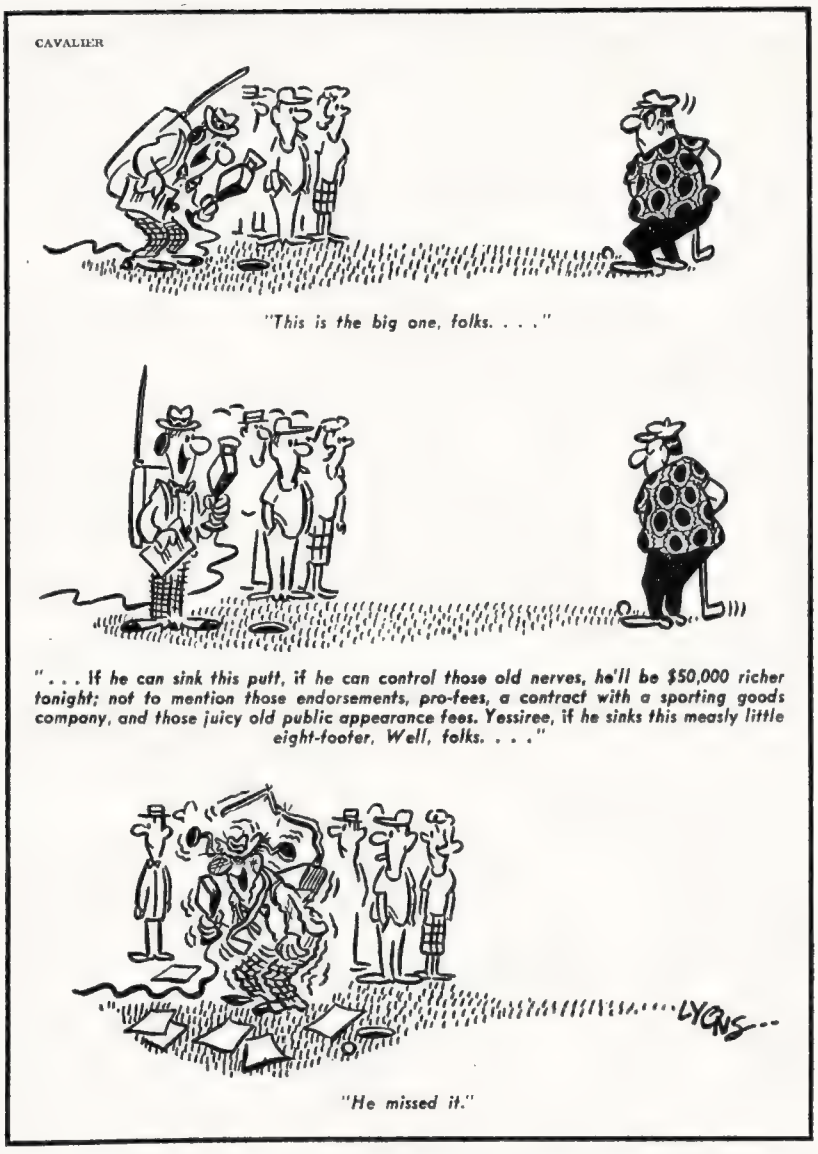
"The same thing I just told you."

She described Welch as about 5'10", slim, with a black mustache and black hair, beginning to get gray. She had no idea where Welch lived, but she didn't think he was a Los Angeles detective.

That was about it. She was almost ready to squeal again, anyway, and as a matter of fact so was I, so I thanked her and went out. Not all the way out, though; Johnny Cabot was waiting near Ilona's dressing room for me. He waved a hand at me and I walked over to him.

"Listen, Scott," he said grimly. "Get something through your head. I don't want no more trouble from you."

This guy irritated me like a slap on sunburn, but I kept my voice quiet enough as I said, "If you don't want trouble, you're sure going at it the wrong way, Cabot."


CAVALIER
"This is the big one, folks. . . ."
". . . If he can sink this putt, if he can control those old nerves, he'll be $50,000 richer tonight; not to mention those endorsements, pro-fees, a contract with a sporting goods company, and those juicy old public appearance fees. Yessiree, if he sinks this measly little eight-footer. Well, folks. . . ."
LYONS
"He missed it."

Yeah? Well, I'm telling you, stay away from my wife, see? And from me, and anybody connected with me. If you snoop around any more, get in my hair any more, I'll bust your skull."

"Quit wiggling your muscles, Cabot. At least you admit you're married."

"So my wife hired you. Well, you're fired."

"I'll wait till I hear it from your wife."

He glared at me. "It's enough if you hear it from me. You're finished, no more job."

"What are you afraid of, friend? You didn't try to knock off your wife, did you?"

He was burning. "If I wanted to kill somebody, I wouldn't use cyanide, I'd use a gun. And a bullet can poke a hole in you just as easy as anybody else, Scott. Remember that."

He spun on his heel and stalked off before I could reply. It was just as well. I had rapidly been reaching the point where my next reply would have been to sock him in the teeth. I went out of the Westlander Theater, found a phone booth in a drugstore, and dialed the number my client had given me this morning.

There wasn't any answer to my ring. I went back to my Cadillac and drove toward Robard Street.

From my client's house and on past it for perhaps a quarter of a mile, Robard was a one-way street. I parked at the left curb and walked up to the front door. There was no answer to my ring, and I'd started to turn away when I noticed the front door was ajar. I knocked loudly, then went on in.

It was a small, neat place. There wasn't anything unusual about it except that it was empty, and on the kitchen table were some dirty dishes, one of them containing part of a lamb chop and some broccoli. A half glass of milk sat beside the dish containing the meat. It appeared as if whoever had been eating had left in a hurry.

I lit a cigarette and looked down at the kitchen table, thinking. It seemed fairly clear that Cabot must have immediately phoned Ilona after I'd talked to him at the burlesque theater. Before I'd phoned her. One word from him and his bride would naturally have flown to him as fast as she could—not even waiting to finish her lamb chop and broccoli.

I was becoming more and more worried about Ilona Cabot. Somebody had tried twice to murder that mousey, sweetly-miserable little gal, and I was pretty sure whoever it was would keep on trying. The thought struck me that I had no proof she was still alive.

I kept thinking tbout that angle as I got into the Cad and headed on down Robard. The first street at which I could turn off was Garnet and I swung right there. I'd barely straightened the car out when it happened.

I heard the sound of the shot, but didn't react for a second

or so. The slug splatted through the glass and I saw the hole suddenly appear far over on the windshield's right side, as the heavy sound of the gunshot reached my ears. For a second or two I looked stupidly at the hole near the windshield's edge, at the white lines radiating from it and spreading like thick cobwebs over the glass. And then I hit the brake pedal hard.

The power brakes caught and grabbed, tires shrieking on the pavement as the car slid and turned slightly toward the curb. I jerked the steering wheel left, then slapped my foot onto the accelerator again. I straightened the Cad out and let it pick up speed for half a block, then pulled in to the curb and stopped.

I had the door open and was starting through it, right hand under my coat and touching the butt of my .38 Colt, when I stopped. There wasn't much point in charging back down the street like an Olympic sprinter. Whoever had taken that shot at me was almost surely a lot farther away now than he'd been when he let the slug fly at me. Or when she had. A bullet out of the night is anonymous.

But I could count the people who might know that I was going to visit this address on one finger. Or two at most if I included Ilona herself. Somebody might conceivably have tailed me from downtown and then waited near the turnoff on Garnet; but it didn't seem likely. So I was extremely anxious to see Johnny Cabot again.

I looked around, but after 20 minutes I hadn't learned anything new. People in a couple of houses admitted hearing the gunshot "or backfire" but that was as close as I got. I did use the phone in one of the houses and called the Westlander Theater. When Mr. Dent came on and I asked for Johnny Cabot, he exploded. "What'd you do to him? What's happening. All of a sudden my star singer's gone. Right after you talked to him he lit out and I ain't seen him since."

I told him I hadn't done anything to Cabot and got him calmed down. Finally he promised to keep it under his hat that I'd called, if Cabot did arrive. I told Dent I'd be phoning him again, then drove on into downtown L.A. and spent some more time trying to locate Johnny Cabot or his Ilona, without success. I checked again at the Franklin where Cabot still had his apartment, but he hadn't turned up there. The $20 I left with the desk clerk, however, assured me of the clerk's prompt cooperation when and if Cabot or Ilona showed up.

Cabot had said he'd spent most of last night, or rather this morning, with a gal who worked at the Grotto. If that was true, he couldn't very well have slipped the cyanide into Ilona's milk. I headed for the Grotto—a long, low, gray building on Beverly Boulevard.

Shortly before 8 p.m. I turned my car over to the parking lot attendant and went inside. The first thing that caught my eye was a colorful poster in its glass-covered case alongside the checkroom.

It was a large photograph of a busty mermaid resting on her back at what seemed to represent the bottom of the sea. Diving down through the water above her was a muscular male in a pair of bikini type trunks. The mermaid was, typically, fish from the waist down, but from the waist up there was nothing fishy about her. Long hair streamed through the water like black seaweed, and the whiteness of her skin glowed phosphorescently in the greenish water. A shaft of light fell from above her and touched the white, prominent breasts.

Painted letters that looked like seaweed at the poster's top announced that the Grotto proudly presented "The Neptune Ballet" in the Underseas Room. At the bottom of the big card, more seaweed letters announced that Dan Thrip was the Sea Satyr, and Ilona Betun was "Neptuna, the Venusian Mermaid."

Ilona?

Well, I thought, I'll be damned.

I looked at the shapely mermaid again. If the poster hadn't been a photograph, I might have thought the artist was an advertising man accustomed to ludicrous and enormous exaggeration, but this was a photograph, and this gal was quite obviously not my Ilona, not my client. It is sometimes possible for a reasonably attractive gal to appear uglier than a dead skunk merely by removing all makeup and failing to put up her hair. Add a drab dress and a frown, and the lovely of the night before often becomes the goon of the morning after.

But taking it off is one thing, and putting it on is another. What this mermaid had, gals cannot put on; they have to grow. And grow, and grow.

I found the manager in his office. He was about 5′ 10″, thin, white-skinned, with receding brown hair and an empty cigarette holder stuck in the side of his mouth. He was scribbling on a paper before him. "Yeah?"

"My name's Shell Scott. I'm a private detective." I showed him my credentials. "You're the manager?"

"Yeah. Joe Grace. Detective, huh? What you want with me?"

"It's not you personally. I'd like to talk to Ilona Betun."

"Uh-huh. You're the second detective that's been in here wanting to see her. This wouldn't just be a gag to get close to the doll, would it?"

"No. Who was this other detective?"

"Guy named . . . Welch, I think it was. Like on a bet."

"Do you know what he wanted to see her about?"

Grace shook his head. "Didn't tell me. Went up and talked to her, that's all I know about it." He looked at his watch. "Just about show time now. You want to talk with Ilona, you'll have to wait till after the show." He paused. "Join me at my table in the Underseas Room if you want to. We'll catch the show from there."

I told him O. K., and he led me out of his office and into the room I'd noticed earlier. The Underseas Room, was dimly lighted, not large, and probably held no more than 15 tables or so, but every table was occupied. Imitation seaweed hung from the ceiling, and ornamental nets adorned the side walls. The entire wall directly opposite the door was glass, except for about three feet at the wall's base, and as we got closer I could see that the space beyond that glass wall, extending in for a distance of six or eight feet, was filled with water. It was like a high, wide, but narrow aquarium, a room of water.

Soft greenish light filled the room-aquarium, fell on seaweed moving slowly as if touched by delicate currents, on the rippled sand that formed the aquarium's floor. Joe Grace's table was almost against the glass wall, over toward its left side. As he sat down, I climbed into a chair opposite him and he asked me what I'd like to drink. I told him bourbon and water, and he sent the waiter off for our highballs. The drinks arrived almost before I could get a cigarette lighted, and I had a gulp of the barely-watered bourbon as Grace said, "Ah, here we go."

Right after his words, I heard a soft chord from the band on a small, raised bandstand inside the entrance. A man's voice was saying that we were about to witness the first show of the evening. He told us in hushed, intimate tones that the Sea Satyr and Neptuna would cavort in the Underwater Ballet for our pleasure, and finally finished with, ". . . the Grotto is proud to present the lovely, the luscious, the exciting—*Neptuna!*"

There was a fanfare from the combo, then sudden silence. In the silence a figure plunged through the water of the tank, trailing silvery bubbles in its descent toward the floor of sand. Music began again, softly, a weird melody unfamiliar to me, and the figure slowed as it neared the sand.

From her waist down, Neptuna wore a closely-fitted "fish tail," dark green and apparently covered with metallic scales. From the waist up she was nude, her breasts brazenly thrust forward.

Neptuna, or Ilona, swam through the water with surprising ease and gracefulness, despite the fact that her legs were held together by the rubber costume. I couldn't guess how tall she might be, but she was beautifully proportioned. The green rubber costume clung tightly to flaring hips, and above them was a sharply indented waist that accentuated both her hips and the heavy breasts. She arched her body slowly, easily, twisting in the water, curling around a black rock and then through the thick grasses.

Two or three times she swept her arms back and rose to the water's surface, then twisted around and swam down again. After the last trip up and down again, as she approached the side of the tank where Joe Grace and I sat, she swam almost touching the glass and I got my first good look at her face.

I had never seen her before, but I was looking forward to seeing her again. It was a very pretty face and what I could see of the body was sensational, and if the legs were even halfway nice, this was a tomato who could model for lipstick, brassieres, hose, or harems.

What I'd thought a big gray rock lying on the sand turned out to be a giant artificial clam. It opened up as Neptuna swam near it. As she rolled over on her back and neatly maneuvered her tail fin past the edge of the clam's shell, it closed suddenly on her and held her captive.

It was neatly done, and there were even a couple of startled yips from women in the audience. Neptuna twisted and jerked as if in a panic, throwing her body from one side to the other, and her breasts shivered as she jerked and turned.

Then there was another silvery stream of bubbles as a guy in flesh-colored bikini trunks—The Sea Satyr—dived through the water. His part of the rescue didn't take long, since Neptuna had been holding her breath for quite a while, but he hammed it up for fair in the time he had. I was forced to admit, though, that he looked strong enough to handle a dozen giant clams, even with a couple sharks and a swordfish thrown in. He knifed the clam, which freed Neptuna, whereupon she zipped to the surface for air, then down alongside the guy again.

Grace said, "How'd you like it, Scott? Pretty good, huh?"

"Yeah. I'll come in and pay the cover charge next time. Thanks for the vantage point and the drinks, Grace." I got up. "By the way, how do I get up to your star's dressing room? I hope I don't have to swim—"

He interrupted, chuckling, "No. I'd better show you, though." Grace led me to the rear of the club and up wooden stairs to the second floor. Three or four doors opened off a hallway there, and he took me to the third one, where he knocked.

There was the sound of bare feet padding across the floor inside, then the door opened and Neptuna was looking out at us.

Grace said, "This's Shell Scott, honey. Private detective. Help him out if you can. Don't want anybody raiding the joint."

"Sure, Joe." She glanced at him as he turned and left, then looked back at me. "Come on in." The voice was deep, throaty, soft. Even if she were to shout, I thought, that voice would have warm whispers in it.

She stepped aside and I went into her dressing room. As she closed the door behind us I got a glimpse of a big dressing table with a huge mirror over it, a wall closet with its sliding door partly open, a yellow bamboo screen between the dressing table and closet, and the gleam of light reflected from the surface of water at floor level on my left. But then she'd stepped up beside me and I was looking at Ilona—Neptuna—again.

Up close she looked even better than I'd expected. The big eyes were dark, with black brows above them like smears of midnight on her smooth white forehead. The red lips were full, half parted. She wore a thin white robe and held a white towel on top of her head with both hands. The pose did nothing to ruin the robe's appearance, though it pushed it quite a bit out of shape, emphasizing facets of Neptuna's figure that were already quite emphatic. She wasn't a very tall girl, but she had such an abundance of curves that, even if she'd been 6′ tall, they would have been enough to stretch out and cover everything most satisfactorily.

"Mr. Scott, is it?" she said pleasantly.

"Shell. No need to be formal."

"Not in this outfit." She smiled. All this time she was rubbing the towel over her hair, presumably to dry it, and that caused quite a commotion in the robe, and quite a commotion in me. Thick clumps of black hair escaped from the towel and hung down on one white-covered shoulder.

"I caught your act," I said. "First time. It was sensational."

"You liked it then?"

"Yes, indeed." I tried a gentle sally. "Any time you need a new partner—"

"I know. You'll start holding your breath." She didn't say it in a sarcastic way, though, but rather as if it were something she'd heard too many times already.

"I imagine you get a lot of offers from people who can't swim."

"I do." She deftly tied the towel around her head, then cinched the robe's belt more tightly about her waist. She smiled again. "But I turn most of them down."

"Most, huh? How about Johnny Cabot?"

"Johnny? What about him?"

"You do know him, then."

"Sure. Is that why you came up here to see me?"

"One reason. When was the last time you saw Johnny—you don't mind the questions, do you?"

"Certainly not. I saw Johnny last night."

So here it was. Cabot had been telling the truth, then—or else this lovely was lying, and I didn't like that thought at all.

"By George, that's the worst cavity I've ever seen."

But something was real crazy here; maybe the guy was goofy for Ilonas.

"That would have been after you got off work?" I said.

"Yes. My last show's at midnight. He picked me up about twelve-thirty and we had something to eat, and talked, you know. Then he dropped me at my apartment at maybe six."

"When did you meet him?"

"Couple weeks ago, about. We went out the night we met, and the next night. But then I didn't see him until last night."

"That's understandable," I said.

"How do you mean?"

"Well, he got married last Friday, and that kept him busy for two or three nights."

I was watching for the reaction, and it came slowly, but it came. It was, however, normal enough for a gal like Ilona Betun, assuming she wasn't really hot for the guy.

She frowned, started to speak, then stopped. Slowly she said, "Married? But he—is this a joke?"

"No. He got married four days ago."

"Well . . . what has he been doing with me—I mean, why did he go out with me?"

"I'm curious about that, myself."

She shook her head. "This is a little too much, I thought . . ." She paused, then went on, "Well, he's been trying to make me believe he's in love with me."

"I wouldn't be surprised if he is."

She looked at me, frowning again. "That doesn't make sense."

"In a strange way, maybe it does. But it's too complicated to go into now. There's one other thing. Did you recently talk to a man named Welch? Another private investigator?"

She nodded. "Sure, I've even got his card around here somewhere. Isn't it funny—you just asked about Johnny, then about Mr. Welch, and I met them both on the same day."

"That is a little funny." I asked her to describe Welch, and it was the same description I'd got from the Hungarian Hurricane. I said, "What did Welch want to see you about?"

"The funniest thing. He asked me if I'd ever been in some kind of orphan's home. Of course I hadn't, and I told him so. He asked my age and where I was born and I told him." She shrugged. "And he left. What's it all about?"

"I'm not sure. But I'm getting an idea. This orphanage, could it have been the Bunting?" I purposely mispronounced it.

"Yes . . ." she nodded slowly. "That's about—no, it was Banting. That's what it was, Banting."

"You remember what day it was that Welch came here? And that you met Cabot?"

She thought a minute. "It was either the fifteenth, or not more than a day off either way."

"That's good enough. Johnny knew this Welch, then, huh?"

She looked a little puzzled. "Not that I know of."

"Then you didn't meet them at the same time?"

"No. The detective came here before my first show. And I met Johnny after the last show."

"Welch ever explain why he asked you about the orphanage?"

She shook her head. "He was only up here a couple minutes. I had to shoo him out so I could get ready for my act. He did say that I was the wrong Ilona, then he thanked me and left."

So both the Hungarian Hurricane, and Neptuna, had turned out to be the wrong girl, the wrong Ilona. That pretty well told me who the right Ilona was.

Now that our interview was about over, I looked around again. Two or three inches below floor level, at the left side of the room, water moved gently. It seemed quite strange to see a room with part of the floor wet and liquid, which was the impression I got. I said to Ilona, "So that's the stage for the floorshow. It looks a good deal different from down below."

"I'll bet it does. You know, I've done the act hundreds of times—but I don't know what it looks like."

"Logical enough. Take my word for it, though—you look gorgeous. The whole act is terrific."

"Such enthusiasm." She smiled. Then she said, "It's almost two hours until the next show, and I don't usually sit around in *nothing* but a robe." I felt sure that she had purposely emphasized the word "nothing."

Suddenly she put her hands on her hips, and looked at me. "Well," she said, "you look like a man who plans to come back for the second show."

That snapped me out of it. "No, ma'am, I have work to do."

She chuckled. "Don't be stuffy. I was hoping you did plan to be here. I thought I might put in one little fin flip just for you."

"It might be your fin, Ilona, but it would be *my* flip."

She smiled. "That's better."

"Seriously, I do have a lot to do in the next few hours, but . . . well, a man can't work all the time. Perhaps we could—" I stopped as a thought struck me. "Johnny Cabot isn't planning to pick you up tonight, is he?"

"I should say not! After what you told me? Nothing was said about it last night, anyway. Besides," she added frankly, in music to my ears, "I'd much rather be with you." She paused, then went on slowly, "I'll be around a while after two A.M. Just in case you get all your work done." She smiled widely. "Sometimes, you know, I wait till the club is closed and locked, and nobody but me is here, and I have a little swim all by myself. Practice the new act."

"Swim . . . by yourself . . . here?"

She nodded.

"Well . . . that's . . . interesting." I changed the subject. "I'd like to talk with this Welch. You know where he lives? Or where his office is?"

"No."

"He a local man?"

"I don't know that for sure, either. But I think he was from out of town. We just had a real short talk, and he didn't tell me much except his name—I remember he said his first name was Harry. Harry Welch."

I thanked her and went out. Downstairs again I hunted up Joe Grace and asked him, "When Welch—the other detective—came in and talked to you, was he alone?"

"Let's see . . . was when he talked to me. But I think he came in with a younger guy. Yeah, they watched the show and had dinner."

"Do you remember what this other guy looked like?" He shook his head, and I showed him the picture of Johnny Cabot that I'd got from Ilona.

"Sure," Grace nodded. "I remember now thinking he was even more tanned than Dan Thrip. And them pale blue eyes—yeah, that's the one it was. What about him?"

"I was just curious—I'm real anxious to see him. Thanks again. I'll send in some customers."

He grinned at me as I left. Well, Cabot had hit the Grotto, then, in company of Detective Welch. The longer this day lasted, the more puzzled I got. But a ray of light was beginning to filter into my thoughts now. There wasn't anything especially strange about there being three—or even 300—gals named Ilona in Los Angeles. But it seemed odd indeed that Johnny Cabot should know all three of them. More—he worked with one, dated another, and was married to the third. My running into one Ilona after another had sort of staggered me for a while, because I'm extremely leery of coincidence. But when I ignored coincidence, the light began to filter.

The reason that Cabot knew three gals named Ilona, obviously, was because he'd made it his business to meet them and get to know them. Two of them, anyway. He'd been working at the Westlander for several months and that would explain his knowing the Hungarian-Hurricane Ilona. But the other two he had managed to run into on purpose. On the fifteenth of this month he had met Ilona Betun. On the seventeenth he had met Ilona Green—whom I now thought of as the "right" Ilona—and on the twenty-third he'd married her.

There was food for thought in those items, and mainly it made me anxious to find Cabot and his bride—and Harry Welch. I put in a call to the house on Robard Street, but there was still no answer there. Dent was still fuming at the Westlander. A call to the desk clerk at the Franklin got me the information that Cabot hadn't been in.

Harry Welch wasn't in any of the L.A. phone books or City Directory. I called a half-dozen detective-agency heads whom I knew personally in town, and several other investigators I knew by reputation. But none of them had ever heard of Harry Welch. The Banting Orphanage, at least, was easy to find. The phone book listed it as at 7230 Orange Drive.

It was only 8:30 p.m., so I phoned the place and talked to a Mr. Simpson. Judging by his voice, Mr. Simpson was about 180 years old, and ready to give up the ghost. It was a voice always on the verge of saying "Goodbye." But Mr. Simpson said, sure, he'd given a detective named Welch some information and yes, it would be all right for me to come out and talk to him.

I parked at the curb and walked up a cement path to steps before the wooden porch. The stairs creaked like rheumatic bones, sighed softly as I walked up on to the porch. At the right of the big door, above the push button of the bell, a small weathered brass sign said, "Banting Orphanage."

Mr. Simpson answered my ring. He was little over 5′ tall, with accents of white hair on his pink scalp, and a narrow face, but with brown eyes that were still alert and merry.

I told him that I was Shell Scott, the man who had just phoned him, and explained why I was here. Yes, he remembered about the other detective. After a few questions, to get him started, he told me all he knew about Welch and the detective's purpose in visiting the orphanage. It fit well enough into the pattern that had so far developed.

Welch had told him, Mr. Simpson said, that on April seventh 22 years ago, a seven-months-old girl had been turned over to the Banting Orphanage. The detective wanted to know what had happened to the girl and where he could find her now. Mr. Simpson went on, in his quavering, soft voice, "Well, I checked the records and found the one he was after. Baby was brought here by the mother, Mary Lassen. She killed herself."

"Mary Lassen committed suicide? When was that?"

"About a week after she left the infant here. Baby was born out of wedlock, and the way I figure it, the daddy didn't want nothing to do with either of them. Not then. Must of been somewhat of a strain for the woman. But the funny thing is, the father's the man that set the detective to looking up the girl."

"Who's the father?"

"Well, he's a man named William Grant—that is, he *was*. He's been dead and buried for some weeks." Mr. Simpson went on to say that it was because of Grant's death—he thought, but wasn't sure—that Welch had come looking for the girl. Unfortunately, Simpson said, he hadn't been able to give Welch much help, because some of the orphanage's records had been destroyed about 10 years ago, and among them were the records of the girl's adoption. Thus Mr. Simpson had been unable to discover the name of the people who had adopted her.

"How about Welch?" I asked. "Did he tell you where he was from? Or where he was staying in town?"

Mr. Simpson shook his head. "Didn't tell me anything."

"Do you remember when he was here?"

"I checked after you called and asked about him. It was the twelfth. That was a Monday, little over two weeks back."

I had just one more question. I already knew the answer, of course, but I asked it anyway, for corroboration. "You still haven't told me the girl's name."

"She didn't really have no last name till somebody adopted her. But her first name was Ilona."

I got back to my apartment a little after 11 p.m., having tried

again, without success, to locate Johnny Cabot or his wife. I parked across North Rossmore from the Spartan Apartment Hotel, crossed the street and trotted inside, trotted up the steps to the second floor. And as I reached the top I heard what sounded like somebody else trotting behind me.

I turned around in time to watch Carol Austin bounce up the last few steps. She stopped and looked up at me, panting a little.

"Gracious, you move fast," she said.

"Well, hello. What are you doing—"

"You said I could come see you. At your office, remember?"

"Yes, but I hardly expected you to show up here—how did you know I lived. . ." I let it trail off, remembering that this gal might conceivably do almost anything. She still looked as if she were going to a fire, or even better, I decided, than she had this morning.

Carol Austin seemed to have dressed with more care, applied her makeup even more expertly, and of course she still had all the items which I had so happily itemized this morning; consequently she was a very tasty-looking dish indeed. So even though I was mentally shaking my head at her, I was lost.

There was a kind of hurt-bewildered look in her wide blue eyes, and she said slowly, "Is something the matter, Mr. Scott? Shouldn't I have come here? I looked you up in the book and got your address, and waited down in the lobby, and you'd said it was all right to come see you even if it wasn't for a case . . . and I. . ." She let it trail off, looking somewhat like a whipped lamb.

"Oh, that's all right," I said with enthusiasm. "Anything—everything's all right. Why, I'm happy you could make it."

"Oh, good!"

"Well, there's no point in just standing here, is there? My apartment's right down the hall, so why don't we—"

"Oh, that *would* be fun," she said.

The next 20 minutes were, while a bit disjointed, delightful nonetheless. Carol—after a couple of minutes it was Carol—seemed to think mine was a fascinating life, and wanted to know all about my work.

I explained to her that it was well she hadn't come here to hire me, because the case on which I was now engaged was occupying most of my time.

"What case? I didn't know—oh, you mean that woman who was leaving your office this morning? You said her name was Ilona Cabot or something, didn't you?"

"Yeah, that's it." We were both sitting on the chocolate brown divan in my front room. But we were at opposite ends of the divan, so we were yards apart. The divan is big enough to sleep on, or anything.

"Gracious," Carol went on. "Weren't you looking for her husband or something? Did you find him?"

"Yeah, and lost him. But let's not talk shop, Carol."

"Would you think I was awful if I asked if you had anything to drink here?"

I sprang to my feet. "What would you like? Bourbon? Scotch? A martini, manhattan, old fashioned—"

"Oh, my, I just meant a Coke or something."

"Nonsense. Though I have Coke."

"Well, all right. A Coke."

"But. . ."

"With just the teensiest bit of Scotch in it."

"Fine. A Scotch-and-Coke coming right up. . ."

That was such a goofy-sounding drink, like bourbon and beet juice, that it suddenly reminded me of how she'd happened to wind up in my office this morning. I said, "Ah, Carol. How did you make out with Doctor Forrest?"

"Oh, fine. He gave me a pill. You know, to sort of—sort of calm me down."

"And did it calm you down?"

"Uh-huh. I'm fine now. Show me where everything is, and let me mix the drinks. All right? That would be fun."

She got up, took me by the hand and accompanied me to the kitchenette. I watched Carol mix her sticky concoction, then supervised her preparation of a sensible bourbon and water for me. Sensible, that is, except that she managed to slop even more bourbon than I'm accustomed to into my drink.

We got settled again, and I had a glug of my drink and relaxed. There wasn't a great deal of conversation as we finished our drinks, then Carol went alone into the kitchenette to mix a couple more. It seemed to take her quite a while, but I had that much more time to concentrate on problems this case had presented.

When Carol joined me again, I had a small sip of the new highball, then sat it on the coffee table. I was still cudgeling my brain from time to time in the hope of figuring out how I could locate detective Harry Welch. And suddenly I knew.

I'd known all along, if only my memory had functioned. But the salient information had come to me when my mind had not exactly been screwed to the sticking point. I remembered now that while I'd been upstairs in the Grotto, talking to the shapely Neptuna, she'd mentioned that Welch had given her one of his cards. Later she'd said that she had no idea where Welch was staying. But there wouldn't have been any reason for him to leave the card unless his address had been on it. "It's still around here someplace," she had said, I remembered now.

I grabbed the phone, looked up the Grotto in the book and dialed. Carol said, "What bit you?"

Joe Grace answered at the Grotto. He told me Ilona was about to dive into her act, but I explained what I wanted and Grace said he'd check with her, if there was time, before the show.

"Thanks, Grace," I said. "I'll be down in a few minutes."

As I put the phone back in its cradle and got to my feet, Carol picked up my drink and walked closer to me. Then she handed me the dark highball and said, "Here. Relax and have your old bourbon."

"Haven't got time. I'm leaving."

"Oh, Shell. You can't ply me with liquor then leave."

"I didn't ply you—*you* asked for it. Besides, I can feel that first one too much already, and I've got work to do."

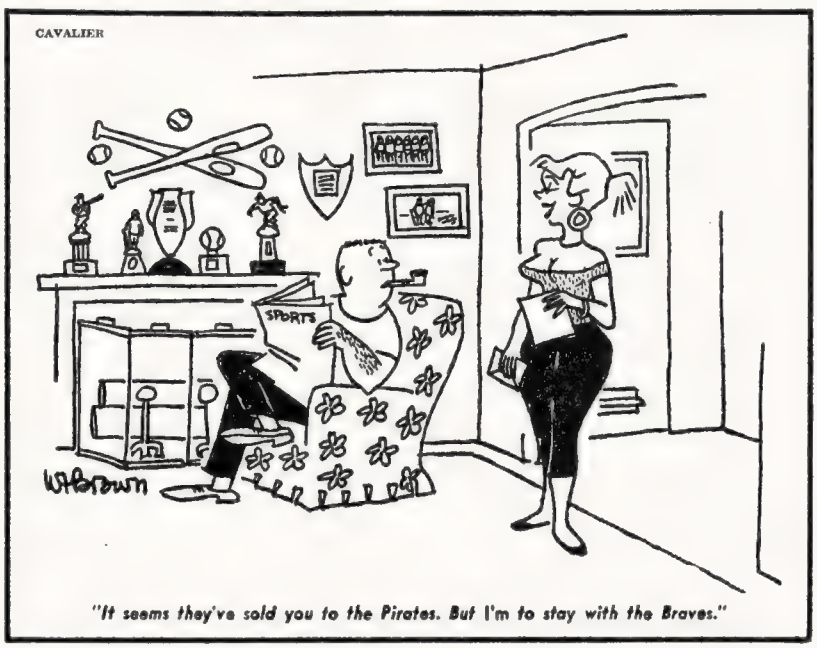
"The work can wait, can't it? Please, Shell. I'm enjoying myself."

"Sorry. I'm enjoying myself, too, but—"

I haven't enjoyed myself so much in a long time. And my pill's wearing off." She stepped close to me, put her arms on my shoulders and looked up at me. I had for a second there thought she probably couldn't get any closer, but I was wrong. She got quite a bit closer. "My pill's wearing off," she said in a low, husky voice, "I can tell."

"I can tell, too. And don't forget, I haven't *had* any pill."

She was sort of squirming around, and her hands went up behind my neck and traced little paths of cold in my suddenly



"It seems they've sold you to the Pirates. But I'm to stay with the Braves."

heated skin, paths like small fire-breaks in the midst of conflagration, and I came very close to weakening.

She said, "I'm so glad I met you, Shell. I don't want to let you go now."

"I'm practically gone . . . I mean, here I go—I'm . . . goodbye."

The phone rang. I jumped for it and got away from Carol. It was Joe Grace again. "Scott," he said, "I just remembered you mentioning that guy who came in with Welch. The guy with the tan, and the pale blue eyes. I just saw him come in."

"He's there now? Anybody with him?"

"He came in alone. Didn't say boo to me. Just went upstairs. Probably to see Ilona, but I figured I'd call you right off, seeing how you said you were anxious—"

There was undoubtedly more, but I didn't hear it. I dropped the phone onto its hook and headed for the door. Carol yelled, "But what'll I *do*? My pill *is* wearing off."

"Take another one," and out the door I went.

I left my car in the Grotto's lot, got out and raced to the club's entrance and inside. The Underseas Room band was playing the weird number which introduced the show. I ran up the back stairs three at a time and as I got to their top and ran down the hallway toward Neptuna's dressing room I saw husky Dan Thrip, in trunks, standing outside her door, apparently waiting for the musical clue that would be his signal to go in and dive into the tank. Cabot wasn't in sight anywhere.

I sprang past Thrip, opening the door and going through as he yelped, "Hey, whut duh—" but then I saw Neptuna. Or rather her tail. She had just dived into the pool and was entering the water.

And then I saw Cabot.

He must have been talking to Ilona until the moment she dived into the pool, because he was just turning toward me. Those pale blue eyes got about twice as wide as normal in his dark face when he lamped me but then they narrowed again as I jumped toward him. He balled up his fists, stepped toward me, and launched his right hand at me like a brown rock. He didn't have any intention of starting a conversation, he simply wanted to bust my skull.

But I had not been charmed by Cabot, either, so I felt almost gleeful as I pulled my head slightly aside as I got close to him and that brown-rock fist, bent forward a little, and slammed the knuckles of my left hand into his stomach. Or rather, *onto* his stomach. It felt like I'd busted my hand. That stomach of his was like a piece of corrugated cast iron.

Cabot didn't even grunt, but his fist whispered past my ear without doing any damage. He staggered back a step, then moved around me, lips pressed together. He feinted twice with his left, then slammed his right hand at me—and he was wide open.

I bent my legs and leaned a bit to the side to let that looping right whistle past my face, then straightened up and pivoted, slammed my right fist against the side of his chin. It made a fine, dandy noise and he staggered backwards, his arms flying up loosely in front of him. I had him, and knew that just one more punch would settle this altercation if it wasn't already settled. And when Cabot came to, then I'd ask him all the questions about Welch, and his wife, and the other Ilonas, and the shot at me, among others.

But that hard-thrown right hand pulled me around a bit, left me a little off balance, and I moved my left foot back about six inches to steady myself. That was the wrong thing to do. My foot was resting on *nothing*.

The horrible realization swept over me even as I flailed my arms trying to regain my balance. But it was too late. Almost involuntarily I gave a short hopping movement, and then I was flying backward into wetness. Wetness, and a sickening realization. My eyes were closed, but even without looking around I knew where I was. I knew *what* I was, too, and it was almost unthinkable, certainly unprintable.

When I opened my eyes, I could see quite well, even see the glass wall of the aquarium in which I was hanging, sort of stunned and unbelieving. I couldn't see outside, but I could imagine with dull horror the expressions fixing themselves on customer's faces out there.

Below me was Neptuna, the mermaid. She was swooping through the water and curling around a rock quite gracefully, entirely unaware of what dangled here above her head in wet tan slacks and a sopping brown sports coat. Undoubtedly she had not the slightest suspicion that anybody—especially me—had yet followed her into the water, and she was looking happy, almost smiling, as she arched her back down there and started to glide up through the water.

But she spun slowly around and lamped me and her arms flew up over her head like springs, her mouth opened wide, and her legs split through the thin rubber mermaid skin as if it were Kleenex. She froze in a strained, awkward position, floating there in the water with her arms and legs akimbo, bent into the approximate shape of a swastika, and looking very much like an arthritic Balinese dancer engaged in drowning.

Then she screamed. Bubbles ripped out of her mouth like horrified silver balloons and popped up past her head. In that moment Ilona seemed to gather enormous strength from somewhere, and all of a sudden her arms and legs were moving as if she had six of each. As she shot past me, I came to my senses and took out after her. My head popped up past the surface of the pool just as Ilona was clambering out, inches from me. Only inches. It was a sight that, unfortunately, I couldn't appreciate to the full right at that moment, but it was often going to flash back into my memory and jangle all my nerves like pink lightning.

Then she was on her feet and racing away.

"Ilona!" I shouted. "Wait, it's me, Shell Scott. It's me!"

For a second I didn't think my words were likely to have any effect on her, as if the sight of me had drained her of further power to react in any way except running, but then she stopped suddenly and sort of jerked. She quivered slightly like a woman who had stuck her finger into an electrical outlet, and slowly turned. She stabbed me with a strange, anguished gaze as I rose dripping from the water.

"Ilona," I said. "I'm . . . I . . . what can I say?"

She stared at me.

"Well," I said a bit grumpily, since I was pretty uncomfortable to begin with, "I didn't do it on purpose, you know."

There was some more silence, and finally I asked, "Did you find the card?"

"Card?" At last she spoke. Her voice was dull. "Yes, I found the card. I didn't know you wanted it so badly." She was still staring at me.

Dan Thrip was staring at me, too. He stood outside in the hall, eyeballing me through the open doorway. His chin was hanging down two or three inches, which was about as far down as it could hang, and his long arms dangled at his sides. He was looking from one of us to the other, with a fixed stupidity of expression, and not a glimmer of understanding in his blank eyes.

His cue had come and gone long ago. He had heard those musical notes that said to him, *Go Into Your Act, Dan,* but somebody had changed the act. Everything was all fouled up. He was bewildered, nonplussed, unsure of himself.

The events of the last minute or so had, understandably, occupied my mind to the exclusion of everything else. Consequently I had forgotten all about Johnny Cabot. But suddenly I remembered that he should be lying without a wiggle on the floor. He wasn't even in sight.

"Dan," I said. "What happened to the guy who was in here?"

It took him a while to answer, but at last in a few, halting phrases, he indicated that a guy had come racing out past him and downstairs, very obviously in a big hurry—which told me that by now Cabot would be about a mile from here. I started to race out after him anyway, but then stopped, knowing chasing the man now was useless.

I said to Ilona, "What did Cabot want with you? What was he doing here?"

She had practically recovered her senses and poise by now, and she said, "It was about you, Shell. He just came in without knocking or anything and asked if you'd been in to see me. When I told him yes, he seemed real angry, started swearing and all."

Apparently Cabot had remembered telling me he'd been with a girl from "the Grotto" this morning, and hadn't liked the idea of my coming here. "He say anything else?"

"Yes, he told me if I saw you or heard from you again to deny that I'd been with him or ever met him. He seemed pretty worried about it."

"He would be."

"I'll get that card," Ilona said. "Don't . . . do anything." Then she looked past me and seemed to notice Dan Thrip for the first time. She slammed the door in his face. It slammed not

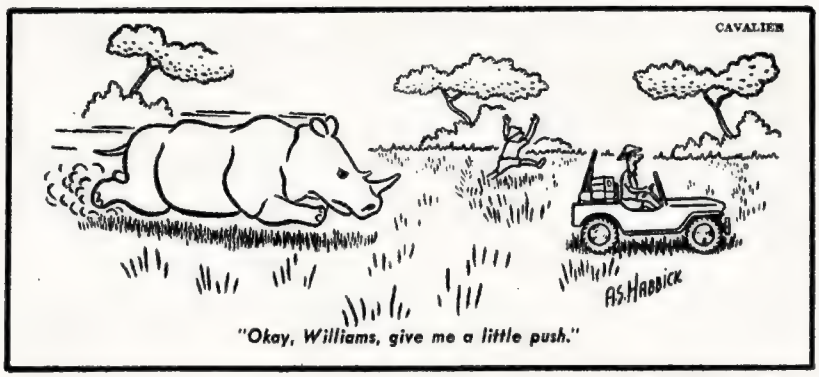
more than two inches from his nose, but as far as I could tell he didn't move at all.

The recent events had probably put him nearly into a state of shock, but it finally dawned on me that the real push into trauma must have been his first sight of Ilona, the mermaid, without her fishtail, most of which was somewhere in the pool down below. Only wispy segments of it still remained.

Ilona and I both stood there looking at each other and dripping, and then she chuckled. The chuckle turned into a laugh, and after a moment I joined her in happy hilarity. When we caught our breath again, we were both back to normal.

I was so back to normal that I had got quite close to her indeed, and she reached up and put both her hands on my shoulders.

It seemed the most natural thing in the world for my arms to go around her, and her fingers to tighten on my shoulders, and her parted lips to get closer to mine, and then meet them eagerly, almost harshly. It was delightful. It was also, there is no doubt, one of the sloppiest kisses in my kissing history.



"Okay, Williams, give me a little push."

We mashed together, dripping, squishing, and gurgling. Since she had almost nothing on, I was doing most of the dripping and squishing. But she was gurgling. There was really quite a bit of sound there for a minute or so, like those hi-fi records of heartbeats and joints popping. I even heard a faroff pounding.

Then I realized the pounding wasn't so far off. Somebody was running down the hall outside.

She stepped back and walked slowly, beautifully, artistically, to the bamboo screen and behind it. I felt a bit weak.

In a few seconds she came into view once more, wearing that white robe again, and at almost the same instant the door burst open. Joe Grace leaped into the room his face livid. He pointed a finger at me. *"You!"* he shouted hoarsely.

Ilona cooed a few words at Joe Grace and said everything would be all right. Her robe fell slightly open as she leaned toward him, but she quickly grabbed it and pulled it together; after that however when Ilona asked Joe to please leave, for just a little moment, he went out meekly. During all that I managed to elicit the info from Grace that Cabot had gone tearing through the club and outside minutes ago.

As the door closed, Ilona reached into the pocket of her robe and pulled out a small white card. "I found this just before you showed up—Joe said you'd be by. Is this what you wanted?"

"Uh-huh." The name Harold Welch was printed on the card, with the word "Investigator" below the name. That was all, but written across its back was "Rancho Cottages, Cottage 12."

Ilona said, "Shell, maybe if you get all your investigating done real fast, you might get back here before closing."

"A brilliant thought, but highly unlikely."

"Well, you try, anyway. But right now you'd better go—Dan and I *still* have a show to do."

I shuddered. I looked down at my wet and dripping clothes and shuddered again. A sudden pain rippled through my stomach and I bent slightly forward, wincing. Dizziness swept over me momentarily.

Ilona said, "What's the matter, Shell?"

"I don't know. Must have bent some muscles. . ."

"You should be sprained all over."

"Maybe Cabot clobbered me when I wasn't looking. No, I understand—I swallowed some water and there wasn't any bourbon in it. The shock shattered my nervous system."

She was smiling, but I wasn't. I had barely noticed similar sensations a couple times in the last few minutes, but in the movement and excitement I'd paid no attention. I did feel a bit dizzy, but that wasn't too unusual. I told Ilona goodbye and to put on a sensational act, and left.

Half an hour later, after looking up the Rancho Cottages in the phone book, I'd found the place and was talking to the sleepy owner. At first he'd ogled my wet clothes, but I told him I'd fallen into the lake at MacArthur Park and that seemed to satisfy him. The Rancho was a 12-unit motel-type spot off Grange Street about five miles from downtown L.A. The owner, a man named Brand, said he remembered Mr. Welch, but he hadn't seen him for over a week; Welch had left word that he wasn't to be disturbed, even for maid service, unless he asked for it.

Mr. Brand went on, "I think he had a babe livin' with him."

"Oh? Who was it, do you know?"

Brand shook his head. "Not even sure there *was* a babe. But that's usually why folks don't want the maid service and all."

The "Cottages" were separate cabins, and Brand took me to Cottage 12. He knocked, but there wasn't any answer. "Don't think he's home," Brand told me. "Like I said, I haven't seen him around. Probably investigating somewhere—detective, you know."

"Yeah."

He looked at me in the glow of the flashlight he held. "Something the matter with you?"

"I'm all right." That sudden pain had caught me several times in the last half hour, but it was now subsiding to a dull ache that stayed with me, along with mild dizziness.

Mr. Brand opened the door, then pressed the light switch on the wall, saying, "I know you're a detective, but I still don't like to . . . oh, my God!"

Looking past him, I could see the same thing Brand had seen. On our right was the open door to the bathroom, and halfway through it, sprawled on the floor, was a man's body.

I walked to the figure and touched the outflung hand. The arm moved easily, so there wasn't any rigor mortis. I guessed, though, that he'd been killed several days ago; rigor mortis could have set in and then left again, as it will after a few days. I could see the man's face, and it had the distinctively bluish tinge of cyanosis.

The dead man fit the discription I had of Harry Welch; he had a lot of dark hair, gray at the temples, and a thin black mustache, but I asked Mr. Brand, "Would you say this is Welch?"

He came a couple steps forward and bent down, peering at the dead man's face, an expression of distaste on his own features. "Yes . . . but what happened to him? Look at that color; it's . . ." He made a grating sound deep in his throat.

"Cyanosis," I said. "One of the less important effects of cyanide poisoning—you'd better call the police."

Brand went out. I could see that the wrinkled collar of the white dress shirt the dead detective wore was open, and he wore no tie. He had on brown trousers and brown shoes. It looked as if Welch had been relaxing at night after finishing a day's work. And he had, almost surely been poisoned by somebody else. Suicide was such a remote possibility that I ignored it.

There wasn't anything to show that Welch hadn't been living here alone. I looked around for something he might have eaten or drunk from, but there wasn't anything like that in the cottage. On the dresser drawer, however, was the dead man's wallet. I flipped it open with a finger and examined the identification cards behind their transparent windows.

The dead man had been a private detective, all right, licensed by the state of California. His name was Harold M. Welch, and his address was in Fresno, California. So finally I knew where he'd come from.

Looking at the limp body on the floor, I wondered why Welch had been killed. There was one reason, or motive, that fit all facets of the case. But Welch, too, had been poisoned—with cyanide. And there had been cyanide in Ilona Cabot's milk . . .

I stopped. Remembering, I could hear Johnny Cabot saying to me at the Westlander Theater: "If I wanted to kill anybody, I wouldn't use cyanide, I'd use a gun." But how had *he* known

that the would-be murderer of his wife had used cyanide?

I thought about that, and when I remembered that Ilona had been gone by the time I'd arrived at the house on Robard Street, I felt sure I had the answer to that question—and more, including why Welch had been murdered, why there'd been the attempt on Ilona Cabot's life, in fact the whole story, including where Johnny Cabot and his three Ilonas fit in. But I still needed a little more information and a little more proof. And the place to get it was in my apartment, and the method was using the phone to call Fresno.

Carol Austin was still waiting for me in my apartment when I got there. I'd anticipated that, and would have been enormously surprised if she hadn't waited for my return. She didn't say anything when I walked in the door, just stared at me.

"Hi," I said. "I wondered if you'd still be here."

Only then did she smile and seem to relax. "You must have known I'd wait. What have you been doing?" Her blue eyes got very wide. "What happened to your clothes? It isn't raining, is it?"

I walked to the divan and sat down, reached for the phone. "No, I fell into a tank of water." She asked some more questions, but instead of answering them I dialed information and asked for the phone number of Mr. William Grant in Fresno.

Carol got up and said, "I'll mix us something to drink."

"Fine," I told her. "I'd like that."

While she moved about in the kitchenette, I listened to the operator getting in touch with Fresno, then asking for the number of William Grant.

Finally a woman's sleep-dulled voice was saying to me, "Hello."

"Hello, this is Shell Scott in Los Angeles. I wasn't sure I'd reach anyone at this number."

Carol came back and sat on the divan and handed me a dark-brown highball. "Bourbon and water, isn't it?" she whispered.

I nodded. At the other end of the line the woman was saying, "Mr. Grant passed away recently. Perhaps I can help you—I was his personal secretary for many years. I'm Joan Bates."

"What can you tell me about Mr. Harry Welch, a detective."

"Oh?" She hesitated. "I don't feel I should—"

"He's dead," I interrupted. "He was murdered. I'm an investigator, myself." I added, with only slight exaggeration, "I'm working quite closely with the police on this."

And that loosened her tongue. "I see—he's *dead*, then. We hadn't heard anything for several days . . . how awful. Are you sure he was murdered?"

"There's not any doubt. Now, what can you tell me about him?"

"Well . . . he was working for the estate. When Mr. Grant's will was read, we learned that he'd left half of all his money to me and his nurse, Ann Wilson, and the other half to . . . well, to a friend. But nobody knew where the . . . friend was living."

"You're referring to his daughter, aren't you?"

She gasped. "Why, how did you—"

"I know all about that, ma'am. Will you excuse me a minute?"

She said she'd hold the line, and I put the phone down on the cushion, then got to my feet, highball in my hand. "Any ice left?" I asked Carol. Or, at least, the lovely whom I thought of as Carol.

"Yes . . . yes, lots. A tray's in the sink. What—"

She started to get up, but I said genially, "Relax, honey. I can do *some* of the work."

In the kitchenette, out of sight of my guest, I made noise getting the ice, rattling the tray in the sink, while I held the highball close to my nose and sniffed. It was obvious, once I looked for it—or smelled for it. The peach-pit odor of potassium cyanide rose even above the strong fumes of bourbon. I poured the drink into the sink, quickly and quietly rinsed my glass and filled it with tap water, plus enough Coca Cola to give it a dark bourbon color, then added a couple more ice cubes and went back into the front room.

Carol hadn't moved. She seemed almost rigid. I beamed at her and said, "I like lots of ice. This conversation may take quite a while." I sat down and picked up the phone, holding my hand over the mouthpiece, then had a sizable gulp of my water-and-Coke. "That's better," I said happily, and then frowned, making a face. "But that's the bitterest bourbon I ever tasted. Carol, next time use the Old Crow—not the cheap stuff."

She nodded silently and smiled. It was a ghastly smile. An hour earlier, I would probably have thought it charming, hot, lovable. But now I could see what it really was, just muscles pulling at lips and cheeks.

Into the phone I said, "Hello again. Would you give me the whole story please?" She did.

While talking to the woman in Fresno, I sipped occasionally at my drink. When she finished, I thanked her and said I'd get in touch with her again the following day and hung up.

Carol Austin had her big blue eyes fastened on me like blued-steel to a magnet. She couldn't have learned much from the phone conversation, because for the most part I'd been listening, but she said, "Are you getting your case all finished up, Shell?"

"Looks like it."

She raised her highball. "Relax a little. You'll live longer. Bottoms up?"

Live longer, hey? "Bottoms up," I said, and drank the rest of my plain Coke-and-water. It was fascinating to watch Carol watch me. She didn't even seem to be breathing. I said, "Would you like to hear about the case, honey? About my fascinating life?"

She shrugged, as if that would be as good a way to kill the next minute or two as any. I said, "Some of this I'd already learned, and some of it I got on the phone from Fresno—I was talking to Fresno just now, did you know that?"

"I . . . thought maybe . . ." She stopped. "I mean, I don't know where it was."

"Well, it was Fresno. It seems a man named William J. Grant died up there a little while back, and this Mr. Grant had raked together about four million dollars. About twenty-two years ago, Mr. Grant and a girl named Mary Lassen were, well, let's say in love. Is this interesting to you?"

She gave me one of those pulled-muscle smiles again, as if she had just sprained her face. Carol knew something was very wrong, but she didn't seem sure exactly what it was. Then, too, I was probably dying rather slowly.

I said, "Well, to boil it down, they had a baby. And they weren't married. The old story; it's happened before, it'll happen again." And right there I stopped. I let what I fondly hoped was a stricken look capture my features. I waggled my face around and bent forward, saying harshly, "Arrggh!"

Carol didn't move an eighth of an inch. She stared at me, and in a voice completely devoid of surprise or even friendly curiosity, asked, "What's the matter, Shell?"

"I—a pain . . . feel a little dizzy. Something—I . . ." After another groan or two I straightened up and shook my head. This time when I looked at Carol there was, oddly enough, an apparently real smile on her face. It was a small, hardly-perceptible smile, but after all there wasn't much to laugh about.

"That was strange," I said, and went on. "Well, this guy Grant took a powder, left the Lassen woman and the child in the lurch. The woman turned the kid over to an orphanage and knocked herself off, and by the time Grant learned about that a year or so had passed. He didn't do anything about it. But after another twenty years, he took real sick. He was dying, and his thoughts turned to the girl—his daughter. He was a rich man by then, and he wanted half his fortune to go to the girl. Is this boring you, Carol?"

"What? Oh, no, Shell. This is . . . interesting."

"Fine. There's not much more. I . . . arrgh!"

I did it all again. Carol really seemed to enjoy this spasm and kept looking at me hopefully. But I recovered and continued, although in a weak voice.

Well, Grant died, and the executors of the estate, in accordance with his wishes, hired a detective—named Welch—to find the missing daughter. All they could tell the detective was the name of the orphans' home, and the date the girl had been left there by her mother. Welch checked the home and learned the girl had been named Ilona. So he started hunting up gals named Ilona."

"Ilona?" Carol said gently. "Isn't that odd?"

"The odd part is that you asked me about Ilona Cabot earlier. And I didn't ever tell you that the homely Ilona in my office was named Cabot. I did foolishly admit to you this morning that I was looking for her husband; and you must have heard me talking to Missing Persons on the phone about a missing John *Cabot*. I mean when you came into my office with that spur-of-the-moment story about thinking it was Dr. Forrest's. I suppose

you put one and one together and tonight asked me about Ilona Cabot to make sure that was, in fact, her married name."

Carol didn't say anything. I went on, "Well, to continue, nobody around the late Mr. Grant even knew he had a daughter until the will was read. That's understandable, under the circumstances. Anyway, all his money was left to just three people. Two of them in Fresno—Grant's personal secretary, and his private nurse, both of whom had been with him for years. He had no other relatives, so half his estate went to those two. The other half was to go to his daughter. And that, of course, set up a kind of dangerous situation for this Ilona."

"Oh? I . . . don't understand," said Carol.

What she probably didn't understand was why I was still able to yak away, but I went on, "Nobody knew for sure if this Ilona was still alive. If found, she would inherit a couple million dollars. But if nobody found her—or if she were dead—according to the terms of the will the two million would then devolve upon the secretary and nurse. That's an extra million bucks apiece. There's a nice motive for murder—murder for a million. So it looks as if either Grant's secretary or his nurse tried to knock off this Ilona. It's really too bad what the hunger for money will do to otherwise nice people."

Carol was looking at me strangely, in apparent puzzlement. I hadn't gasped and gurgled for quite a while, and probably she felt that I was taking a distressingly long time to die. So I went into my dying-horribly act.

Suddenly I gasped twice as loud and gurgled much more musically than anything I'd achieved yet. I sprang to my feet and straightened up, then bent forward like a man doing a jackknife, arms going around my stomach. I spun about, staggering, toppled forward almost at Carol's feet, and continued groaning while writhing on the carpet.

Carol didn't extend a helping hand, didn't say a word, didn't do a thing. In momentary glimpses that I got of her from my rolling eyes, I saw that she had merely put her arms across her breasts, hands clasping her shoulders, and was gently hugging herself. Her narrow blue eyes were fixed on me, and that tight little smile twisted her soft red lips.

Finally I got to my hands and knees and raised my face so I could stare at her. "You!" I croaked. "You've croaked me!"

Her eyes were bright. She squinted at me, pressing against the divan as if to move farther from me. I said, "It was you, Carol. You killed Welch—and tried twice to kill Ilona."

She got to her feet and started to step around me. This wasn't the way I'd planned it. So, in what must have appeared my final burst of living, I struggled to my feet and staggered toward Carol.

Her eyes widened, a little fright showing in them at last. Because she must have thought I would by now be unable to move with much grace or speed, she spun about to run too late. I jumped about six feet through the air and grabbed her, turned her to face me, and mashed her tightly against me. "Tell me the truth!" I shouted as we both toppled to the floor.

Her face was only about three inches from mine, and she really looked frightened now. "Yes," she half whimpered. "I did kill him. I *couldn't* let him tell where she was. And I tried to kill her—but I didn't, I didn't kill her. Let me go. *Let me go!*"

I just squeezed her tighter. We were lying on our sides on the thick shag nap of my carpet, and I couldn't very well have been holding her more tightly.

I said, "You tried to kill her with a car last Sunday, and then by lacing her milk with cyanide this morning. Didn't you?"

"Yes, yes!"

"And you were much surprised when Ilona came out of her house alive. So you followed her to my office this morning, right, love?"

She nodded. All of this wallowing about had sort of upped my blood pressure.

And, inevitably, Carol finally got my message. Her face went through a startling array of expressions. First, a queer kind of amazement. A sort of "Can this be?" look, as though it were too soon for rigor mortis to be setting in. And then the expression of a person slowly, and with complete awareness of what was happening, experiencing apoplexy. And then, at last, Carol's much-used sexy look.

She had me pegged. Hell, I had her pegged, too. But she knew what old Shell Scott was interested in. She knew, all right. And she figured, I guess, that she could take advantage of my interest in hers. At any rate, she began speaking to me, softly.

"I've got a system—I stumble around for the first couple of days till word gets around I'm a lousy shot. Then, when they get careless, I take 'em by surprise."

"What if I did kill that detective, Shell? What difference does it make, really? We can have a lot of fun together, you and I. I'll be rich, Shell, rich. Millions, millions of dollars. For both of us. . . .

"Once Ilona's taken care of," she said, "I'll have two million dollars—maybe even more later. We'll have to get rid of her husband, too. I didn't even know until this morning that she was married." She paused. "Shell, if we can get rid of both of them, there'll maybe be four million later. That's more money than I can imagine—but it was supposed all to be mine. Bill said once that it would *all* be mine."

For a second or two that "Bill" puzzled me, but then I realized she must have referred to Grant, William Grant as I knew him. Maybe she and "Bill" had played games on carpets, or had some less unusual arrangement. Carol's face wasn't frightened any longer, it was only an inch or two from mine, and she was smiling again. The smile, though, was still that pulled-muscle operation. She looked not quite all there, as if mentally she were absent, or at least tardy.

She went on, speaking softly, "I know you like me. I can tell when a man likes me."

"Welch for example? He must have liked you pretty well. You were living with him at those Rancho cottages, weren't you?"

"For a little while. But I *had* to be close to him so I'd know when he found Ilona. If he found her."

"He didn't know you were Ann Wilson, did he?" I held my breath, but she answered without any hesitation.

"Oh course not. I made up a name for him. I managed to meet him in a bar. It's a good thing. He'd even written up his report before he told me he'd finished what he'd been hired to do. That he'd found the girl he was looking for. After I—after he died, I burned the report. That's how I learned where Ilona was."

"And were you the one who shot at me earlier tonight?"

"Shot at you? I don't know what you're talking about."

I believed her. She was quiet for seconds, then she put her cheek against mine and said, in a pleased voice that was almost laughing, "You do like me a lot, I know. And we will have fun together, won't we? You won't tell anybody about me, will you Shell?"

"Baby, we are off to the clink."

It didn't penetrate for a few moments. Then she pulled back her head and stared at me. "What? What did you say?"

"Honey, that second drink you made me earlier—the one you mixed all by yourself in the kitchenette, had enough poison in it to kill me for sure—I was just another Welch who might upset your plans. Luckily I had only a small sip of the drink, but even so, it affected me a little after I'd left here. So, I just can't afford to do *any* more drinking with you, sweet. You must have brought eight pounds of cyanide down here from Fresno."

"Oh, you must be imagining things, Shell." Yeah, she was nuts, all right. "I wouldn't do anything to hurt you." Man, she was squirming and wobbling around like crazy.

"No, of course not," I said pleasantly. "I didn't realize quite what was wrong until I saw Welch's body, and the blue tinge of cyanosis on his face. That told me what was wrong with me, my love—and *who* was responsible for it all—that was the dead giveaway. No, love, I'm afraid I'll have to take you to jail."

And this time she believed me. She hauled off and hit me with everything she had—that is, everything she hadn't already hit me with. Arms, elbows, head, knees and so on. She even tried to bite me. I finally had to tie her arms and legs with electrical cord from one of the living-room lamps.

The police had taken Ann Wilson, alias Carol Austin, away from my apartment an hour before, and I was just knocking at the door of apartment 12 in the Franklin. While waiting for the police to arrive, the Franklin's desk clerk had phoned to earn his $20, and report the arrival of Cabot and his wife. So I had come straight here as soon as I could; this would wrap the case up—but I hated the thought of what the truth was going to do to Ilona. Johnny wasn't going to be happy, either, so I took out my .38 Colt and held it in my hand as I waited.

Footsteps sounded inside, then the door opened part way. Johnny Cabot blinked sleepily at me and started to speak. But then his eyes snapped open, and he started to slam the door as a swear word burst from his throat.

"Hold it, Cabot!" I shoved the gun toward his sharp nose, and he froze. He stared at the gun, inches from his face, and I said, "Ask me in, Cabot. The party's over."

"What the hell's the idea? I've had about—"

"Shut up. You going to ask me in?"

He glanced again at my coat pocket, then stepped back. I walked in and looked around. The door into the next room, the bedroom, was ajar. From the bedroom Ilona's voice called, "What is it, Johnny? Darling, what's the matter."

"I'll . . . be right in," he said, then looked at me.

I spoke softly, "Get her and bring her out here, Cabot. I'll do this much for you, though I don't know why—you can tell her if you want to; or I will. You can have your choice."

He licked his lips. "Tell her what?"

"Come off it. You're washed up. I know all about William Grant, and your bride's inheritance, the works."

He sighed, then shrugged. "Well," he said finally, "you can't blame me for trying. You . . . uh, you better tell her, Scott. She is pretty much of a mess, but—well, I don't want to tell her."

"I didn't think anything would bother you, Cabot." He shrugged, and I said, "Tell her to come out. But you keep in my sight. I'd hate for you to come back with that forty-five in your mitt."

"What forty-five?"

"The one you shot at me with earlier tonight."

He started to deny it, but then walked to the door and told Ilona to put on some clothes and come out. Then he shut the door, walked over and said to me, "I guess there's no point in trying to make it work now. Sure, I shot at you—or at your car. Don't kid yourself, mister. If I'd wanted to plug you, I wouldn't have missed by three or four feet. I just wanted to scare you off me and Ilona." He paused. "Maybe I should have shot you—but I'm not a murderer."

This time I believed him. I put the .38 in my coat pocket, but kept my hand on it, and said, "I figured you were for a while, Cabot. I found Welch's body tonight—"

"He's dead?" Honest surprise was in his voice.

"Several days. Poisoned. I thought you might have done it, but under the circumstances you'd have been nuts to kill him. You wanted him alive—at least long enough to report to Fresno that he'd found Ilona. But because you'd told me at the Westlander you wouldn't use *cyanide* to kill somebody, I figured you must've slipped the cyanide into your wife's milk."

"You're way off," he said. "The minute after you talked to me at the Westlander I called Ilona, asked her what the score was. She told me about bringing the milk to your office, cyanide and all. She *told* me."

"Uh-huh. That's the way it figured to me."

"Welch's been dead several days? You mean they don't know Ilona's here in L.A." He grinned wryly. "Not that it makes any difference to *me* now."

He was almost likeable for a second there. Cabot talked freely enough now that he knew the game was over. As I had guessed, he'd first talked to Welch on the fifteenth when the detective came into the Westlander Theater to check on Ilona the Hungarian Hurricane. Cabot had learned enough from Ilona and Welch himself that he'd stuck to Welch like a leech. They'd visited the Grotto, where Welch had interviewed Neptuna—and Cabot had got an eyeful that almost knocked him off his feet.

He and Welch had planned to have dinner the next night, but Welch had phoned to say he'd found the girl he was looking for and thus couldn't make it.

I said, "How much did Welch tell you? Did he actually say the Ilona he'd found was going to inherit a couple million? Did he tell you where she lived?"

Cabot shrugged. "No, he just said she was going to get some money from the estate of a guy named William J. Grant—he didn't tell Ilona that; his job was only to find her. I knew Welch was from Fresno, checked recent Fresno papers and learned this Grant had been loaded. The next day when Welch phoned me, I asked him where he'd found the girl and he said in an insurance office on Hill. I didn't ask him to narrow it down. The rest of it was just a little checking here and with Fresno." He shrugged again. "A couple million bucks was worth a good try."

"What I can't understand is why you took off Monday night and didn't come back?"

"Well, you've seen my . . . wife. And you've seen Ilona Betun. I thought I could get away with it."

That was a good enough answer. Cabot told me that he'd kept his job at the burlesque house because he wasn't supposed to know his Ilona was going to inherit any money, and it would later have looked funny if he had quit his job as soon as they'd met. Besides, he added dully, they really did need the money.

The door opened then and Ilona Cabot came in. Wearing her husband's robe, and with no make-up, her hair almost straight, she didn't look good at all. Not pretty, at least. She still had that air of mousy sweetness about her.

Her face brightened with a smile when she saw me. "Mr. Scott. What are you doing here?"

"Hello, Mrs. Cabot. You'd better sit down."

We all found seats, me in a chair and Ilona with Johnny on the couch. She grabbed his hand and held it. Johnny was starting to look very uncomfortable.

Just to be positive, I asked her if she'd spent the first few years of her life in the Banting Orphanage, and if a detective named Welch had talked to her a couple weeks ago about that. After a little hesitation she admitted it, but expressed her puzzlement.

I said, "Well, Mrs. Cabot, you're an heiress. I mean, you'll soon inherit about two million dollars."

It went right by her. If I was talking about $2,000,000, I couldn't possibly be talking about her. It took me five minutes to partially convince her that she was actually going to get money, and explain enough so she could believe it. When she finally got it partly through her head, all she did was turn to Cabot and say, "Johnny, isn't it wonderful?"

I broke in quickly, "Wait a minute. That's not all of what I've got to tell you. The other part is about your husband. About Johnny.

She smiled. "Yes?" She looked at Johnny Cabot. She beamed at him.

I remember how she had lit up in my office when I'd asked her to describe her husband. This was the same kind of look. A bright, happy, everything's-wonderful look. It wasn't a very new expression, not original, just the look of a woman in love.

But it was, of course, new for Ilona.

I hated to think of how she was going to look when she knew that Johnny Cabot had found out about her from Welch, learned from Welch about her upcoming inheritance, found her and rushed her and married her, just for whatever part he could grab of that $2,000,000. I didn't like the thought of what was going to happen to her already plain and homely face.

I said, "You see, Mrs. Cabot, this detective, Welch, who talked to you . . . well, he talked to some other Ilonas first, before he found you. During his search for you. Two million dollars is an awful lot of money, and . . ." I stopped. It was difficult to find the just-right words. It was going to hurt enough no matter how it was told, but I wanted to find the gentlest way to break it to her, if I could.

But then Cabot said slowly, "Let it go, Scott. This is some-

thing I . . . well, maybe I better tell her." He chewed on his lip for a moment, then turned to her. "Honey, it's like this. When I met you, I—well, I—"

Ilona was looking up at him, sort of smiling. And it seemed to me that she didn't look plain and almost ugly—not when she was looking at her husband. Her face seemed to get bright and warm, as if it were lighted from happiness welling up inside her, and I thought that all the hunger and trampled-down love and affection she must have been saving for 22 years was right there on her face. It was there in the brightness of her eyes, and in the curve of her lips. It was so frank and honest and open that it didn't seem quite right for me to be looking at her then.

Johnny had taken a deep breath, and now he said, rapidly, not looking at her, "Honey, when I met you I told you I was crazy about you, you remember, but the real reason I bumped into you was because I knew all about—"

"Wait a minute, hold it, just a minute."

I was on my feet and the words had popped out of me almost involuntarily. All I knew was that I didn't want to see Ilona's face change from the expression it now wore to one of hurt and disillusionment. Or maybe I was just out of my mind.

But, anyway, I went on in a rush, "I can't sit around here all night listening to you two gab away. This is probably the same thing your husband said to me just a little while ago when I told him about the money you're inheriting. He said he was afraid you might not feel the same toward him, now that you're a millionaire."

"Johnny!" she cried. She was shocked. How could Johnny even think such a thing.

I went on, "What I wanted to tell you about was the other half of the job you hired me for. Somebody really was trying to kill you, Mrs. Cabot. It was a woman named Ann Wilson. She was scheduled to inherit a million herself, but that wasn't enough for her, so she tried to knock you off. I think she's a little cracked—anyway, the cops have her in the hoosegow now, so all your troubles are over. Funny, you'll probably inherit half of the million she *would* have gotten."

"All my troubles are over," she said softly. "I just can't understand it— all this at once."

Neither could Cabot. He was gaping at me, his mouth half-open. I walked to the door and out into the hall, then I jerked my head at him. "I'd like to have a last word with you, Cabot."

He came outside and shut the door. "What the hell?" he said, bewildered. "What happened just now?"

"I had a cerebral hemorrhage. Shut up and listen. That little gal in there must be crazier than Ann Wilson, because she thinks you're the end. Well, I think you're the *other* end, but maybe you could be real nice to this Ilona-with-two-million-dollars, if you tried. And I've got a hunch you're going to try."

He nodded slowly. "Yeah. You're making sense." He paused. "I didn't think you were flipping your lid in there for me."

I said, "I can still tell her, you know. I can still prove it. I'd hate to tear apart two people so much in love, though."

"You know," he said quietly, "she's really prettier now than when I met her. Not pretty—but less horrible."

"Wait'll she gets that inheritance. She'll be beautiful."

I was being sarcastic, in a way, but somehow I had a hunch that Ilona—with a lot more love, and a little more money—just might work her way up to not-half-bad. Well, time would tell.

I nodded at Johnny Cabot and said, "Tell your wife I'll be sending her a bill for my fee. My *big* fee."

I walked down the hall. Before I reached the elevator, I heard the door close behind me. When I looked around, the door was closed and Johnny Cabot was again alone with his wife.

Because I kept wondering about Johnny and his Ilona even after I got in the Cad and started home, I was well out Beverly Boulevard and actually passing the Grotto before I remembered the *other* Ilona. Neptuna. *My* Ilona!

I slammed on the brakes so suddenly that the car skidded to a stop in the middle of the street. A quick glance at the dash clock showed me it was three a.m. What was it Ilona Betun had said? She'd asked me to come back if I could, and said she would wait around a little while after closing. After two a.m. Well, it was only an hour after two. Maybe she'd still be here.

I swung into the parking lot, parked the car and trotted to the club's rear entrance. With mild surprise I discovered that I was grinning. My Ilona had also said, I remembered, that sometimes she had a little swim all by herself here after everybody else had gone.

I paused before the Grotto's rear door to catch my breath, then put my hand on the knob. It turned easily and the door opened. Inside, the club was dark. I could see nothing but blackness beyond the door. But the fact that this door had been unlocked was encouraging, I thought.

Either the club was being burglarized, or Ilona was waiting. I went in, shut the door behind me, and walked ahead, still grinning, through the darkness.

THE END

JINX JET

Continued from page 25

and faraway, like the firing of a 20-mm. cannon.

When Johnny twisted toward Liz, she was looking at the sky. Her lips were slightly parted. She did not scream or faint. Suddenly she put both palms over her eyes, and when Johnny got hold of her he felt her body shaking. He said, "Take it easy. Maybe he ejected."

But Johnny knew Rudy hadn't ejected, even before the Mathieson chase plane radioed he'd gone into the ground with what was left of the XF-8. Rudy hadn't had time to eject. He'd never known what hit him. It was the way jet test pilots usually went.

That night Johnny took Liz for a drive in the desert. She sat quietly beside him, looking straight ahead. When they neared Lancaster, Johnny asked if she'd like to stop for a drink. She said no. After awhile, she began crying, and Johnny was relieved. If she could cry it out, she could get rid of it. Johnny wished he could cry himself. In addition to the fact that Rudy Talbot would have been Johnny's brother-in-law—he was the best friend Johnny had ever had.

"Rudy was a test pilot," Johnny said. "What happened today is what every test pilot has to consider, every morning when he comes to work."

"I know," Liz said.

"Every guy who does a job has something," Johnny said. "Even the guys who punch time clocks and shuffle papers. They don't go quick. They do it by inches. Personally, if I had a choice, I'd take the way Rudy took this afternoon."

That was when Liz handed back the diamond. She didn't make the usual storybook speech giving him the choice between flying and the girl. She said, as a matter of fact, that she wouldn't respect him if he quit flying. Particularly now. Particularly the XF-8. Liz worked for J. M. Mathieson. She knew how badly J. M. needed it.

"I want kids when I get married," Liz said. "I want a father around while they grow up. I couldn't take another thing like today—not with kids."

Johnny didn't say anything, because she was right. Take the past year: George Welch in the North American F-100. . . Jim Verdin in the little Douglass attack bomber. . . Dick Richbourg in the Convair Sea Dart—and now, Rudy. Those pilots were the best. If it could happen to them, it could happen to Johnny Howard, particularly in the XF-8.

The eight was something new. The slipstick gang had whipped the sound barrier and now they were tackling something worse—the heat barrier. Nobody would ever drive through it. The faster you flew, the hotter it got. Even if you built a plane out of a solid diamond, it would turn into a streak of cosmic dust at Mach 10—7600 miles an hour—if you held speed long enough at low altitude. Doc Henry's Hatpin was built to probe the wall of fire. It had four rocket motors which fired automatically, one at a time, when the switch was closed.

"I'm not giving up," Johnny said. "I'll be asking you again, Liz."

Doc Henry's crew located, mapped, and photographed every part of the wreckage of the XF-8. Sometimes the study of the fallout pattern gave a clue to the trouble when a high-performance plane came unglued in mid-air. The Engineering Department went over the YF-8—sister ship of the plane which had killed Rudy—bolt by bolt. The results of it all came to exactly nothing.

Every noon, Johnny Howard waited outside the Mathieson

Administration Building, where Liz worked, and ate lunch with her in the cafeteria. Every evening he drove her home. He stayed off Rudy's death, and he stayed off marriage. He tried to act as if everything were going to pick up, now, where it had left off—but it didn't. One night he took Liz to a roadhouse and tried to get her to take a drink. Maybe it was wrong. He didn't know. But he did know what could happen when you brooded too long over the dead. His mother had brooded for nearly two years after his father had died. He'd wake up and hear her crying in the night. Finally, Johnny gave it to her. He told her she was selfish, her grief was selfish, and furthermore it was going to put her in a sanatorium if she didn't stop. Johnny's mother had hysterics—but, almost at once, she did stop. It had been a good thing to do.

Johnny ordered a double rye on the rocks when he and Liz reached their booth in the roadhouse. Liz said no thanks, she didn't think she'd drink.

"You used to drink," Johnny said. "You used to enjoy one or two."

Liz didn't answer. Johnny drank his double and ordered another. While it was being brought, Liz said. "Would you please take me home?"

Johnny set his drink down very carefully. "Look." he said softly, "I loved Rudy too."

"I used to think you did."

"You're not feeling sorry for Rudy," Johnny said. "You're feeling sorry for yourself. Frankly, I'm getting tired sitting around watching it."

"Nobody asked you to sit around and watch it."

"That's what I know," Johnny Howard said. "If you're ready, maybe we'd better go."

After Johnny drove Liz home, he went back to the roadhouse and got very drunk. He was in sad shape the next day, when Doc Henry walked into his office. Doc Henry was a character. He wore a pince nez, a bright bow tie, a loud Hollywood jacket, and was always turning up in the gossip columns with some fluffy little starlet. Doc designed in a crazy way. He'd get an airplane in his head and go into a room and start out with pencils and slipsticks and stress curves, drinking maybe 60 cups of coffee a day, tossing down dexadrine pills like peanuts, getting so witchy you didn't dare phone him. Once, J. M. Mathieson had phoned Doc at a critical point and Doc had jerked the telephone off the wall and thrown it through a window. After an indeterminate time, Doc would emerge from his room looking like a ghost but he'd have something sleek, hot, wonderful, wrapped up under his arm. Then he'd go to Hollywood, get him a babe, and disappear for a week.

"Hi, Johnny," Doc Henry said, and sat down on Johnny's desk.

Johnny looked at him. Usually Doc was grinning like a cat. He wasn't grinning now. "The Y checks out perfect," he said. "Can't find a damned thing."

"Yeah," Johnny Howard said. "I know."

"The Air Defense Command called up J. M. last night," Doc Henry said. "They want an airplane. They told the old man they'd take the eight if she's de-bugged. If we can't get it de-bugged, they'll take the Hendershot design."

"The eight can do slow rolls around the Hendershot design."

"This I know," Doc Henry said.

"Okay," Johnny said. "Let's get the story."

Doc Henry picked up a pencil and played with it. He did not look at Johnny Howard. "We've got a theory," he said. "We know what killed George Welch in the Super Sabre. High speed yaw. The plane didn't have enough vertical fin. When George tried to roll it too fast, it skidded sideways and the air pressure ripped it to pieces."

Johnny felt a little sick. "You think Rudy got a yaw?"

"Maybe."

"Can't you—check it in the tunnel?"

"There isn't a tunnel built that will hold the eight. It's an air test or nothing." Doc flipped the pencil back on the desk. "I might as well lay it out, Johnny. J. M. dropped three million on the tanker competition. He's got another two million of his own dough in the eight. He's through downtown. They won't give him another nickel, now that Rudy augered in. If the eight flops, Johnny, J. M. Mathieson is finshed."

J. M. Mathieson had given Johnny Howard his first test job when he came out of the Marines with no money or future. J. M. had been like a father—a grumpy red-faced old father who yelled at you and then turned down his hearing aid so you couldn't yell back, who sent you checks that made your head swim when you brought in a winner, and then yelled at you when you tried to thank him. But the thing Johnny Howard liked most was the way J. M. always showed up in the locker room before a tough flight. "That parachute," J. M. would rasp out, "is for using. Don't hang around to take in the washing if things get sour."

That, you remembered. An x-model was worth its weight in gold. Big airplane companies, in the past, had folded when a nervous test pilot had been too eager about his ripcord.

"Doc—you think a new fin will fix the Y?"

"It fixed the F-one hundred."

"How long will it take to install one?"

"About a week—if we really work at it."

Johnny could hear his heart in his ears. He licked his lips lightly. "All right, Doc. Get working."

Johnny Howard got to the hangar early the day of the test. He walked around the YF-8. Its new tail looked funny. It was bigger, but it had more rake. It looked like the fin of a shark. Johnny made his check very carefully, testing a couple of quick-fasteners with the edge of a quarter. If one of those hatches blew open at 2,500 miles an hour, the wind-of-flight would tear the plane to pieces like the impact of a five-inch shell.

Johnny went into the locker room and the ground crew helped him into his MC-1 high-altitude pressure suit. Up where he'd be flying, the suit was a life-or-death matter. It had a large plastic helmet and an airtight face plate. It was designed with many air-bladders sewn into the heavy cloth, with lacings up the arms and legs. In case Johnny lost cockpit pressure at extreme altitude, the airbladders would automatically inflate and the lacings would clamp down and hold his body like a vise. Above 63,000 feet—without the suit—Johnny's blood would boil in his veins if he got an explosive decompression. He would die in a few seconds.

As soon as he had the suit on, Johnny went out and climbed into the YF-8. He was sweating heavily. He could feel the sweat trickling down from his armpits along his sides, and taste it on his lips. He was very scared. He didn't really believe Doc Henry had the answer in the tail fix. His mind kept seeing that orange ribbon burble across the sky. He wondered how Rudy had felt—just at the instant he started to go. There must have been some small warning, vibration maybe, before the red blast knocked you cold.

After he'd made his cockpit check, Johnny signalled a tug to pull him out of the hangar. It was very hot. The sky overhead was intensely blue. The sun made knife-sharp shadows under the stub wing. Johnny closed his hatch and checked it for locked. He closed his face plate and went on oxygen. He said, in the helmet mike, "Mathieson Test. Howard in the YF-8. Do you read?"

"Five by five—Johnny."

"Is the area clear for take-off?"

"Edwards and Inyokern are clear. An airliner's letting down for L.A.—but he'll be out of your way by the time you're airborne."

Johnny fired up the J-79. It made a remote rushing sound in his helmet. The cockpit became cooler as the air-conditioning cut in. He taxied along a feeder runway and turned onto the main strip. Two parallel stripes of orange paint converged ahead in the shimmering distance. He locked his shoulder harness, locked the nosewheel, and re-checked his trim settings. His body felt itchy and his mouth was very dry.

"Test Control—am I cleared for take-off?"

"Roger, Johnny. Cleared for take-off. Good luck, boy!"

Johnny pushed the throttle forward. The needle nose of the Hatpin began sluggishly to move forward between the orange guide lines. The jet-scream sharpened, and the runway began to suck under the nose swiftly as the turbojet gathered power out of speed. Johnny waited until the needle hit 150, eased back on the stick, and tucked his wheels to bed. The runway was gone and the bright sage-dotted desert streaked past below.

"Howard to Test. Are the telemetering pickups on?"

"Pickups on!"

"Okay—I'm shutting off the jet."

The falter of the jetscream, and then the eerie silence, pinched his stomach—even though he knew he had rockets. He punched the heat-door button, and felt the plane slip forward slightly as the duct-drag was eliminated by the streamlined covers.

"Hold your hats, kiddies," Johnny said inside his helmet. "Here comes the big dip!"

He flipped the red safety cover off the rocket switch and

pushed it to "ON." The reaction was instant. There was a shattering explosion and a violent impact, like a collision in traffic. His head snapped back and his body flattened against the seat, and he felt the flesh crawling away from under his eyes, his lips stretching at the corners, and the instrument panel distorted like something under water as his eye balls were squeezed out of round by the acceleration forces. For a time he hung on the edge of consciousness, feeling as if strong hands were tearing the flesh and muscles and nerves away from his bones.

Then, smoothly, the tons of pressure that had pinned him to the seat began to disappear and he could see again. The earth was very far below, changing shape and color in an eerie manner, like movies of a plant growing, and when he looked at the Mach meter he couldn't get a reading. The white needle must have gone off the dial and broken. It hung loosely at Mach .6, jiggling impotently.

Then the heat hit him like an open furnace. It seared his hands and filled the cockpit with a terrible invisible pressure. He reacted instantly. He pulled back on the stick to take the YF-8 straight up into the bitter cold of space—his only hope.

For an instant the plane mushed, then it turned steeply up, blacking him out. He could not see but his brain was awake, and he screamed in agony, and then he could see again. The needle nose of the Hatpin was cherry red against the blue velvet sky. The heat made a pale rose-colored reflection on the inner surface of the thick tempered glass. As Johnny watched, a hairline crack flickered like miniature lightning across the rosy sheen, and the cockpit blew up in a dull roar of haze.

Explosive decompression! he thought. *This is it. . .*

Air blasted from the cockpit like a blown-out tire, the MC-1 pressure suit grabbed his body like a million biting pliers, and he felt the plane slowing on top of its fantastic skyrocket climb. He glanced at the altimeter. It stood at 156,000 feet. The airplane stopped climbing, held a moment stationary, and fell back tail first. There was no air to effect the controls. The Hatpin simply tumbled back toward the earth like a rock. The pressure suit punched air into Johnny's lungs. He forced it out. The suit shoved it in. It was like doing pushups. The velvet sky was gone. The searing heat was gone. In its place was the bitter cold of extreme altitude which could freeze oil, make plastic brittle as glass. The cold—suddenly striking the red-hot windshield—had cracked it and caused the explosive decompression. Below, Johnny saw the earth spread out like a map in an Atlas, California a pale luminous beige against the black face of the Pacific ocean, turning lazily in a looping motion, overhead, underneath, overhead, underneath.

He began to try to fly, out of the reflex action of early training: forward stick, pick up flying speed, ease back. . . The tumbling plane met the earth's air envelope as it fell lower. The loose controls firmed up. The world stopped looping and held steady, and Johnny was diving at fantastic speed toward the copper bowl of the Mojave desert.

He punched the duct-cover buttons, heard the servos grind, and saw the "all clear" tabs rise in the indicators. He went through his air restart procedure and felt a stab of fierce relief when the turbojet cut back in. Good old GE. They gave you power when you needed power. He could make a normal landing now—if something didn't fall apart, and the cracked windshield didn't blow up in his face.

He made a wide bank across the San Gabriel range, let down over Pear Blossom Summit, and saw the Mathieson facility, toylike, ahead of him. "Clear the field," his voice said fuzzily. "Emergency. Clear the field. . ."

He was low over the sage. He dropped his wheels, brought the nose up, but he was blurry and the orange guide line snaked as he tried to set down between them. He felt the plane hit very hard, porpoise, and begin to hunt. He chopped throttle and rode the brakes and rudders with everything he had left.

Then he was stopped. He raised one hand and looked at it as if through a curtain. The hand was bright red, as if it had been boiled, and the palm and fingers were raw. The skin had wrinkled and slid off the meat like the skin of an over-ripe plum. Somewhere, behind the curtain, there was a metallic twisting sound and a voice said, "Johnny. Johnny—you okay, boy?"

Johnny grinned into the curtain. "Sure," he said. "I'm fine."

Then he fainted.

Johnny was in a hospital room. It was night and he felt very weak. His hands had been treated with gentian violet and bandaged, and the doctor had given him a shot of morphine and several shots of penicillin. He lay on his back, feeling a warm pressure in his burned hands, but no real pain. A door across the room opened and a nurse came in. His heart jumped. Behind the nurse was J. M. Mathieson's red face, and behind J. M. was Liz Talbot.

"You can't stay long," the nurse said. "Mr. Howard is in shock."

"Mr. Howard is fine," Johnny said, but it felt as if he had Kleenex stuck to his tongue. "Come in."

J. M. approached the bed. "How's it going, Johnny?"

Johnny looked at his bandaged hands. "That so-called cooling system of Doc Henry's couldn't freeze an ice cube!"

"Doc's cooler saved your life," J. M. said. "But Doc was wrong about the tail needing fixing. It wasn't a new tail we needed. It was a new rocket relay. The thing shorted out and fired all four rockets simultaneously—instead of one by one, as it was supposed to do. Test Control monitored you at 3380 miles an hour shortly after you closed the firing switch. If it hadn't been for Doc Henry's cooler—and that quick pullup you made—you'd probably have bought the farm."

Johnny said, "How about my hands?"

"You got a dose. You won't fly for quite awhile. But you'll keep them." J. M. Mathieson's face broke into a grin. "If it's any consolation to you, Johnny, you saved Mathieson aviation from becoming the property of the First National Bank of Los Angeles. Colonel Harris of the Air Defense Command had me on the horn about twenty minutes ago. The Colonel was out there today. He saw the flight. He knows about the thirty-three eighty miles an hour, and he knows we can fix a firing relay as easy as peeling a grape. The Air Force wants our airplane, Johnny. 'A billion dollars worth by next Tuesday morning,' was the way Colonel Harris put it."

Johnny looked at Liz Talbot. She'd never seemed more like her brother Rudy. The chin stuck out and there was a hot brightness in the eyes. He said, "Hi, Liz."

She said, "I was out there today, too. I was sure you'd be killed, but I couldn't stay away."

Johnny Howard was silent. He was crazy about Liz, but he didn't speak. He'd known guys in flight test whose wives flew co-pilot on every mission. It didn't work.

Liz said, "You still want me, Johnny?"

He said, "I'm a test pilot. I'll be a test pilot 'til they jerk my card."

"I know that."

"Can you take it?"

Liz smiled slightly. "It's not a question of whether I can take it. I'm stuck with it. I found that out today, Johnny. If you're going to scare me to death from nine to five—you might as well love me a little at night. . ."

Johnny realized that old J. M. Mathieson had left the room. The nurse stood by the door looking as if she'd sucked a lemon. Johnny said, "Nurse—would you go get me a glass of water?"

The nurse frowned. Then, reluctantly, she smiled. "I guess you aren't quite as deeply in shock as the doctor suspected—Mr. Howard. But I'll get the water."

"Thanks nurse," Johnny Howard said. "And let it run awhile—like ten or twenty minutes—so it's good and cold."

Johnny looked at Liz. Her lips were open a little as she breathed and she looked straight back at him. He realized that she did bear a close resemblance to Ann Francis, the young movie star. Only prettier. Much prettier. But then, of course, maybe Johnny Howard was prejudiced. •

***Coming*—the full, untold story of the tragic Arctic expedition that kept newspapers in headlines, started a half-dozen rescue operations and still has tongues wagging.**

THE GAS BAG SMASH-UP THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

In the March CAVALIER—On sale January 29

FIRST AROUND THE WORLD—ALONE

Continued from page 43

I kept off a good bit, then wore round, but finding broken water also there, threw her head again offshore. In this way, among dangers, I spent the rest of the night. Hail and sleet in the fierce squalls cut my flesh till the blood trickled over my face. It was daylight, and the sloop was in the midst of the Milky Way of the sea, which is northwest of Cape Horn, and it was the white breakers of a huge sea over sunken rocks which had threatened to engulf her through the night. It was Fury Island I had sighted and steered for, and what a panorama was before me now and all around! It was not the time to complain of a broken skin. What could I do but fill away among the breakers and find a channel between them, now that it was day? Since she had escaped the rocks through the night, surely she would find her way by daylight. This was the greatest sea adventure of my life. God knows how my vessel escaped.

The sloop at last reached inside of small islands that sheltered her in smooth water.

The *Spray's* good luck followed fast. I discovered, as she sailed along through a labyrinth of islands, that she was in the Cockburn Channel, which leads into the Strait of Magellan at a point opposite Cape Froward, and that she was already passing Thieves' Bay, suggestively named. And at night, March 8, behold, she was at anchor in a snug cove at the Turn!

As drowsiness came on I sprinkled the deck with tacks, and then I turned in, bearing in mind the advice of my old friend Samblich that I was not to step on them myself. I saw to it that not a few of them stood "business end" up; for when the *Spray* passed Thieves' Bay two canoes had put out and followed in her wake, and there was no disguising the fact any longer that I was alone.

At about twelve o'clock the tacks proved their worth, for I was awakened by a great howling from the deck. While I was asleep in the cabin, several canoefuls of savages had stealthily come alongside, thinking they "had me," sloop and all. However, the maddening pain of hundreds of tacks under their bare feet was more than they could bear and so, completely demoralized for the time being they jumped pell-mell into their canoes and the sea. I fired several guns when I came on deck, to let the rascals know that I was home. I then turned in again, feeling sure I should not be disturbed any more that night.

Perhaps the greatest danger to be apprehended was from the use of fire. Every canoe carries fire; nothing is thought of that, for it is their custom to communicate by smoke-signals. The harmless brand that lies smoldering in the bottom of one of their canoes might be ablaze in one's cabin if he were not on the alert. The port captain of Sandy Point warned me particularly of this danger. Only a short time before they had fired a Chilean gunboat by throwing brands in through the stern windows of the cabin.

On the morning of the 9th, after a refreshing rest and a warm breakfast, and after I had swept the deck of tacks, a williwaw came down with such terrific force as to carry the *Spray*, with two anchors down, like a feather out of the cove and away into deep water.

From the cove to the nearest land to leeward was a long drift, however, and I had ample time to weigh both anchors before the sloop came near any danger, and so no harm came of it. I saw no more savages that day or the next; they probably had some sign by which they knew of the coming williwaws; at least, they were wise in not being afloat even on the second day, for I had no sooner gotten to work at sail-making again, after the anchor was down, than the wind, as on the day before, picked the sloop up and flung her seaward with a vengeance, anchor and all, as before. This fierce wind, usual to the Magellan country, continued on through the day, and swept the sloop by several miles of steep bluffs and precipices overhanging a bold shore of wild and uninviting appearance. I kept on sailing in hope, since I had no choice but to go on, heading across for St. Nicholas Bay, where I had cast anchor February 19. It was now the 10th of March! Upon reaching the bay the second time I had circumnavigated the wildest part of desolate Tierra del Fuego. But the *Spray* had not yet arrived at St. Nicholas, and by the merest accident her bones were saved from resting there when she did arrive. The parting of a staysail-sheet in a williwaw, when the sea was turbulent and she was plunging into the storm, brought me forward to see instantly a dark cliff ahead and breakers so close under the bows that I felt surely lost. I sprang aft again, unheeding the flapping sail, and threw the wheel over, expecting, as the sloop came down into the hollow of a wave, to feel her timbers smash under me on the rocks. But at the touch of her helm she swung clear of the danger, and in the next moment she was in the lee of the land.

It was the small island in the middle of the bay for which the sloop had been steering, and which she made with such unerring aim as nearly to run it down. Farther along in the bay was the anchorage, which I managed to reach, but before I could get the anchor down another squall caught the sloop and whirled her round like a top and carried her away, altogether to leeward of the bay. Still farther to leeward was a great headland, and I bore off for that. This was retracing my course toward Sandy Point, for the gale was from the southwest.

I had the sloop soon under good control, however, and in a short time rounded to under the lee of a mountain, where the sea was as smooth as a mill-pond, and the sails flapped and hung limp while she carried her way close in. Here I thought I would anchor and rest till morning, the depth being eight fathoms very close to the shore. It was daybreak when the anchor was at the hawse. By this time the wind had gone down, and cat's-paws took the place of williwaws. The sloop was then drifting slowly toward Sandy Point. I turned the prow of the *Spray* westward once more for the Pacific, to traverse a second time the second half of my first course through the strait.

I was determined to rely on my own small resources to repair the damages of the great gale which drove me southward toward the Horn, after I had passed from the Strait of Magellan out into the Pacific.

The *Spray* for a few days after the storm enjoyed fine weather, and made fair time through the strait for the distance of twenty miles, which, in these days of many adversities, I called a long run.

At Snug Bay, where I anchored at gray morning after passing Cape Froward, to find, when broad day appeared, that two canoes which I had eluded by sailing all night were now entering the same bay stealthily under the shadow of the high headland. They were well manned, and the savages were well armed with spears and bows. At a shot from my rifle across the bows, both turned aside into a small creek out of range. In danger now of being flanked by the savages in the bush close aboard, I was obliged to hoist the sails, which I had barely lowered, and make across to the opposite side of the strait, a distance of six miles. But now I was put to my wit's end as to how I should weigh anchor, for through an accident to the windlass right here I could not budge it. However, I set all sail and filled away, first hauling short by hand. The sloop carried her anchor away, as though it was meant to be always towed in this way underfoot, and with it she towed a ton or more of kelp from a reef in the bay, the wind blowing a wholesale breeze.

Meanwhile I worked till blood started from my fingers, and with one eye over my shoulder for savages, I watched at the same time, and sent a bullet whistling whenever I saw a limb or a twig move; for I kept a gun always at hand, and an Indian appearing then within range would have been taken as a declaration of war. Sea-cuts in my hands from pulling on hard, wet ropes were sometimes painful and often bled freely; but these healed when I finally got away from the strait into fine weather.

After clearing Snug Bay I hauled the sloop to the wind, repaired the windlass, and hove the anchor to the hawse, catted it, and then stretched across to a port of refuge under a high mountain about six miles away, and came to in nine fathoms close under the face of a perpendicular cliff.

I made haste the following morning to be under way after a night of wakefulness on the weird shore. The *Spray* now reached away for Coffee Island, which I had sighted on my birth-

day, February 20, 1896.

There she encountered another gale, that brought her in the lee of great Charles Island for shelter. On a bluff point on Charles were signal-fires, and a tribe of savages, mustered here since my first trip through the strait, manned their canoes to put off for the sloop. It was not prudent to come to, the anchorage being within bow-shot of the shore, which was thickly wooded; but I made signs that one canoe might come alongside, while the sloop ranged about under sail in the lee of the land. The others I motioned to keep off, and incidentally laid a smart Martini-Henry rifle in sight, close at hand, on the top of the cabin. In the canoe that came alongside, crying their never-ending begging word "yammerschooner," were two squaws and one Indian, the hardest specimens of humanity I had ever seen in any of my travels. "Yammerschooner" was their plaint when they pushed off from the shore, and "yammerschooner" it was when they got alongside. The squaws beckoned for food, while the Indian, a black-visaged savage, stood sulkily as if he took no interest at all in the matter, but on my turning my back for some biscuits and jerked beef for the squaws, the "buck" sprang on deck and confronted me, saying in Spanish jargon that we had met before. I thought I recognized the tone of his "yammerschooner," and his full beard identified him as the Black Pedro whom, it was true, I had met before. "Where are the rest of the crew?" he asked, as he looked uneasily around, expecting hands, maybe, to come out of the fore-scuttle and deal him his just desserts for many murders. "About three weeks ago," said he, "when you passed up here, I saw three men on board. Where are the other two?" I answered him briefly that the same crew was still on board. "But," said he, "I see you are doing all the work," and with a leer he added, as he glanced at the mainsail, "hombre valiente." I explained that I did all the work in the day, while the rest of the crew slept, so that they would be fresh to watch for Indians at night. I was interested in the subtle cunning of this savage, knowing him, as I did, better perhaps than he was aware. Even had I not been advised before I sailed from Sandy Point, I should have measured him for an arch-villain now. Moreover, one of the squaws, with that spark of kindliness which is somehow found in the breast of even the lowest savage, warned me by a sign to be on my guard, or Black Pedro would do me harm. There was no need of the warning, however, for I was on my guard from the first, and at that moment held a smart revolver in my hand ready for instant service.

When you sailed through here before," he said, "you fired a shot at me," adding with some warmth that it was "muy malo." Pointing to my rifle on the cabin, he wanted to know how many times it fired. "Cuantos?" said he. When I explained to him that that gun kept right on shooting, his jaw fell, and he spoke of getting away. I did not hinder him from going. I gave the squaws biscuits and beef, and one of them gave me several lumps of tallow in exchange, and I think it worth mentioning that she did not offer me the smallest pieces, but with some extra trouble handed me the largest of all the pieces in the canoe. No Christian could have done more. Before pushing off from the sloop the cunning savage asked for matches, and made as if to reach with the end of his spear the box I was about to give him; but I held it toward him on the muzzle of my rifle, the one that "kept on shooting." The chap picked the box off the gun gingerly enough, to be sure, but he jumped when I said, "Quedao [Look out]," at which the squaws laughed and seemed not at all displeased.

From Charles Island the *Spray* crossed over to Fortescue Bay, where she anchored and spent a comfortable night under the lee of high land, while the wind howled outside. The bay was deserted now. They were Fortescue Indians whom I had seen at the island, and I felt quite sure they could not follow the *Spray* in the present hard blow. Not to neglect a precaution, however, I sprinkled tacks on deck before I turned in.

Returning to the *Spray*, where I found all secure, I prepared for an early start in the morning. After a day's rest and a visit aboard a passing American steamship, the *Colombia*, I prepared for an early start in the morning.

The *Spray* was then beating against wind and current, as usual in the strait. At this point the tides from the Atlantic and the Pacific meet, and in the strait, as on the outside coast, their meeting makes a commotion of whirlpools and combers that in a gale of wind is dangerous to canoes and other frail craft.

"Don't worry, soldier, I'm not going to hurt you."

A few miles farther along was a large steamer ashore, bottom up. Passing this place, the sloop ran into a streak of light wind, and then—a most remarkable condition for strait weather—it fell entirely calm. Signal-fires sprang up at once on all sides, and then more than twenty canoes hove in sight, all heading for the *Spray*. As they came within hail, their savage crews cried, "Amigo yammerschooner," "Anclas aqui," "Bueno puerto aqui," and like scraps of Spanish mixed with their own jargon. I had no thought of anchoring in their "good port." I hoisted the sloop's flag and fired a gun, all of which they might construe as a friendly salute or an invitation to come on. They drew up in a semicircle, but kept outside of eighty yards, which in self-defense would have been the death-line.

In their mosquito fleet was a ship's boat stolen probably from a murdered crew. Six savages paddled this rather awkwardly with the blades of oars which had been broken off. Two of the savages standing erect wore sea-boots, and this sustained the suspicion that they had fallen upon some luckless ship's crew, and also added a hint that they had already visited the *Spray's* deck, and would now, if they could, try her again. Their sea-boots, I have no doubt, would have protected their feet and rendered carpet-tacks harmless. Paddling clumsily, they passed down the strait at a distance of a hundred yards from the sloop, in an offhand manner and as if bound to Fortescue Bay. This I judged to be a piece of strategy, and so kept a sharp lookout over a small island which soon came in range between them and the sloop, completely hiding them from view, and toward which the *Spray* was now drifting helplessly with the tide, and with every prospect of going on the rocks, for there was no anchorage, at least, none that my cables would reach. And, sure enough, I soon saw a movement in the grass just on top of the island. I fired several shots over the place, but saw no other sign of the savages. It was they that had moved the grass, for as the sloop swept past the island, the rebound of the tide carrying her clear, there on the other side was the boat, surely enough exposing their cunning and treachery. A stiff breeze, coming up suddenly, now scattered the canoes while it extricated the sloop from a dangerous position, albeit the wind, though friendly, was still ahead.

The *Spray*, flogging against current and wind, made Borgia Bay on the following afternoon, and cast anchor there for the second time.

Early the next morning I stood out from Borgia Bay, and off Cape Quod, where the wind fell light, I moored the sloop by kelp in twenty fathoms of water, and held her there a few hours against a three-knot current. That night I anchored in Langara Cove, a few miles farther along, where on the following day I discovered wreckage and goods washed up from the sea.

There were no Indians about Langara; evidently there had

not been any since the great gale which had washed the wreckage on shore. It was the same gale that drove the *Spray* off Cape Horn, from March 3 to 8. At this place I filled a barrel of water at night, and on the following day sailed with a fair wind at last.

Another gale had then sprung up, but the wind was still fair, and I had only twenty-six miles to run for Port Angosto, a dreary enough place, where, however, I would find a safe harbor in which to refit and stow cargo. I did not run the *Spray* into the inner harbor of Port Angosto, but came to inside a bed of kelp under a steep bluff on the port hand going in.

I remained at Port Angosto some days, busily employed about the sloop. I never forgot, even at the busiest time of my work there, to have my rifle by me ready for instant use; for I was of necessity within range of savages, and I had seen Fuegian canoes at this place when I anchored in the port, farther down the reach, on the first trip through the strait. I think it was on the second day, while I was busily employed about decks, that I heard the swish of something through the air close by my ear, and heard a "zip"-like sound in the water, but saw nothing. Presently, however, I suspected that it was an arrow of some sort, for just then one, passing not far from me, struck the mainmast, where it stuck fast, vibrating from the shock—a Fuegian autograph. And so I threw up my old Martini-Henry, the rifle that kept on shooting, and the first shot uncovered three Fuegians, who scampered from a clump of bushes where they had been concealed, and made over the hills. I fired away a good many cartridges, aiming under their feet to encourage their climbing. My dear old gun woke up the hills, and at every report all three of the savages jumped as if shot; but they kept on, and put Fuego real estate between themselves and the *Spray* as fast as their legs could carry them. I took care then, more than ever before, that all my firearms should be in order and that a supply of ammunition would always be ready at hand. But the savages did not return, and although I put tacks on deck every night, I never discovered that any more visitors came, and I had only to sweep the deck of tacks carefully every morning after.

After some six attempts, I decided to be in no haste about making the last of the Strait into the Pacific. But in the second week of April southeast winds gave me the wind I needed and for the last time I weighed anchor and the *Spray* carried me free of Tierra del Fuego into the Pacific. It was the 13th day of April, 1896, and the most hazardous and difficult part of my lone voyage was behind me.

Ed. Note. After he finished his amazing voyage, Slocum went on to make three more short solo cruises in Spray. *However, in 1909, Slocum set sail on the high seas for the last time. Somewhere, his almost indomitable luck ran out and he and* Spray *were never heard from again.*

AMERICA'S MOST DANGEROUS COUNTER-SPY

Continued from page 15

Just before sailing time, Sebold received his final instruction from Col. Ritter, who handed him $1,000, half of which was intended for the purchase of radio equipment. He was to give the other half to his contact in New York, a young woman by the name of Lilly Barbara Stein.

"A Jewess from Vienna," explained Col. Ritter cynically. "We let her 'escape' to the U. S. on condition that she would work for us. And, of course, we are holding some of her relatives as hostages."

Sebold was to give the microfilm messages to Lilly Stein and instruct her to pass on the money to one Everett Roeder, who was an employee of Sperry Gyroscope and a German spy. In due course, Lilly Stein would put Sebold in touch with German agents whose messages he was to transmit to Hamburg.

As an added duty, and a sign of confidence on the part of the Abwehr, Sebold was to function as paymaster for several of the spies. A few weeks after his arrival in New York, he was to call at the Chase National Bank, where he would find $5,000 deposited in his name. Additional money would be coming to this account via Mexico.

Col. Ritter instructed Sebold to take a room at the West 63rd Street YMCA, using the name of William Sawyer, and to lie low for a while. After that he was to rent a midtown office, where he would be nominally running a drafting studio. He would also rent a house on Long Island, where the radio transmitter was to be assembled and operated.

During that parting conversation, Sebold wanted to leave a good impression with Ritter. They were reviewing the kind of information the Germans needed, and Sebold suggested that he might try to go after the much-discussed, yet super-secret Norden bombsight.

"You needn't bother with that one—we've already got it," said Ritter, much to Sebold's shock and amazement.

A few months later, Sebold was to meet Hermann Lang, the man who stole the bombsight for the Nazis, and who was following up this act by giving them production figures and the dope about latest improvements of the sight.

When Sebold arrived in New York, he was met by representatives of the State Department and the FBI, who took him in tow.

This was the moment he had dreaded ever since he got involved in the spy plot. For there they were standing on the pier, in plain view of hundreds of people, waiting for Sebold's luggage to be brought from the boat. Maybe a Nazi agent had already seen him. Maybe he recognized the FBI men in whose company he had to stand around in public view. Maybe his fate was already sealed. But if it was, Sebold still had to continue in tortured uncertainty.

The FBI didn't leave Sebold much time for meditation after that. First, the FBI picked out an office for him in the Newsweek Building, at the corner of 42nd Street and Broadway. They wired the room with microphones, put up a one-way screen through which they could take movie and still pictures of visitors and arranged the furniture in such a way that a visitor sitting next to Sebold's desk would face their cameras. Above the visitor's chair they placed a large wall calendar, and on the desk a good-sized clock. In this manner each photograph would contain evidence about the date and time of the meeting.

With two agents on duty at all times to corroborate each other's testimony, the FBI was enjoying a bay window-view of the Nazi spy activities in this country.

And that one-way screen on 42nd Street was not the only one-way view the FBI got of the Abwehr. Following the instructions on the microfilm, FBI technicians built a transmitter to German specification and promptly established contact with the Abwehr's station AOR in Hamburg. Then began the weirdest hoax in the history of espionage. The Nazis had no idea that they were dealing directly with the FBI, giving our agents first-hand information on who their spies in the U. S. were, where they could be found, what passwords they would respond to and what information they were supposed to round up.

When the office and the radio transmitter were ready, Sebold made his first contact with the spies. It was an exciting moment, and he felt his heart pounding in his throat when he rang the bell of Lilly Stein's apartment in one of the big, high-class buildings on West 86th Street.

An eye appeared in the peep-hole in the door, and Sebold gave the password:

"Greetings from friends in Verdin-on-the-Aller."

The door opened, and Sebold found himself face to face with a beautiful brunette, 27-year old Lilly Stein. A cloud of heavy perfume enveloped her almost as tightly as the form-fitting sweater she was wearing. At the sight of this modern Mata Hari, Sebold almost forgot for a moment what he came for.

But Lilly Stein did not encourage any male advances. She eyed Sebold coldly as she announced:

"I was expecting you. I hope you made sure that nobody followed you."

"I am positive there was nobody," lied Sebold, knowing that two FBI men trailed him to the girl.

In the plush living room, the girl, who to the outside world

posed as an "artist's model," continued the conversation in a brusque, impersonal tone.

"Let me have the messages," she demanded, even before Sebold had a chance to tell her about them.

"I presume you also brought some cash," she said. "Let me have it. And I want to make a note of your office address."

"The transmitter is ready," Sebold told her.

"Good," she said. "I will tell Fred Duquesne that you can start working with him. Later on there will be others."

With that she arose and abruptly ended the interview. It wasn't until weeks later, after Sebold "proved himself" as a radio operator and spy, that the Stein girl and the other members of the ring slowly warmed up to him.

The FBI placed Lilly Stein under constant observation. Thus FBI agents followed her to a midtown hotel where she met plump, 42-year old Mrs. Elsa Wuestenfeld, secretary of a law firm which did work for the German Consulate in New York. She gave her one of the microfilms brought by Sebold, and Mrs. Wuestenfeld promptly led the FBI to spy Frederick J. Duquesne, whom they recognized as a German agent known to American intelligence agencies as far back as World War I.

These moves were mere preliminaries, however. Things really started popping when the spies began calling on Sebold at his office, and giving him reports for transmission to Germany.

The crucial test of the bizarre setup created by the FBI came at the very first meeting. The microphones were well hidden, but Sebold was tensely waiting when Duquesne—his first visitor, and an alert, sharp operator—would discover the one-way screen he was facing. Or perhaps hear the movie camera grinding in the adjoining room. That would have meant one of two things to Sebold: instant death at Duquesne's hand, or being taken for a ride at a time convenient to the Nazi spy ring.

Duquesne, however, noticed nothing wrong.

"I covered the maneuvers in Tennessee and got some pretty good stuff," he reported. With the movie camera making a record of his every move, he extracted from his left sock a long envelope and spread out notes and photographs on Sebold's desk, relating to new tanks, a new anti-aircraft range finder and details of a new rifle being tested on that occasion.

Throughout this first meeting, Sebold was trembling with nervous tension. His visitor noticed how nervous he was. Luckily for Sebold, however, he ascribed it to the jitters of a novice spy, never suspecting the real reason.

When Duquesne left him at last, Sebold sank in his chair, rested his head on the desk, totally exhausted, and felt the sweat running down his back. He did not care whether or not the FBI men next door were watching his near-collapse.

Duquesne was one of the smartest, most effective and boldest of the German spies operating in the United States. Knowing how lackadaisical most Americans were at the time about military secrets, he had the nerve to write for secret information directly to the Navy Department—and actually got from them pictures of a new-type speed boat. On another occasion, he wrote the Chief of the Chemical Warfare Section of the Army, asking for classified information about a new, poison gas-resistant cloth, concluding his letter with this seemingly naive P.S.: "Don't worry if this information is confidential, because it will be in the hands of a good citizen."

In 1940, Duquesne found some excuse for having himself conducted on a tour of the General Electric plant in Schenectady. A few months later, in Sebold's office, he was discussing the preparation of bombs for blowing up the most sensitive portions of the plant and asking Sebold to purchase slow-burning fuses for him.

Duquesne was amazingly well informed about most military subjects, including troop and ship movements. He knew, two months before the American press printed a line about it, that we were sending troops to occupy Greenland. And as far back as July 1940, he told Sebold to send the following warning to Hamburg about American aid to Britain in fighting German submarines:

"Dunn (cover name for Duquesne) says four battleships of Texas class and ten destroyers going to Caribbean to scout for England."

The FBI never sent this message and, naturally, withheld all other information of value. On the other hand they had to feed "information" to the Nazis, or the Abwehr would have become suspicious. But all we told Hamburg was what we wanted them either to know or to believe.

"He likes the cut of my jib!"

At times Duquesne would drop in at Sebold's office for a purely social chat. On one of these occasions, the top spy of the Nazis in the U. S. was comfortably sprawled in a chair alongside the desk of America's top counterspy, and the two were eating candy.

"You know, these chocolates are just the right size for making incendiary bombs," remarked Duquesne. "You fill the centers with combustible phosphorus, and that's all there is to it! It's even simpler with chewing gum. You soften the gum, then you fold it over the phosphorus."

"Sounds like a good idea," said Sebold, eager to please his visitor.

Gradually, Sebold met the other spies, every one of them a sharp, dangerous operator. Some were brilliant specialists in various fields important to America's military preparedness.

Each time a new man came into his office, Sebold shuddered at the thought of what would happen to him if his visitor noticed any part of the FBI rig. Actually, he was in danger of discovery on every repeat visit as well. He couldn't tie down his visitors to the chair next to his desk. As they wandered around the office, they might have noticed something unusual about the wall formed by the one-way screen, or they might have stumbled onto one of the microphones. And that would have been the end.

Among Sebold's visitors was another of the Nazis' star operatives, Edmund Karl Heine, the former $50,000-a-year sales manager of the Ford Motor Company in Germany, who came to this country at a critical moment so he could report to the Nazis on our industrial potential, especially on our aircraft production.

Equally valuable to German intelligence was Erwin Siegler, butcher on the U. S. liner *America*, who carried messages back and forth via Italy. Then, in addition to a host of minor figures, there was Hermann Lang, engineer at the Carl I. Norden Company, makers of the Norden bombsight, this country's most jealously guarded defense weapon, who gave the Germans full details of the instrument.

Suave, glib-tongued Edmund Heine was filmed twice in Sebold's office. Both times he brought in voluminous reports for transmission, and both times the FBI decided that his material was too "hot" and too valuable to pass on to Hamburg. His first report was a complete rundown on the production of Pratt & Whitney and Allison aircraft engines. The other gave the technical details of the then new Boeing Stratoliner.

Heine laughingly told Sebold how he managed to extract his

information from "those naive Americans." He would pose as an aviation enthusiast who knew little about flying, using the gimmick of his alleged ignorance as an excuse to ask all sorts of questions.

"It is amazing how those dopes fell for it," said Heine. "They were so proud of whatever little they knew that they talked and talked, until they told me a lot more than they should have."

At one time Heine ran ads in Washington papers, looking for an aviation expert who could tell him "all about modern planes." One of the men who responded to the ads, aviation ground instructor Boyd M. Aldrich, became suspicious and did not fall for Heine's purported ignorance. He reported his experience to the FBI, but by that time they already knew about Heine and had him under surveillance.

Sebold told the FBI about his parting conversation with Col. Ritter, when Ritter claimed that the Abwehr was in possession of the Norden bombsight. At the time, he was unable to find out from Col. Ritter whether the Nazis had actually succeeded in duplicating our bombsight, nor was the identity of the spy revealed. The FBI was burning to find out who betrayed this important secret, and to make certain just how much the Nazis knew.

Then, quite unexpectedly, Sebold was told by Hamburg who the spy at Norden was, and received instructions to contact the man: Hermann Lang.

That same night, trailed by FBI men, Sebold went to Lang's apartment in Queens.

"Ja, ja," somebody called from inside when Sebold rang the bell.

Then the door opened, and a stocky, shy-looking man with a high forehead and bushy dark hair stood there, looking Sebold over suspiciously, until he gave the password:

"Greetings, Rantzau, Hamburg."

At once Lang's expression turned into a friendly smile. He led Sebold inside, offered him a seat on a couch, facing a big radio console, above which hung a framed portrait of Adolf Hitler.

"So Colonel Ritter sent you," said Lang. "How is he these days? Do you work with him at the Abwehr?"

"No, I am stationed in New York," replied Sebold. "And I have a message for you from the colonel."

"Is there anything I can do?" asked Lang eagerly.

"We think there is. Colonel Ritter needs production figures on the Norden bombsight. He also wants to know about all technical advancements in the latest model. And he thought you might know about bombsights made by other manufacturers."

"The others are no good—Norden is the only good one," said Lang proudly. "I will bring the information to your office."

While Lang was talking, Sebold looked around the apartment. Obviously, Lang was making very good money on his job, for there were luxurious pieces of upholstered furniture in the living room, and through the open kitchen door Sebold could see a full array of shiny, expensive household gadgets.

Before Sebold departed, Lang insisted on having a glass of beer with him. He brought in two imported steins, filled them, then raised his, saying, "Prosit, Herr Sebold!"

"Prosit, Herr Lang," replied the other.

"And, Heil Hitler!" added Lang.

Sebold practically choked on the words, but he had to return the "Heil Hitler."

Subsequently, Lang visited Sebold's office twice. He brought in production figures on one occasion, while the other time he gave details of the latest improvements on the Norden sight. Both times he was duly filmed and his conversation with Sebold recorded.

"Aren't you afraid that the Abwehr might double-cross you and never pay off the 10,000 marks ($2,500) they promised for the bombsight?" Sebold asked his visitor.

"Oh, no, I am an old Party member, and I marched with the Fuehrer back in Munich," bragged Lang. "If anyone tried to pull something on me, I could always go directly to Hitler or Goering."

German Intelligence kept the Nazi agents hopping. Their unending queries covered anti-aircraft shells with homing devices; figures on aircraft production and shipments of planes to Britain, and Sweden; shipbuilding; the whereabouts of warships; the destinations of merchantmen; and particularly during the summer and fall of 1940, complete, daily weather reports —that being the period when the Nazis were seriously preparing for the invasion of Britain. To forecast weather conditions around the British Isles, they had to know what kind of weather was approaching across the Atlantic.

Little by little, the entire Nazi communications system in the U.S. had fallen into Sebold's hands. Altogether, the radio station at Centerport received and sent 598 messages, the last ones received from Germany as late as July 1941, after the spies had all been arrested—but that, of course, the Germans could not know at the time. What they seemed to realize gradually was that the messages they were getting were of very little value, particularly in return for the money spent. Sebold disbursed $22,000 to the spies, used about $12,000 for his own operations, had $13,000 in an account at the Chase National Bank.

"What is happening to air reports?" radioed the Nazis impatiently on June 21, 1941. It was evident that pretty soon they would discover the hoax. No names of members of the ring had been mentioned by Hamburg in months, consequently the FBI decided that the time had come to crack down on the spy ring.

On June 30, 1941, almost on the eve of our entry into World War II, the FBI arrested in one fell swoop the entire German spy organization of 33 men and women in this country, leaving the Nazis without any intelligence sources in the U. S.

Perhaps the most amazing thing about this highly efficient organization of spies was that it operated in exactly the fashion in which a corny mystery writer would have his spies operate. The New York *Times* expressed this very observation somewhat indignantly by saying:

"This fantastic spy plot relied on such out-worn movie props as complicated radio codes, contained in the pages of best-seller novels; microphotographs of documents and blueprints; mysterious, whispered passwords; invisible ink; and mail drops scattered from China to South America."

Among the mail drops were such cliche-like individuals as C. S. Wang, travel agency director in Shanghai; and Alberto Beau, college professor in Coimbra, Portugal. And the Nazis even had that old stand-by in the plot, the sinister library steward on an ocean liner. But outworn or not, these props functioned just fine. They would have led to far more disastrous results for us if it had not been for one man, Sebold, who—contrary to the other German spies, all of whom were U. S. citizens —remained loyal to his adopted country.

At first, the arrested spies would admit nothing. But confronted with the incriminating photographs taken in Sebold's office, 19 pleaded guilty to charges of espionage and failing to register as foreign agents. The other 14 were indicted and put on trial September 3.

"That photograph proves only one thing," declared tough, clever spy Duquesne. "It shows that I was sitting in somebody's office. Apparently a photographer snapped my picture with a telephoto lens through the open window . . ."

But then U. S. Attorney Harold M. Kennedy asked to have the court room darkened. And on a five-foot screen he showed for 20 minutes motion pictures of Duquesne handing over notes, photographs and drawings to Sebold.

Duquesne was dumbfounded, and so were the other spies. How could those movies have been taken?

Then came the testimony of the FBI agents who had monitored the conversations from the adjoining room. Their evidence seemed conclusive, yet the defense attorneys started to punch holes into it because one witness was missing: Sebold!

All along the Nazis had noted with satisfaction that the head of their spy ring was not among the defendants. As they became increasingly convinced that Sebold had managed to escape, they built their defense on the statements this missing key witness could make on their behalf.

George W. Herz, defense attorney for Hermann Lang, stressed specifically that Sebold could have confirmed that his client was not a "spy."

"If it please your honor," said U.S. Attorney Kennedy, "most of these defendants seem to base their defense on one star witness, a certain William G. Sebold, who could testify in their favor—if he were only here! Naturally, the Government wants to see justice done. Therefore, I am happy to announce that

William Sebold *is* here! I now call William Sebold to the witness stand!"

"William G. Sebold, William G. Sebold," boomed the bailiff's voice, as a wave of excitement ran through the courtroom.

The defendants gasped when they heard Sebold's name called. The reporters rushed to the telephones to catch the next editions of their papers with the big news break. Then a hush settled over the room, and one could hear the hollow sound of Sebold's footsteps as he approached the witness stand.

Most of the defendants hung their heads, realizing that the jig was up. With Sebold as a witness for the prosecution, there was no hope left to convince the jury of their supposed innocence.

Under questioning by Kennedy, Sebold told the entire, fantastic story of the counter-espionage plot, of which he was the hub. His testimony took several days. He told how the Abwehr "recruited" him; how he brought over messages on microfilm, how he worked with the FBI to photograph the spies through a one-way screen. The papers had to keep changing their headlines to stay abreast with the exciting spy story.

"Thanks to Sebold's leads getting incriminating evidence against the spies became as easy as taking candy from a baby," declared FBI Special Agent J. C. Ellsworth at the trial. With Special Agent M. H. Price he had operated Sebold's secret radio station in Centerport, six miles from Huntington, on Long Island's north shore. Using 14,300 to 14,400 kilocycles, they would establish contact with Hamburg every evening from 6 to 7:30.

It is interesting to note, incidentally, that although all radio hams had been repeatedly asked to watch for clandestine transmitters, and all government agencies were alerted, nobody reported having heard CQDXVW-2, the Centerport sender. If Sebold had been on the level with the Nazis, he could have passed on to them valuable information to his heart's content.

Crushed by the evidence Sebold gave, the spies put up no further defense—all except Lang, who continued to loudly protest his innocence. He had an explanation for everything. Even for his statements to Sebold, which were recorded by the FBI, telling him about how he transmitted the secrets of the Norden bombsight to the Nazis.

"I was afraid of Sebold, and I did not want to give *him* any information about the bombsight," claimed Lang. "So, just to get rid of him, I told him that I had already given the full details of the bombsight to the Abwehr on a visit to Berlin. Naturally, this was not true—I am not a spy."

The jury did not believe Lang. He was found guilty, along with the other defendants.

On January 2, 1942—less than a month after Pearl Harbor—Judge Mortimer W. Byers sentenced the 33 spies to a total of 310 years and 9 months. In imposing sentence on Lang, the judge declared:

"He of all men knew the value of the Norden bombsight. He of all men knew to what use it might be put by the 'chivalrous' powers of the axis in waging their war against civilization. I sentence you, Lang, to serve 18 years in prison."

Tears were streaming down Lang's cheeks after the sentencing. He screamed that he was innocent, he demanded "justice," and two bailiffs had to drag him from the courtroom.

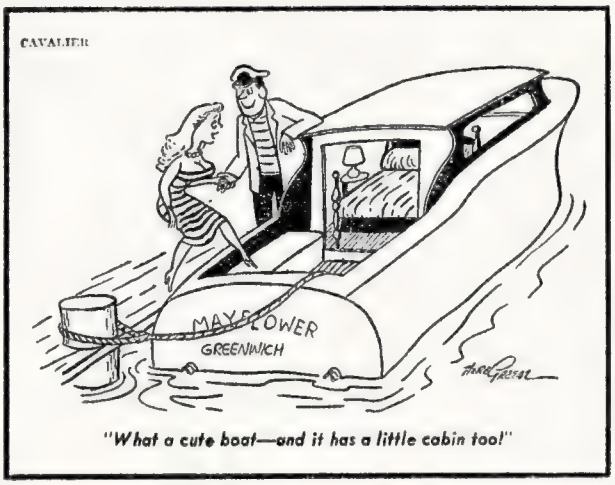
The pathetic scene made a deep impression on many of the spectators. Even some of the newspapermen felt that here was a man who perhaps became a victim of public opinion and was being railroaded to jail.

All of which just goes to show that some people are better liars than others. For Lang was as guilty as guilty can be.

His immediate superior in the German Abwehr, Col. Nicholas Ritter, the same man who was Sebold's boss, confirmed Lang's guilt by giving the full story of just how the secret of the Norden bombsight was stolen. His story is here revealed in the United States for the first time.

"There can be no question about whether or not Hermann Lang gave the Abwehr all the details of the Norden bombsight: He did. I know, because I made the arrangements and everything went through my hands," says Nicholas Ritter, who is now an exporter in Hamburg.

"Back in 1937, one of my couriers, Paul Lander, returned from the United States, bringing with him a small propeller and a technical drawing, which a German-American mechanic,



"What a cute boat—and it has a little cabin too!"

Fritz Sohn, gave him. Both items came from the Norden factory, but Sohn did not know what they were.

"The Technical Division of the Luftwaffe could make no sense out of this material and asked for further drawings. My courier brought two additional drawings from the States a few weeks later. He carried them in a hollow cane. They were prepared by a friend of Fritz Sohn, who worked in quality control at Norden, and whose job was inspection of the finished bombsights. His name was Hermann Lang.

"I forwarded the drawings to the Technical Division, and was told that they were totally worthless. 'Just an attempt to get money from us for something supposedly mysterious,' was the official verdict.

"I wasn't satisfied with this report. According to my courier, both Sohn and Lang were serious-minded, clean-cut Germans who made the best possible impression on him. I told as much to my superiors at the Abwehr, and they instructed me to personally take the next boat to New York and see what I could find out.

"Finally, I met Lang. He explained to me that the drawings he sent were parts of the super-secret Norden bombsight which allowed a plane to hit a target while flying horizontally at great altitudes, even up to 30,000 feet. He said he could supply me with a complete set of drawings, covering every part of the instrument.

"This was tremendous news. I knew that our own bombsights were worthless. We had to develop our 'Stuka' technique, aiming bombs by pointing the nose of the plane at the target, because our sights would not work in horizontal flight.

"I returned to Berlin in December, 1937. Lang copied the technical drawings in his home, smuggling the originals out of the plant at night and returning them in the morning. He cut the copies into small squares which were numbered. Then he scrambled the pieces, and distributed them among several couriers over a period of time. By next summer, we had a complete set.

"General Eisenlohr, Chief Engineer of the Luftwaffe, was tremendously excited. 'Who were the idiots who said this was worthless?' he demanded to know. When I told him they were men in his own department, he severely disciplined them for not bringing the drawings to his attention.

"Our technical men proceeded to build a bombsight on the basis of the complete set of drawings. The job was given to the optical firm Steinheil. Then we sent Hermann Lang two steamship tickets and asked him to come to Germany, bringing along his wife, to give the impression that he was coming as a tourist.

Lang arrived in Berlin, and I took him out to dinner in a hotel. After dinner we went upstairs to a room I had rented. When we entered, applause greeted Lang. There was a completed Norden bombsight on a table in the center of the room, surrounded by high-ranking generals of the Luftwaffe, including General Udet, who came to honor Lang."

This statement by Nicholas Ritter, who is now a civilian and has no ax to grind, is ample confirmation of Lang's guilt.

Yet Lang insists to this day that he was no "spy." But ap-

parently he is just quibbling about the definition of the word "spy." He claims that he was no spy because he acted out of "patriotic" motives and never asked for money—although he did accept remuneration. In 1950, in a burst of American generosity, Lang was pardoned, de-naturalized, and returned to Germany.

Compared to what would have happened to American spies in Germany under similar circumstances, the members of this spy ring got off remarkably easy. But we were still rather naive at the time and had not yet learned to take spies and their work seriously. To us, they still looked like the cast of a B-picture, using "out-worn movie props."

Since those days, our easy-going attitude in security matters —and our anti-espionage laws—have changed. Since then, the FBI has been quite successful in planting observers and counter-spies, especially in Communist organizations. But whether they will ever again have an agent like Sebold, who enjoyed the enemy's complete confidence and was actually his key man, seems questionable.

As for "William Sebold" his identity and whereabouts is still unknown. To protect his parents the FBI agreed to keep his name and face secret, a policy which Sebold insisted be continued after the war. Somewhere in the United States today lives unknown one of our greatest heroes. •

THE DICTATOR OF SKAGWAY

Continued from page 37

as advance man for the gang. He gave the impression of being a prosperous businessman and his whole personality suggested such financial well-being that he was useful in playing the role of a stockbroker letting a new-found friend in on a sure thing. Syd Dixon came from a wealthy family and looked the part; he had been a playboy and a globe-trotter, driven almost literally to the gutter by an opium addiction. He had taken to fraud and deception in order to raise money to buy drugs. His dress, manner and obvious gentility made him a valuable member of the gang.

These men, and two newer members, Slim Jim Foster and Red Gibbs, formed the hard core of the organization with which Soapy Smith was preparing to swoop on the unsuspecting community at the head of the Lynn Canal.

Smith was in and out of Skagway all that hectic gold rush winter, but it was not until late January, 1898, that he suddenly established himself as a power in the town. He had been slowly and quietly building up his organization, not only in Skagway but in the Pacific Coast cities and on the boats that brought the stampeders north. Then, one bitterly cold night, there occurred one of those ready-made incidents that Smith was always so quick to capitalize on.

A man named McGrath, a laboring lad, unknowingly started Soapy off in Skagway. One night McGrath put down a bill for a drink in the Royal Saloon and, as was the Skagway custom, received no change. When he protested, the saloonkeeper, one John Fay threw him out. McGrath, a stubborn man, rounded up the deputy marshal, whose name was Rowan, and headed back for the saloon. As the two men walked through the doors, Fay shot them both. McGrath fell dead and Rowan managed to stumble into the office of Dr. J. J. Moore where he, too, expired.

It was a peculiarly dramatic and tragic incident for the doctor had just come from delivering Rowan's wife of a child. The news that the new mother had been widowed enraged the crowd that gathered outside the Royal, crying for Fay's blood. The saloonkeeper was seized, a rope produced, and Fay was told to say his prayers.

At this moment, Soapy Smith appeared on the scene—and saw his first big opportunity developing in front of him. The size and temper of the mob did not bother him for he had had plenty of experience in cowing emotional crowds. He shouldered his way to the victim's side and then turned to face his antagonists. "Anybody who tries to put a rope around Fay's neck will get a bullet in the head," Smith shouted. "Lynching doesn't go here. How do you know this man deserves hanging? You've all lost your heads."

The mob wavered as Smith threatened a general slaughter by nightfall if Fay were lynched. Smith seized this moment to call for volunteers to guard the saloonkeeper until he could be escorted to Sitka, the Alaskan capital, and tried for murder. Like clockwork, Smith's five associates: Bowers, Wilder, Dixon, Gibbs and Foster stepped forward.

The affair passed off without bloodshed and Fay was later acquitted on the grounds of self-defense. Smith spent the rest of the day raising a large sum of money for Rowan's widow, taking care that his own substantial donation should be widely noted.

In one stroke he had established himself in Skagway. On the one hand he was a champion of law, order and justice, a generous contributor to charity and a friend of bereaved women; on the other he was the saviour of a gun-toting saloonkeeper, popular among the sporting fraternity and underworld. Soapy Smith was in.

His next move was to team up with a prominent local saloonkeeper, John Clancy. The two men opened a tiny hole-in-the-wall of a saloon on whose whitewashed false front was inscribed the innocent title: "Jeff Smith's Parlor." Into this Parlor with its polished mahogany bar, its fretwork screens and its artificial palm trees, the suckers were lured like so many flies by the spider web of Smith's rapidly expanding organization.

Smith swiftly established himself as a power in Skagway. His methods were efficient and most of the lawless element in the community quickly realized that there was more profit and less risk in being part of a single organization. They signed up with Soapy. By late February, Smith, seated behind the enormous roll top desk at the back of his Parlor, was able to write a friend in Seattle that "we have got them (the federal authorities) licked, and we mean to rule absolutely." At almost the same time, the following news dispatch appeared in the press of the nation:

> *Seattle, Feb. 25—Officers of the steamer* Noyo *from Skagway today reported conditions of lawlessness at Skagway beyond description. Soapy Smith and his gang are in full control. Law-abiding people do not dare say a word against them. Holdups, robberies and shootings are part of the routine. Eight dead bodies were picked up on the White Pass on February 15.*

By late spring Smith's organization numbered somewhere between 200 to 300 men and women, harlots, pimps, thugs, gamblers and card sharks, most of them operating under such names as The Moonfaced Kid, The Lamb, The Doctor, The Queen and The Blackjack. Smith himself revelled in the title of "The Uncrowned King of Skagway."

As his career advanced, power and homage became as important to him as money. Like so many successful dictators, however, Smith had long ago learned how to cloak an inner rascality with a mantle of respectability.

By organizing all the loose crime and making the nice distinction of robbing and murdering only transients, he appeared to be bringing a certain amount of law and order to town. Smith was always a great one for raising funds for churches, even if he had to bludgeon sourdoughs to get the money. By buying off the editors of *The Daily Alaskan* he managed to have a steady stream of kindly stories flooding the Skagway area. Noticing that many stampeders came to Alaska with dogs, only to abandon them when they proved useless in hauling sleds, it was none other than that kindly benefactor of dumb animals, J. Randolph Smith, who started an "Adopt-A-Dog" campaign. At the same time he made a great public show of aiding the widows of men killed on the trail by thieves and men who had been cleaned out in the gambling hells. It didn't seem to matter that it was Smith's men who did the killing and cleaning; he took the big credit for saving the remains.

One of his finest acts of patriotism occurred when the Spanish-American War broke out. Smith immediately set up a volunteer enlistment station. Luckless stampeders, failing to find much gold, turned out in droves to sign up and get shipped back to the States. While a fake doctor examined the recruits, Smith's men made it a point to rob them of everything they owned.

So smooth was the Smith organization functioning by spring of 1898 that any well-heeled stampeder landing in Skagway found

it literally impossible to escape the loving attentions of the Soapy Smith gang. From the moment he stepped aboard ship at Victoria or Seattle, until the day that he finally crossed the international border at the summit of the pass, he was under almost constant surveillance. Smith's men ranged far and wide, many of them mingling with the crowd on the docks of the Pacific Coast ports, travelling on the steamers plying north, pretending to be bonafide stampeders, and befriending likely-looking prospects. They were at the gangway, in the streets, behind the counters, along the trails and even in the church pews. They were, in fact, everywhere.

They were all consummate actors and each had a role which he played to the hilt. The "Reverend" Bowers pretended to be a pious and God-fearing Christian, lending a helping hand to newcomers, advising tenderfeet on where to get supplies and counselling the unwary against evil companions. Indeed a good opening for any member of the organization was to warn newcomers to stay clear of the Soapy Smith gang. Billie Saportas, a newspaperman, interviewed all travellers on their arrival and discovered in this way, how much money they had. Slim Jim Foster was stationed at the docks where he cheerfully helped stampeders carry their baggage up town. Another "steerer" who joined the organization in Skagway was Van B. Triplett, known as "Old Man Tripp," an aging creature of great cunning who became one of the most colorful and valuable men in Smith's coterie. Tripp worked the trails, posing as a returning stampeder, full of information about the Klondike. Like so many others in the Smith entourage, he was a man who exuded benevolence from every pore. His hair was long and white and his mien was patriarchal. He might have been a Biblical prophet but his saintly exterior masked a heart of granite. One of the strong points of Smith's rule of Skagway was that nobody was quite sure who belonged to his gang, because so many, like Tripp, looked so innocent. The ordinary citizen feared to raise his voice against Smith in public or private for fear he might be addressing one of Smith's own men without knowing it.

Skagway, during this period, was dotted with bogus business premises erected by Smith for the purposes of fleecing the Klondikers. In addition to the fake recruiting office there was a Merchant's Exchange, a Telegraph Office, a Cut Rate Ticket Office, a Reliable Packers and an Information Bureau to which suckers were steered. Each of these establishments was plausibly furnished and fitted out to give an air of solidity and respectability, and peopled with "clerks" and "customers" who had memorized their lines like veteran thespians.

Slim Jim Foster had a disarming quality that made strangers warm to him. "Why not go over to the Reliable Packers?" Foster would suggest, as he seized a stranger's bags and helped lug them up town. "They're an honest outfit who'll get your gear over the pass without overcharging. I can vouch for them."

Foster would steer the sucker into the fake packing establishment where another member of the gang, posing as proprietor would conduct negotiations in a crisp businesslike fashion. When the matter was finally arranged, the negotiator would ask for a small deposit "just to prove the business won't be given elsewhere." This was the key moment in the con game, as practiced by Smith's organization—when the sucker produced his wallet. Once a wallet was brought out into the open in one of Smith's establishments, its owner could kiss it goodbye. The scene that followed was carefully planned. Another member of the gang, attired as a ruffian, would leap up and snatch the pocket book. Another member would rise at once and cry out angrily that he couldn't stand idly by and see an honest man robbed in broad daylight. Others would get into the act crying out slogans about honesty and deploring crime, jostling and rushing about to create a scene of confusion. In the fake scuffle the victim himself would often be knocked flat while the man with the wallet escaped. All involved would pretend to be outraged by the event until the sucker left dazed, baffled and penniless.

Such was the pattern of Smith's routine. If the Packers didn't get you, his Information Office would try or one of his saloons would succeed. If all else failed, then they would nail the victim on the trail when the going was hard and a sucker fell for a "friend" more easily.

Smith's Telegraph Office was a particularly ingenious establishment and its operation underlined the ignorance and gullibility of many stampeders. There was, of course, no telegraph line to Skagway in 1898. But Smith guaranteed to send a wire anywhere in the world for $5. Scores paid their money and sent messages to their families before leaving for the passes. Smith always saw that they got an answer within two or three hours. It invariably came collect.

"Make him give me back my pencil!"

In his parlor Smith practised the same kind of kill-or-cure medicine which had distinguished his gambling establishment at Denver. Suckers steered into the gaming room would be treated to the sight of a drunk rolling dice. After a couple of passes, the drunk would turn to the newcomer and plead with him to make one throw in his place in order to change his luck. If the newcomer accepted the offer, he always won. "My God, he has won ten thousand dollars!" the houseman would cry, coming down from his platform. The delighted cheechako would then be told that before receiving the grand prize he must "show that you had the money to pay and could have paid if you had lost." Once the bankroll was produced the inevitable scuffle would ensue. There was a small back yard behind the Parlor enclosed by a high board fence especially constructed with a secret exit through which Smith's men could vanish with their stolen loot. The enraged victim, rushing after his vanishing bankroll, would burst out the back door only to be faced with an empty yard and the blank unbroken wall of the fence.

Victims who protested too fiercely, or threatened to make trouble, were drugged, knocked senseless, beaten up, hospitalized and sometimes murdered. Smith himself was philosophical about the beatings that were administered to the swindled ex-clerks and bookkeepers who came into his parlor. "The greatest kindness one can do such people is to force them to get out of Skagway and to take the first boat home," he once remarked.

Although a large part of the permanent Skagway community tolerated Smith and even helped him, there was, by the middle of March, a rising current of alarm among the citizenry. Although the gold strike had attracted more than its share of grifters and hoodlums it was also a magnet for quite a different type of man. This was the restless wanderer, men with no ties and a love of adventure who shot straight, feared nobody and were completely incorruptible. One of these men was Frank Reid, the city engineer of Skagway, a granite faced, cool-eyed man who knew that violence was the rule in mining camps but also knew from experience that there was a limit to where violence could go. After the particularly cruel and crude murder of a miner named Bean on the trail to the gold fields in March, Reid decided it was time to act. Moving quietly, and in the tradition of every mining camp since the rush of '49 in California, he and several others formed a Vigilantes committee among men he knew would fight when the time was right.

The day after Reid laid the ground work for the Vigilante group, a notice was posted warning all objectionable characters to get out of town and off the White Pass Trail or face their fate. It was signed by The Committee of 101.

Smith countered boldly by calling a meeting of his own vigilantes warning all outsiders from sticking their noses into Skag-

way's affairs. Everyone knew what this meant. The notice was posted and signed by The Law and Order Committee of 317.

Smith, by quick action, had scored again. 317 to 101 were no fighting odds. The Committee of 101 went underground. But the seed was there. Men like Reid and a few of his closest supporters clenched their jaws and waited and worked. There would come a time and they would be there to seize it. The seed of Smith's downfall had been planted.

Soapy Smith reached the peak of his power on Independence Day 1898, after his men packed the meeting to elect the Marshal of the Fourth of July parade and swiftly voted him into office.

He decided to treat the town to an unequalled display of zeal and patriotism. There would be a mammoth parade, with bands and floats and marching men; there would be miles of bunting and acres of flags; there would be candy and peanuts for every child; there would be rockets, firecrackers and strings of colored lights: Governor John G. Brady of Alaska would attend as guest of honor. It would be a day such as Skagway had not seen before, and he, Jefferson Randolph Smith, would reign supreme.

Mounted on a handsome dapple grey across whose chest fluttered an enormous sash of red, white and blue silk, Smith led off the parade a brand new sombrero of spotless white clapped on his head. A group of dancehall musicians formed into a band, marched behind him and set the tempo. Behind the band, the Skagway Guards, Smith's own military unit, armed and uniformed, swung into line. Six guns were fired in celebration and dynamite was exploded at every intersection. Thousands lined the streets and cheered the floats which had been entered in the parade. One of the first of these consisted of an enormous cage decked in flags and bunting and containing a great bald eagle. This was a brazen piece of impudence for the eagle had been the undoing of more than one unwary traveller who passed through the Skagway of '98. He was kept in the back room of Jeff Smith's Parlor and an invitation to "come back and see the eagle" tendered innocently by one of Smith's men to a well-heeled cheechako, was an invitation to mayhem. In fact the phrase "he's seen the eagle" meant that a man had been mulcted of his worldly treasure.

Smith now had what he wanted: complete and unquestioned authority overlaid by a thick varnish of respectability. He must have felt, as he sat cross-legged on the flag draped platform beside the Governor, listening to the inevitable Independence Day speeches, that the world was his oyster. And yet, almost at that very moment of triumph, his nemesis was trudging down the White Pass trail toward the town.

To be sure, J. D. Stewart, a prospector, did not look like an instrument of fate. There is a picture of him extant and if ever a man looks like a sucker, it is he. There he stands, in front of a Skagway shack, clutching his poke of gold fiercely in his right hand, his cloth cap, a little too small for him, perched squarely across his bullet head. It is ironic that this square faced, sombre-eyed man, with his heavy boots and shapeless high-waisted trousers, in a town which had seen such colorful characters in its day, should prove to be the man that started a chain reaction which didn't end until Skagway was nearly blown sky high.

Stewart came down out of the gold fields with $2,800 in gold dust. He was no match for Smith's boys. Before the day was out he was looking at the eagle and 10 minutes later he was broke.

But Stewart didn't know enough to shut up and take his medicine. He let out a wail that could be heard to the farthest corners of town and many heard him. There seems to be a time for ripeness and action and Stewart, by refusing to keep quiet, had struck that time. He was the right man in the right place at the right time. He shouted out his loss to Charley deWitt, and deWitt spread the tale to one of Reid's men, Captain Sperry, an ex-posse leader and Indian fighter. Sperry knew things had gone too far.

Almost at once, like a divine revelation, the realization that if just one more man got bilked in Skagway no man in his right mind, who had one dollar of property, would ever dare go through Skagway again suddenly exploded on the town. Suddenly the merchants began to foresee a drop-off in trade. Smith's rule had been fine while it lasted but now it was apparent that anyone who could manage it was finding any other way to get in and out of Alaska than Skagway. And that's where it hurt. Deep down in the heart: the pocketbook.

Suddenly everyone in town began remembering some shoddy deal Smith had dealt them. They didn't talk in terms of money, they began mumbling about crime and women and children and morality and decency.

And then Frank Reid acted. Four quick hours after Stewart's robbery the Vigilante Committee sprang into life again, full grown, through teething and ready for a fight.

Smith's intelligence organization was operating at its usual high level. He knew all about the little knots of men gathering downtown as soon as they were formed. And he laughed them off. He knew how quickly the sight of Soapy Smith would break those knots to pieces.

The largest crowd was on Broadway where M. K. Kalem, an outfitter, was openly haranguing a mob in front of his store. Smith put on his mackinaw, put two guns in its pockets, and walked downtown. "You're a lot of cowardly rope-pulling sons of bitches!" he roared. "Now come on! I can lick the whole crowd of you!"

The crowd melted away and Smith strode back to his office. The old tricks to handle a leaderless mob were as good as ever.

But Smith underestimated one thing. The mobs he had stopped before, so that he could control them for his own uses, were lynch mobs and had been motivated by something which they knew, deep in their hearts, was evil. The Skagway mob, no matter how shoddy some of the individuals morals and histories may have been, were firmly convinced they had the Lord on their side. And they had a righteous slogan—"Get poor Stewart's poke back—" that rallied them together.

All their hatred for Smith was wrapped up in that cry. It was simple, clean, uncomplicated and it demanded justice.

One other thing was that Soapy Smith was deeply wounded and hurt. The hard-minded sharper, so quick to analyze the fatal weaknesses of others, failed to see the dimensions to which his pride had swelled. He was the saviour of Skagway and now the lousy bums he had saved wanted to turn on him. The thought rankled him and gnawed grievously at his soul.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon Smith did an unusual thing; he strode into his Parlor and ordered a glass of his own whisky. This was the first crack. Smith was never a drinking man, especially when danger was in the air.

At the same time, in Sperry's warehouse, in Sylvester Hall, down on the end of Juneau dock, the knots of outraged citizens grew larger and fiery speakers were whipping them into a fine lather for mayhem. While the talk went on Smith's drinking went on. He sulked and pouted and poured another drink and by five o'clock those people who dared to stay on the street were treated to a rare sight. The uncrowned king of Skagway, a bottle at his side and a rifle in his hand, was singlehandedly roaming the main street of Skagway roaring insults and shouting challenges to any ungrateful s.o.b. who had the guts to face him like a man and fight.

One by one, back at the Parlor, Smith's faithful friends began easing out of sight, hitting the trails to the brush and generally rewarding Smith's years of leadership by leaving him in the lurch.

By 8 o'clock Billie Saportas, the newspaperman, ran up the nearly-deserted streets of Skagway to Smith's office. The entire Vigilante mob had gotten together and were forming at the dock, he reported. "If you want to do anything do it quick."

Smith was always a man of decision, no one could ever accuse him of being otherwise. He sensed the time had come. He rose to his feet, slipped a derringer up his sleeve, thrust a .45 Colt revolver in his pocket and slung a Winchester 30-30 over his shoulder. "I'll drive the bastards into the bay," he said quietly.

He headed down through town to the bay with people scattering out of his way as he went.

The dock lay dead ahead. It was built like a causeway, set up on pilings over Skagway's tidal flats and stretching like a long finger into the mountain-ringed bay. At the far end, in the bright evening sunlight was the gesticulating throng of Vigilantes. At the ramp that led to the dock were the four guards.

Smith ignored them all but Reid, who was standing about a hundred feet from the end of the dock.

"You can't go down there, Smith," Reid said.

Smith brought the Winchester down from his shoulder.

"Damn you, Reid," he said, walking up to the surveyor. "You're at the bottom of all my troubles. I should have got rid of you three months ago."

Reid seized the barrel of Smith's Winchester, which was levelled at his head, and pulled it down with his left hand, while he went for his six gun with his right.

"Don't shoot!" Smith cried in a sudden panic. "For God's sake don't shoot!"

It was all over in an instant.

Reid squeezed the trigger but the hammer struck on a faulty cartridge. Smith pulled the trigger of his Winchester, striking Reid in the groin, as Reid fired a second time. Smith dropped to the dock with a bullet in his heart and Reid, crumpling with him, managed to fire a third time hitting the dying dictator above the knee.

The two men lay on the ramp in a widening pool of blood, one dead, the other in agony.

Rev. J. A. Sinclair, the Union Church pastor, who had been up the street when the shooting occurred was one of the first to reach the fallen man. He looked at the corpse of the outlaw and muttered a simple "Thank God."

Some of the Vigilantes got a cot from a cabin and placed Reid on it. As they carried him up through the streets of Skagway he was smiling to himself despite his pain. "I got the sonofabitch," he kept saying. "He may have got, me, boys, but by God I got him first."

Back down on the Juneau dock, crumpled in his blood and the wet saltiness of the sea spray, the body of the dictator lay, alone for the first time in his life—unguarded, unhonored and unclaimed by any man.

Frank Reid grimly held on to life for 10 agonizing days, hurt badly but never seeming to mind the price he had to pay for the bargain he had bought with his gun.

The Vigilantes scoured the woods and trails and one by one they began bringing in the shattered remnants of Soapy Smith's gang. The wily Tripp, the saint-like Bowers, George Wilder and all the rest, saved from lynch mobs by the Vigilantes, were sent to Sitka for trial and received harsh prison sentences.

J. D. Stewart's poke of gold was found where people felt it would be found—in Soapy Smith's trunk. It constituted almost his total wealth. Like most con men, great and small, Soapy had treated money as a thing to get but not to keep.

They gave Frank Reid the biggest funeral in Skagway's history and built a large marble monument over his grave. Ironically, Smith was buried but a few feet away.

In the years that followed thousands of tourists beat a path to the little graveyard under the hill to view these twin symbols of Skagway's shame and Skagway's honor. But it was to Smith's tomb that the curious turned. In death he continued to exert a strange fascination. An unknown admirer sent $50 annually for the upkeep of his grave. Some of the money had to be spent for wire mesh to protect the gravestone from souvenir-hunters who chipped away at it.

No such precautions were needed for Frank Reid's marble slab. It is almost 60 years since it was erected but it stands today, like his memory, half forgotten but unblemished. On its face is a simple inscription: *"He gave his life for the honor of Skagway."*

It is hard to say what Jefferson Randolph Smith, the slick little soap dealer out of Leadville, was given his life for. •

"This here's a peace-lovin' town, pardner. You gotta check that knife."

TOUGHEST ANIMAL TRAINER

Continued from page 48

where in his boyhood, a Bengal tiger had torn into him, at an Eastern animal show. There was an indentation the size of a silver dollar on the side of his head, left by a grizzly bear who had ripped his scalp loose. His shoulders were all clawed-up by cougars and his arms scarred from wolf bites—the result of his rash habit of grabbing wounded wolves by their tails before they had a chance to make off into the brush. There was hardly any kind of North American animal that at one time or another he had not grappled with. But it was his curious affinity for grizzly bears which has sent him down in history as probably the toughest animal trainer who ever lived. He kept them around his mountain camps the way another man might keep a pack of hound dogs, as company about the place.

Grizzly Adams himself never denied that the California grizzly, now extinct, was as ferocious and dangerous an animal as the modern world has known. He claimed they had all the courage of the African lion and were a great deal more powerful. Nobody contradicted him, either. California grizzlies sometimes reached a weight of 1,500 pounds and were known to drag off a full grown steer. The Indians lived in deadly fear of them. Before white men appeared with rifles, it was not man who was lord of creation in California. It was the grizzly, who could smash a man's brains in with one slap of his 12-inch paw and against whom an arrow was not much more effective than a mosquito's sting. Grizzly Adams used to sit beside his camp fire explaining all this. Then he would whistle up one of the beasts and settle down for the night, his front warmed by the camp fire embers and his back by a grizzly bear. He always insisted there was nothing in the world as comfortable on a chilly mountain night as a nice grizzly bear to lean against. His history seems to back up the belief that certain men actually do have a preternatural power over animals.

Adams hove into California with the other gold miners in '49, a lean man, a little above average in height, noticeable particularly for his extremely-brilliant black eyes. He was 37 at the time and already grey-headed. Most of his past experience had been as a shoemaker and wild animal hunter in New England.

In California, in the next three years, he made and lost three tidy fortunes until, fed to the teeth with civilization and the sharpers who always managed to separate him from his poke, he decided to get out of the whole rat race, head into the Sierra and be a hermit.

He liked the life, too. He had a brace of oxen, an old wagon, a Kentucky rifle which used 30 balls to a pound of lead, a Tennessee rifle which used 60, a Colt revolver and several Bowie knives. He also had a few tools and several blankets.

For a year he camped and hunted in a little valley about 25

miles northeast of Yosemite on a branch of the Merced river and then swapped his oxen for a couple of mules and set out for Washington territory, with a contract to ship wild animals and hides to New York. He took two Indians with him and a young Texan who was also part Indian.

The location of their Eastern Washington camp looked good from the first. After Grizzly Adams had scouted around for a while on a mule, he came back to camp with a glint in his eyes and a grin on his weatherbeaten face. The surrounding country was as well stocked with game as the Happy Hunting Grounds. Only a few miles away were grassy plains and buffalo herds, with antelope in the dry stretches beyond. In the opposite direction was a lake and marshy ground where the elk fed and in between some heavy timber, the hide-out of cougar and foxes. But the area that delighted Grizzly Adams was a stretch of hilly land, without much timber, but with a dense growth of chaparral. That was grizzly bear country and in Adams' opinion, the most stirring moment of a man's life came when he stood up to the fury of a full sized grizzly bear.

Adams had his own way of coping with grizzlies. Under cover of brush, he would sneak up where one was feeding and then let out a horrible roar. This would bring the grizzly to its feet, facing him and furnishing an excellent target—and never mind if it also put the bear in a perfect position to charge him, if his first shot did not bring it down. First shots seldom did bring down a grizzly. Sometimes Adams would get in a second shot before he pulled out his pistol and fired at the charging beast's head, hoping to stun it. If the bear kept coming, Adams would leap out yelling and plunge his Bowie knife into its heart and then across its throat. This habit of fighting nose to nose with grizzlies accounted for some of Adams' worst scars. But it also accounted for 39 dead grizzlies.

"If a grizzly gets you down," he used to tell hunters, "just go limp and keep on lying still, even if he's biting into you. A grizzly isn't like a panther—he won't fight an apparently dead man." The ruse saved Grizzly Adams' life on a couple of occasions. But not every man had the nerve control to pull it off.

The experience did nothing to weaken Grizzly Adams' preoccupation with bears, however. During his first month in the Washington camp, he killed a large grizzly who had two yearling cubs, strong, fast little devils, about the size of young calves, but with well-developed claws and jaws. It took Adams and the Indians three days before they finally ran them down and lassoed them, fighting like wolves.

The male cub Adams considered spiritless, but the female, whom he named Lady Washington, appealed to him from the first. She was as beautiful an animal as he had ever seen, rather dark in color and with a natural ferocity which Adams found becoming in a grizzly. He kept both cubs chained to a tree, but in spite of all his advances, Lady Washington continued to try to take his arm off whenever he came near her. Since he lacked the force to slap her around the way a mother bear does, one day, when he had just escaped being seriously hurt, he took a cudgel to her. The approach proved remarkably effective. After she had worn herself out with rage, she looked at him with a new astonishment and respect. That evening she let him pat her and within two weeks she permitted him to lead her around camp at the end of the chain.

The camp was a hubbub of work by that time. There was the frying-out of bear and cougar oil, meat to be jerked and dried, hides to be cured, buffalo skins to smoke, traps to be tended and a growing number of captured animals to be cared for. In spite of all this, Adams managed to put in time training Lady Washington. The way her disposition was shaping up, he began to hope she might turn out to be as reliable a companion as a dog. A few months later he suspected she might also be useful.

He was swinging along toward camp one day with Lady Washington ambling like a dog at his heels when he sighted a herd of deer. For a second he hesitated. He had loaned his rifle to one of the Indians a few minutes before and for once he was armed only with a pistol. The deer, however, looked too inviting to pass up and he decided to try to sneak close enough for a pistol shot. As he was creeping through a thicket with the Lady padding along behind, he suddenly realized he was being a fool. They were in bear country and to run into a grizzly when he was armed only with a pistol and had the Lady to look out for besides, could be disastrous. The deer were still grazing, unalarmed, but Adams gave up the hunt and began to back out of the thicket. All at once he heard Lady Washington's growl and the angry champing of her teeth and whipped around in time to see an enormous grizzly rearing up on his hind legs behind them.

Adams made a grab for the Lady's chain, which was wrapped around her neck, and started to uncoil it as noiselessly as possible. His best chance, he thought, was to ease over to a nearby tree. Before he could move, the grizzly dropped to his feet, moved up on them and reared again. Adams knew from experience that if he stirred the bear would do one of two things—he would charge at once or take off into the brush, and from the rising fur on his neck it seemed much more likely that he would charge.

For what seemed an hour they stood staring at each other, eye to eye. It wasn't going to last forever, Adams knew, and decided to act while the grizzly was still uncertain. He did four things at once. He leaped up into the air, fired the pistol, rattled Lady's chain and let out the wildest yell he was capable of.

The grizzly gave a snort of astonishment and dived into the brush, with Adams yelling after his retreating rump. All of a sudden he stopped and looked at Lady Washington. She was growling deep in her throat and tugging at her chain, in a frenzy to take the grizzly on. At the sight, a wonderful thought struck him. Maybe he could train a grizzly to hunt with him. All the way back to camp he played with the idea and the more he considered it, the better he liked it. A grizzly to hunt grizzlies. He decided he had had an inspiration.

A few weeks later he packed up his furs and hides for the 300-mile trek to Portland.

Two weeks later the caravan pulled into Portland, where the hides and animals were stowed aboard the bark Mary Ann, bound for Boston by way of the Horn. All the animals, that is to say, except Lady Washington. When it came to the pinch, Grizzly Adams found he could not give her up. Instead he took her with him to his old camp in the Sierra. From that time, until his death seven years later, Lady Washington was his constant companion.

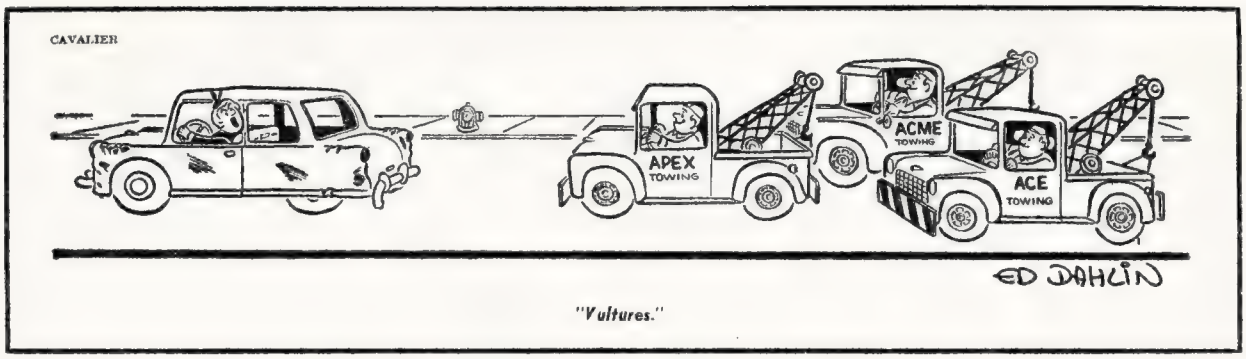
During the first winter he made her a saddle of green hide and broke her in as a pack animal. In a few months she was lugging up to 200 pounds of gear over the mountain trails and, on occasions, pulling his snow sledge. In the spring, when he headed for Yosemite on a new hunting expedition, Lady Washington padded along at his wagon wheels.

That summer, in Yosemite, he captured his favorite grizzly bear. He was camped at the head water of the Merced in the early spring when he discovered the grizzly den in a steep ravine, about 50 feet above the dry bed of a stream. The next day Adams moved in with a blanket and provisions and settled down to watch. From his look-out in a clump of junipers he could see across the canyon to the entrance to the den, about 100 yards away.

It was a cold bleak night. Apparently the grizzly had scared off other animals from the vicinity. Once or twice Grizzly imagined he could hear the barking of cubs in the direction of the den. Otherwise there was no sound, not even the howling of a coyote to break the stillness. When nothing had stirred by daybreak, Adams fired off his gun, to see what would happen. He could hear the shot echoing back and forth across the canyon and as the sound died away, it seemed to Adams that he could hear the snuffling of a bear, deep underground. He climbed a tree to have a better look, but the den's mouth stayed empty and pretty soon, the snuffling sound, too, stopped.

That day crawled away with no movement except the wheeling of buzzards overhead and the chirping of birds in the chaparral. After a second night's vigil, he lost patience and fired his rifle again. This time, he not only heard the snuffling of a bear, but caught sight of her head and paws for a second as she came to the mouth of the den. And now Adams knew he was not mistaken—there was certainly a yapping of cubs from inside.

As the day wore on, Adams came to the conclusion that his look-out was too far away and moved cautiously over to the other side of the canyon, to a spot 40 yards above the den. For a while he slept and woke at night to the sound of a cougar's scream on the hill above him. Twenty minutes later the cougar screamed again, but this time the sound came from a distance. And still the bear did not appear. In the morning, Grizzly de-



"Vultures."

cided he had had enough of waiting. He stuck some green twigs in his cap, crawled into the bushes where he would be as well hidden as possible, and let out a tremendous roar that echoed up the canyon like the roar of a bull.

The next second he heard a snorting and a puffing that grew louder as he listened and the bear stormed out of the den. She was so big that the very sight of her, as she reared up there on her hind legs, was overpowering. Adams saw her look around and then settle down on her haunches, facing away from him. After a moment she glanced toward the den, as if she were about to go back in.

Adams let out a low whistle, which brought the grizzly to her feet again, facing him. At the same moment, he fired. The grizzly went over backward, pawing and biting the ground, but as Adams pulled out his knife and pistol, she scrambled to her feet again and charged him, blundering her way through the heavy brush. Although Adams emptied six shots from his revolver into her, she had covered half the distance between them before his last shot, behind her left ear, finally knocked her down.

There was no sound at all from the den. Adams stooped over and peered in, but it was too dark in there to see very far. For a few minutes he thought the matter over. He had never heard of two grown bears in one den, so after a while he leaned his re-loaded rifle against the den's mouth and started crawling in, a pine torch in one hand and a pistol in the other.

A tunnel, three feet wide and four feet high, ran straight ahead for some six feet and then opened out into a cave that was high enough for Adams to rise up on his knees. At first he thought the cave was empty. Then he heard a rustling among the leaves that covered the floor, and scooping down, found two cubs with their eyes still shut, both males and both beautiful little animals. Adams picked them up by the scruff of the neck, shoved them inside his buckskin jacket and crawled out again.

One cub he gave to a friend but the second he kept and named Ben Franklin. He had never given up his dream of a hunting grizzly and it seemed to him that Ben was starting out in life under favorable conditions. He was suckled by a greyhound Adams had around his camp and brought up with one of her pups, a sturdy little hound Adams named Rambler. When he set out across the Sierra for the Rockies, Ben and Rambler rode the wagon, with Lady Washington as usual ambling along beside.

That summer, in his mountain camps, Adams would occasionally let all the young animals he captured out together in a clearing. Then he would settle back in the shade of a tree and watch the lot of them tussling and playing together in the sunlight—young bears, wolf cubs, a couple of baby cougars and the hound pup. "As pretty a sight," he would say, "as a man's eyes could rest on." He was particularly pleased to see that the hound pup, Rambler, who had a strong hunting bloodline, and the little grizzly, Ben, still stuck together like brothers, although the bear, by that time, was much bigger than the hound.

As pup and cub grew older, they were allowed to run free together all day. When Ben's feet got sore from traveling, Adams made him a pair of moccasins with soles of elk hide and uppers of buckskin.

The next winter, when they were all back in the Sierra camp, Adams trapped his biggest grizzly. He had seen the huge footprints of a bear in a nearby ravine and, after lying in wait for an hour, the grizzly himself hove into sight. He was the biggest bear Adams had seen. As he walked along the trail, his head swaying from side to side, snuffling the air, he looked like a moving mountain. From that moment, Adams got his grizzly fever. He couldn't get the picture of him, vast, somehow monumental, out of his head for a minute. The bear even moved through his dreams.

With the Indians, he set to work to build the strongest trap he could figure out. It was 10′ long, 6′ high and 6′ wide, with solid walls, top and floor of pine logs, a foot in diameter, pinned to two parallel logs of pine 2′ in diameter, that had been set in a deep trench, the whole thing heavily reinforced. To make it even stronger, the side timbers were fastened to two trees on one side and to two posts on the other. The doors were made of flattened logs which slid up and down in grooves. It took Adams and the two Indians a week to build it. For another week they saw no sign of the bear. Adams had begun to give up hope when, one morning, he saw the same huge footprints skirting the trap.

The next night, Adams himself moved over to the ravine. Two more nights went by, but on the third night a terrible roaring woke him up. When he reached the trap, he stared at the grizzly raging inside with something close to awe. He could see him only by the leaping light of the pine torch he carried, but he seemed to be a full 1,500 pounds and he was tearing off hunks of solid wood as if it were cheese.

Adams and the Indians set to work the same night to reinforce the trap. He brought a big cage up from Sonora and shoved it against the trap, with the doors open between them, but neither goading, prodding nor poking with lighted brands could make the big bear budge. Finally Adams had to let a chain down through the top, loop it around the bear's neck, pass the chain through the doors of trap and cage and hitch it to a yoke of oxen outside.

As the oxen pulled, the bear was hauled along, inch by inch, until he was through the connecting doors. Then all at once he bounded into the cage and started to tear around as if he would smash it to pieces. Adams finally got wheels under the cage and moved it to a nearby ranch. The bear, whom he named Samson, grew no gentler in captivity, though he put on weight and his fur darkened.

These doggoned bears," Adams used to say dismally. "They're wearing me out. That's what they're doing, just wearing me out, trying to keep them in grub." In addition to Lady Washington, Ben Franklin and Samson, all enormous eaters, Adams also had on his hands a young grizzly named Funny Joe and Lady Washington's cub, General Fremont. The Lady gave birth to General Fremont the spring after their Rocky Mountain trip and from his appearance Adams was sure he had been sired by a Rocky Mountain bear. By that time Lady Washington weighed nearly 800 pounds and was almost as useful a pack animal as Adams' mule. She would pack half an elk, drag pine timbers or let Adams ride her. The only chore which upset her was packing cages full of live wild cats. Their screeching up on her back always disturbed her.

In Ben, Adams' dream of a hunting grizzly had come true. Possibly he was the only grizzly bear who has ever helped a human in the field. Even such authorities as Tracy Storer and Lloyd Tevis, Jr., in their book, *California Grizzly*, say the accounts of Ben's hunting are the only descriptions they have found of a captive California grizzly trained as an aide to a hunter. If Ben Franklin had not been unique at the job, it is a

safe bet that those two eminent zoologists would have known about it.

Ben and the hound Rambler went along with Adams on all his hunts. The grizzly would stay at heel or charge at a signal from Adams. His speed, Adams discovered, was not great, after the first short burst. On an antelope hunt, for example, both the antelope and the hound could run circles around him. Neither could he be relied on, after a fight with another bear, not to kill her cubs. But Adams could leave meat beside him and, though his belly would rumble pathetically at the sight, he would never touch it until Adams gave him permission. And from the time he weighed 400 pounds, he would take on any animal that roved the mountains.

One day Adams started out, with Ben and Rambler at his heels, for a hunt from the Sierra camp, in hopes of bagging a grizzly. Adams was always partial to grizzly meat, particularly the head, which he used to wrap in a cloth and roast, buried in the ground under a bed of hot coals. In his opinion, it made the finest meal on earth. But on this day he saw no trace of a bear although he hunted through a thicket of chaparral which he knew to be bear country.

By late afternoon, all three of them were tired and Ben and Rambler had begun to trail along at some distance behind Adams. Grizzly Adams was ready to head for home himself when he heard a stick snap behind him and whipped around. A grizzly bear, three small cubs beside her, was towering over him, the fur on her neck already beginning to rise.

Adams tried to jerk up his rifle but he and the rifle both were slammed to the ground with one slap of the bear's paw. There was the grizzly's roar in his ears—and another roar, too, as Ben, with Rambler beside him, plunged out of the brush. Ben leaped for the attacking grizzly's throat while the hound grabbed onto one leg. When the grizzly whirled to meet them, Adams made a snatch for his rifle, just as the grizzly bit into Ben's head and neck.

Adams let out what he called his "grizzly yell," a terrible kind of roar, which brought the she bear again to her feet where Adams could get a shot at her heart. As she fell over backwards, Adams jumped her and finished her off with his bowie knife. Something, however, seemed to be blurring his vision. He took a swab at his eyes and discovered blood was washing over his face from his scalp which had been torn loose from his head. He also discovered that the bear had bitten through his buckskins and that blood was running out of his neck.

By this time Ben was streaking for camp with blood streaming from his head, too. When Adams reached camp himself, after a fiendishly uncomfortable trip, Ben was under the wagon, licking his torn sides. Adams patched himself and his bear up and within a week, they were able to travel again, although they both carried scars from the fight for the rest of their lives. The scalp wound accounted for the curious indentation on Adams' head. He always used to point out the scars on Ben's head with affection and pride. Along with some other scars, picked up later in a fight with a jaguar, they gave the bear a particularly tough and raffish appearance. But with each fight he grew more skillful, until man, bear and dog worked together with a swift and deadly efficiency.

The following year, Adams moved into San Francisco and set up his wild animal museum. In addition to all his grizzlies, there were black and cinnamon bears, cougars, wolves, foxes, elk, deer and eagles. Crowds poured in to watch Adams ride Lady Washington around the room or wrestle with Ben Franklin. Newspaper stories called attention to the fact that the fur was all worn off the sides of the grizzlies from the pack saddles they had worn in the mountains. When, after two years, Ben Franklin died suddenly, the papers carried obituaries headlined DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED NATIVE CALIFORNIAN.

Adams never did get over Ben's death. Moreover, successful as the menagerie was, Adams himself was no more canny about money than he had been when he first arrived in California. By the time he had been running the show for three years, he went broke again, packed up his animals and with the whole kit and boodle, sailed on the *Golden Fleece* around the Horn to New York, to go into partnership with P. T. Barnum.

When he arrived, he was in very poor shape. He had tangled twice with Samson and had his head smashed in several times by General Fremont, Lady Washington's cub, who was now five years old and a huge bear, given to sudden fits of rage. Adams still walked with all his old zest and in his fringed buckskin suit, with his sunken and brilliant eyes and all that white mane of hair, he looked as wild as any of his grizzlies. But when he took off his wolf skin cap, Barnum was appalled to see that his skull was broken open. Barnum later insisted that the workings of the brain were actually visible.

"That looks like a very dangerous wound," he said in consternation.

"It will fix me, all right," Grizzly Adams told him serenely. "It was nearly healed, but General Fremont opened it, for the third or fourth time, just before I left California." He shook his broken head. "I'm not the man I used to be, Mr. Barnum. Five years ago I could stand the hug of any grizzly living. But I have been beaten to a jelly, torn almost limb from limb and nearly chawed up and spit out by these treacherous grizzly bears. However, I am good for a few months yet and by that time I hope we shall gain enough to make my old woman comfortable. I have been away from her for a long time."

The show got off to a roaring start with a parade down Broadway and the Bowery. At the head of the procession, directly behind the band, horses dragged a platform where Grizzly Adams sat astride General Fremont, with three other grizzly bears posed around him.

For weeks they played to packed houses, but Barnum was worried. So was the doctor who dressed Grizzly Adams' head wounds each day. In spite of the vitality and snap he put into his act, it was clear Adams must be suffering horribly. It was also clear that he was getting weaker every day. At the end of six weeks, the doctor told him bluntly that he had only a few weeks to live and that he had better settle up his affairs. In fact, he said, Adams ought to be stretched out, resting on his death bed right then, instead of cracking a whip over a bunch of grizzly bears.

Adams finally agreed to sell out to Barnum, but he insisted that Barnum hire him to travel and show his bears through New England that summer at $60 a week, plus traveling expenses for himself and his wife.

"Of course I'd hire you," Barnum said. "But, Man! You couldn't possibly last out two weeks on the road."

Some of the old fire came back into Adams' eyes. "How much extra will you give me if I travel and show the bears every day for ten weeks?" he asked.

Barnum told him he would give him $500 extra, though considering the shape Adams was in, he thought it was only a grisly sort of a joke. From that minute, Adams settled down to the job of holding death at bay for 10 weeks, as if it were some kind of animal itself, to be daunted by sheer will power.

At the end of five weeks, his eyes were glassy and he trembled constantly. "Ten weeks are half gone. You'd better kiss your $500 good-bye," he told Barnum, with a wild sort of grin.

"Look," Barnum said, "I'll pay you an extra $250 if you'll give up and go home right now."

Adams just laughed at him. At the end of the ninth week he was too weak to lead the bears into the show ring, though he still managed to put them through their paces. At the end of the tenth week Barnum handed him $500.

If you weren't a teetotaler, I'd stand you a drink," Adams said cockily. And then he added, in an offhand tone, "I guess you're going to give me that new hunting suit, too, aren't you?"

The new hunting suit was a $150 job, of beaver skins, which Barnum had just had made.

"No, I'm not," Barnum told him. "It's for the animal trainer who is going to replace you. Beside you have no possible use for it."

Adams considered this remark for a moment and then said, "Well, if you won't give me the new suit, how about drawing up a paper saying I can wear it as long as I have need of it?"

Knowing Grizzly Adams had only a few days at the longest to live, Barnum drew up the paper and signed it, just to humor him.

Adams took to his bed and never got up again. But a few hours before he died, five days later, he called his wife. "I want you to have me buried in that new suit of Barnum's," he said and lay back chuckling. "I'm going to fix his flint this time."

His last words were, "Won't Barnum open his eyes when he finds out how I've humbugged him?" •

MY LEOPARD HAD TWO LIVES

Continued from page 19

Feeling very gay, Cottar grinned again.

"I would think the chances of seeing very much would be pretty thin."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. You'll shoot a zebra and drag the carcass with the truck and make a long blood trail that the varmints will cross and follow. That'll attract 'em, no fear. And there's no loss of meat," he went on rather impatiently, because he had little sympathy with my conversation urge, the first letter of sportsmanship in America. "You'll only furnish the brutes with a free dinner that otherwise they'd serve themselves."

"What brutes?"

"Hyenas for sure. They pull down fawns and small bucks. You won't waste cartridges on them, but they make a pretty picture in the shine of your light. Lions very possibly. I wouldn't shoot them, not just because it's against the law to shoot lions at night, but because we can get 'em in the grass, they're not subtle devils like leopards, and there you and them too have more scope. If a leopard should come up, take him. It may be your only chance for a beautiful skin for the Missus. Elephants?—well, there's hardly any in this neighborhood. If you'd happen to see one barge by, he'll be tending to his own business—heaven, not me, knows what, and if you don't meddle with him, I reckon he'll mosey on." Cottar started to say something more, only to change his mind.

"Are you going to be with me?"

"I can't do that, Mr. Marshall. One night sitting up would wake the fever again. But K'nini, the bearer, will go. K'nini considers himself no end of a fellow since he dodged that rhino. And if you don't like the sound of it—and I wouldn't blame you—the boys will build you a platform in a tree, called a *machon*, and you'll be lord of all you survey. But you won't get the thrill you'll get on the ground, and that's a fact."

I decided to take it on the ground, as many animal-watchers had done before me. For long-seeing or shooting, we had a powerful flashlight with spare batteries. K'nini could turn it on and off when I elbowed him in the ribs. If I raised my rifle, that was a signal to cast the beam along the barrel, illuminating not only the target but my sight.

With very little other instruction, and with blankets to keep us warm and a flask of coffee, K'nini and I rode in a small truck to a big piece of veld, with scattered thorn-thickets and mimosa groves, about five miles from camp. We left late in the afternoon, and my first care was to shoot a zebra, for Cottar and some of the hands were already on the scene—the theater, I might say, of tonight's play—building the *boma*. What I thought would be a five-minute chore took a full hour, for no reason other than the nervous wariness of the zebra herds in the lengthening shadows that presaged the perilous night. I had never before chanced to notice their alertness increasing with the failing day, and it caused me to reflect, in a close and imaginative way, on what they were in for, every night of their lives. Moreover, the scarred old male that I shot fell wounded and rose to fight, baring his teeth and whitening his eyes and screaming like a range stallion, before I hit, missed, and hit again to finish him off.

K'nini danced a step or two of a n'goma, then spoke two of the half-dozen English words he knew. "Good luck," he cried, in an utterly foreign accent, pointing first at me and himself, then gesturing toward the dead pony. Perhaps I sensed something forced about the performance, causing me to wonder whether K'nini was making a little *dawa* of the kind that we call whistling in the dark, and the sign had been bad.

He chained the carcass to our axel and dragged it in a two mile loop over the grass. When we reached the boma, Cottar and his men were just leaving in the big truck, and they waited to see the bait stoutly pegged down, so that the first lion who came by could not drag it away. I did not believe any lion would come. That was the direction my mind took—toward pessimism about any excitement developing, to relieve a long, cold watch.

The big truck rolled off and its sound died away. I felt rather odd to be left alone here with K'nini, and slightly embarrassed. Here we were, two human beings with no means of human communication except signs. On the contrary he relaxed. Business would not pick up for a while yet was what his eased muscles and glazed glance told me. Even so, I soon found something to interest me. At first it was a herd of zebra, dashing up into the middle-distance, every neck arched and head alert as in Roman sculpture, and looking bright and splendid in spite of the paleness of the final sunlight. They ran on, pressed close to one another; and in a minute or two a high-watching vulture spied the carcass, volplaned down, and lighted in the grass about ten yards from it. When he had hopped toward it with revolting motions I expected him to attack it; instead he spread his wings and hissed.

I shouted at him, and since he was only 30 measured feet away, he took flight to a tree-top. Other vultures began to soar down, taking nearby perches. Why did none of them light by the bait? They did not look at me or care about me; it was the grass that they searched with their beady demonic eyes. I remembered Cottar telling me that any kill made after sundown was safe from these birds of death; they were afraid of what might be lying in wait beside the kill.

Today's sun had not quite set. There remained a red wink through the distant thickets. It disappeared, and it seemed that the air felt instantly colder. A big maribou stork flew in with great boldness and started to land, only to take off with a frantic flutter to a tree-top. He had a long bill and was as great a ruffian as the buzzards and his only boast was he had lighted a little nearer than the rest.

African twilights are exceedingly short. This one seemed longer than most, only because it was like a watched pot that never seems to boil; and the light failed so smoothly and evenly, nearby objects began to look quite far. The scanty colors of the foliage—for the whole scene was of pale shades—faded almost imperceptibly, yet soon I looked for a little green, and could not find it. All this was objective perception, for I think I made some sort of unconscious effort not to look inward. I realized no fright, but it was against nature for me to be sitting with one black man far and away on the veld, without a camp, without fire, with carrion pegged down at 30 feet to attract big, dangerous animals, a low brush wall around us, and no other refuge.

All at once the vultures took flight, flapping heavily and sorrowfully away, to some hell-gate they guarded in the night. The stork lingered a few seconds, as though to prove to himself he was of different station, of higher standing in the eyes of God, then he too winged off.

The moon had risen about three hours before, big without being full-faced. I thought I would have her company throughout the watch, cold but still welcome comfort, until a haze spread through the sky, and here and there formed solid cloud. For the present she was no help. The falling night lay now dark-gray, in which I could barely make out the shape of the zebra carcass. When I thought a shadow moved, I could not tell whether it was a trick of the eyes. One had moved though; for presently I heard a soft snipping sound, many times repeated. Only little teeth had made it; the visitor was a serval-cat, a jackal or a fox.

Then a worse gang than the vultures rushed upon the bait. It had come running through the dark in silence, assured of its waiting feast, and suddenly broke into wild and frantic clamor. The long hush of the night, like a close mantle, was torn to shreds. There was no dignity and no majesty in the outcries, as in those we had heard from the great lords. There was only hate of one's own kind and of life itself, hunger that never eased, cruelty and cowardice and treachery. So there was only one name to fit the beast, and that was hyena.

If I lay wounded and helpless, I could hardly imagine a more horrible visitation. As it was, I felt no fear at all, only repulsion. Signalling K'nini to turn on his light, I saw the night give them forth, in all their ugliness. Their backs slanted from their high front quarters to their half-squatted rears. Their eyes were green in the glare, and their fangs white. Each one stood in an ugly graceless attitude facing the lamp, many of their heads turned on their swine-like necks, and even their fur was coarse and ugly, and some were blood-stained from fighting or feasting. They could not face the glare; snarling or whining they began to back off.

They disappeared, but they had not gone far. When K'nini obeyed my signal to turn off the light, they came rushing back as frenzied as before. From then on, we were never again able to disperse the whole pack; if we forced back the main body, one or more beasts at its edge would take advantage of a passing shadow to rush in, sink his teeth, snatch and run. They wrestled

and fought, the leaders gorging while the followers stole morsels, the weak harried by the strong until we were sick of the sight of them. An hour passed, with us no nearer to getting rid of them. When we turned off the light to save the batteries, their detestable clamor still wracked our ears. Then the moon emerged from a big bank of clouds into a wide clearing in the sky, and we saw them strange and gray, like hideously animated phantoms.

Then something happened in which I found a great degree of wonder and a kind of perverse pleasure. There rose in the dark a tremendous growl, drowning out the running clamor of the pack, and every member raised his head and gazed in that direction. As the ominous voice came nearer they scattered in all directions. I waited for a lion to burst upon the scene—and waited in vain. It was not the big-maned Simba that routed the cowards—it was another hyena. He snatched a big piece of meat and instantly loped away into the darkness.

K'nini's laughter helped me to guess what happened. The thief was not a member of the pack, instead an outlyer, and he had imitated the lion's kingly voice to get a share of the meat. It was hard to believe that a wild beast would be capable of such cunning, and it would be almost unthinkable outside of the canine tribes, which often are too near-human for our comfort. However, there is no readily acceptable explanation of the beast's behavior. I was glad for his success, applauded his courage and intelligence, and felt a little odd relief that such an ugly, low-lived, accursed caste of scavengers as the hyenas could have a star performer, with a gift for something akin to low comedy.

I had sat a long time with my head in the window of the boma, my gaze out of focus, only half-seeing the shadow shapes and put half to sleep by the tiring discord of the hyena's clamor. The moon had been sliding in and out of pale patches of cloud, and the frequently changing visibility, stimulating at first, had no doubt tired my eyes. Suddenly their noise ceased.

I became sharply aroused. Staring, I saw every animal standing still, and every head was turned in the same direction. I followed their gaze. I could not be sure that I saw anything, although far-off at the edge of vision, perhaps nearly 100 yards away, a range hardly discernible on a moonlit night in such dry, clear air as this, I had a perception of movement. My eyes have always been strong, and I had the feeling that while K'nini experienced it also, he knew no more than I did, yet, and was as profoundly startled. The position of his body and the set of his head and the planes of his face indicated increasing strain.

The same showed up in the hyenas. There came a little movement among them and they bunched on one side of the bait—the opposite side from the mystery out in the dark. One of them uttered a low growl. In a moment all were growling, a deep throaty sound, too subdued and uneasy-sounding to have any real force. Their eyes had been fashioned to see in the dark, and they saw what we could only guess at and half imagine; then a few more seconds passed, and a living shape, appearing a little darker than the moonlit grass, became visible to K'nini and me. At a leisurely, steady pace it was approaching the bait. I began to have a sense of awesome grace.

The growling grew louder but no more ominous than before. The plain truth was, the whole pack was being intimidated by that nearing form. Suddenly one of them cried out like a kicked dog and bounded away. An instant later their whole rank dissolved as they fled in panic.

I could see the shape quite clearly now. It was that of a long, low-built animal.

"*Simba?*" I whispered.

"*Tui.*"

Tui means leopard. Instantly I was disoriented, because I could not believe K'nini, even though there was something slightly unlike a lion in the visitor's shape and movement. It was too big to be a leopard. Perhaps it was a lioness. But the main turmoil in my mind as I tried to make a sure identification—a man's first instinct when confronted by a half-seen object of danger—was caused by the behavior of the hyenas. Every hunter on the veld soon hears how leopards fear the big rending teeth of hyenas—how two or three of the ugly beasts, sometimes only one, will put the spotted beauty up a tree. In this case a hyena pack had fled its feast at a leopard's bold approach.

For I knew now, within brief seconds after he had spoken, that K'nini was right. The animal's lines spelled leopard, and he was twice as large as any I had seen in a zoo or had imagined.

The suspense grew, the drama intensified. Leopards have especially keen vision, indeed they hunt by sight instead of by smell, and that meant he had seen my head in the window and knew perfectly well that some living creature lurked behind the thorn, and probably he had identified me as a man. That ought to give him pause. Instead he continued his resolute graceful advance that had terrified the hyenas and now badly frightened me.

He walked up, his head in the air, a magnificent figure even in gray moonlight, and came to the bait and appeared to be looking at it. And almost at that second the moon took another dip behind the clouds. Although the darkness that fell was not deep, it reduced the leopard to a dim shape.

I signalled to K'nini. At once the flashlight beam cut a big golden wedge in the thickest shadows, and there was a sight to remember all my days. An immense leopard stood there in all his beauty. I could see every perfect spot, the long, low-hung tail with its lifted end, the paler belly, the flat head, and his litheness and symmetry. And it must be that he was king of the leopards in a way of speaking, the acme of his kind, for he did not even look up at the blazing lamp, and instead set his white teeth in the meat.

I felt a deep yearning and need to kill him, partly out of fear. He stood 30 feet away. If he felt inclined, nothing but my quick bullet would stop him from clawing in the window or leaping lightly over the thorn wall—and I believe the inclination could strike him as readily as that of driving a pack of hyenas from a carcass. Ordinary rules of animal conduct did not apply to him. He had somehow got the impression that he was invincible—perhaps in some bloody *shauri* in the bush—and the thought flashed across my brain that it was man that he had met there, and killed. And my lust for his golden pelt with its black spots was worthy of any adventurer, seeking the ancient pride and glory of the chase.

I knew all this by perception, immeasurably swifter than thought. My gun had not been slow in coming up. I felt it wedge my shoulder, only a second before K'nini leveled the flashlight, casting its beam along the barrel. I looked quick and hard at the target filling my sights.

As the gun roared, the leopard took a vicious bite at the carcass. It was a wonderfully quick movement, and an unforgettable one, there in the blaze of light, because it told me that the wonderful integration of his being was already shattered, or he would have made a better answer to the bullet's blow! I shot again. The beautiful beast fell on his side. His legs threshed a few seconds, his tail and his neck stretched, then he died.

Is death the fixed price of all great defiance? I sat in revery.

K'nini and I were now faced by a hard choice. It was to go out of the shelter of the boma, into the open danger-haunted grass, and bring in the trophy, or to see it torn to pieces by the returning hyenas. I had the odd feeling of having foreseen some such challenge, throughout our preparations for the watch; and perhaps that accounted for some of the tricky paths my mind had taken. I did not want to go. I dreaded going with a dread out of proportion to the estimable danger. We should be gone only a half a minute; the fact remained for that period we would be immobilized and largely defenceless against surprise attack.

My nerves were already shaken and my imagination began to bound. I imagined that we had seen only part of the animals that had collected about the bait, and that many more peopled the further shadows, and all would be aroused and hair-triggered by the smell of the meat, the conflict, and the now fresh blood. Cottar had told me that lions, looking well at a man, become oppressed by the unknown, and almost always go their way; but taken by surprise, or seeing him suddenly when their great dynamos of life were already purring, they often attack by instinct. Every one knew that a lion at night, in his own element and medium, was an Indian of another skin from a lion lolling and yawning in the torrid day.

Well, I had better get shed of these fancies, because I was fated to go. That fate had been written by my mere maleness, long conditioned by fear of shame. The errant coward would do the same, if there is such a thing as an errant coward; and I had never seen one of pure quill, and doubted if he existed. K'nini knew what I had been thinking, and had calmly awaited the upshot. When I gestured for him to remove the thorn bush that served as a rear gate to the boma, he made a little sighing sound that no doubt expressed relief, for he hadn't been sure what a strange bwana would do, bwanas being unpredictable, unless they were completely mad, like Bwana Cottar. For me to

yield my leopard skin to the filthy hyenas would have shamed us both. Moreover, I did not doubt that K'nini's concept of "face" was much clearer and stronger than my own.

We crawled out, he with the light and I with the rifle. As we ran forth, he swung the beam in all directions to try to blind or baffle anything lying in wait. Each of us caught a pair of legs in our free hands, and began to drag the heavy body toward the boma. These were the seconds of our greatest disability, when a lion or a leopard could give us short shrift. We knew it, and were scared, but all we could do was hurry.

For one instant, the slicing beam of K'nini's light picked up eyes. These two showed fiery-green but they looked bigger and less slanted than a hyena's eyes, and I wondered if they blazed in the flat head of the leopard's mate. In a few seconds more we reached the boma gate. There we dropped the trophy, closed the gate again, and resumed our watch.

It grew rather cold. The pack of hyenas had returned, and their monotonous broiling and sharp-edged outcries went on; still I did not need coffee to keep awake. Indeed I felt an intense and pleasurable alertness, a quickening of all my senses and strengthening of my life force, and it could stem from nothing but the strong inkling that the big doings of the night were not nearly over. Something had happened on our veldt tonight. Perhaps we had drawn our bait and laid a blood trail through a neighborhood alive with game. Perhaps by luck or lore Old Cottar had erected our *boma* in the animal's crossroads. And now I awaited the next chapter with a tingling confidence. Half-drunk on excitement, I felt equal to all that the gods of this half-moonlit enchanted night might have in store.

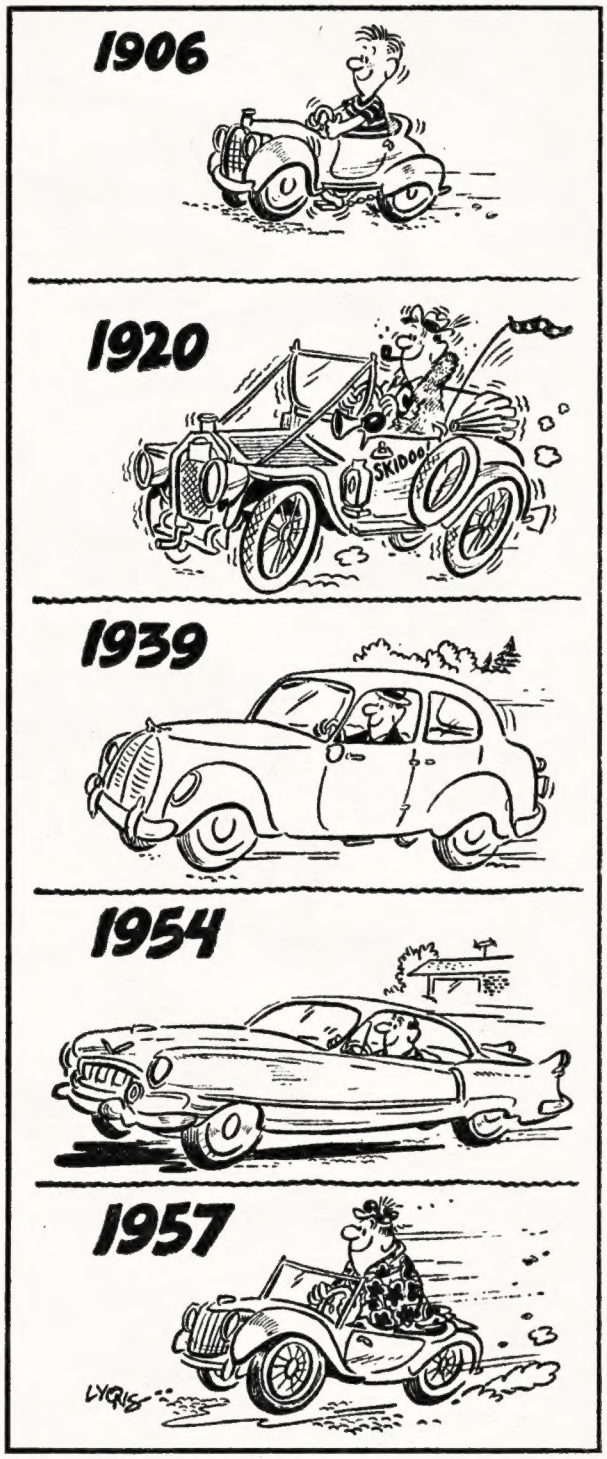
Still its overture took me by surprise. The hyena uproar ceased, as it often did for a few seconds; then did not resume. I had never listened to a deeper silence, and the moon was hid, and I could not guess what caused it. Then the moon looked through a hole in a cloud, and I saw that the whole pack had vanished. Not a wail, not a sob, not a laugh rose from the grass. What had silenced them so completely that their natures seemed changed? They had quit their feast without complaint, once more they were the outcasts of the veldt, and I felt they had gone for good.

It did not come as a surprise to me when K'nini murmured "*Simba!*" This was a wonderful word, and he pronounced it wonderfully, with a sibilant "S" and a deep-throated "a." Yet I felt that he saw no more than I; and his inkling that lions stood close by in the dark, surveying the scene before they entered it, resolved from the behavior of the hyenas. I was gazing over the bait, into the gray deceptive distances beyond. Then a shadow passed the corner of my eye.

From the brushwood behind us paced three splendid shapes, that of a heavy lion and two lean lionesses. The lion and one of his mates moved straight on to the bait, but the rear lioness turned, and startling me almost out of my wits, came up to our boma. She stopped and gazed into the window hardly six feet away. I saw her big tabby-cat face with its odd-set eyes. She gave no sign of rancor; I believe now, and I think it came to me then, that she was moved by intense curiosity, a common enough trait in animals. Her stillness let me be still. I did not fling up my rifle or move at all or make any sound. I do not think she would have leaped over the boma wall, although it would be a perfectly simple feat for one of her agility; I do believe she might have tried clawing me through the window. I have not heard of it happening to photographers and other boma-sitters in late years. In old days, when travelers and work-crews used bomas for protection, a number of Hindu and Negro laborers and some Europeans as well were attacked and killed by lions leaping or bursting through thorn walls.

The lioness got her fill of looking at me and turned away. I breathed again, and in a moment all three beasts were gorging. The moon showed the big male, wonderfully vivid in this dim light as by the stepping-up of my powers of vision, sink his teeth in the carcass, brace his foot against it, and pull till the tough flesh gave. It seems inconceivable that they could forget K'nini and me in our just-at-hand hide, or that they did not recognize our existence as living beings, but they certainly ignored us.

There they were, and here I was, this being that I called myself, the same person that had been given a .22 rifle at age 11 and who had dreamed childish dreams on the quiet Indiana plains, sitting with a black man, in the little pen of thorns 30 feet from three wild lions, watching and listening to their feasting, able to believe it and still not greatly afraid. I found myself thrilled with the litheness and grace of the two lionesses.



In the lion I sensed a dignity, a kind of royalty, that breathed a wonder and a half-glimpsed divinity over all my world. I felt the consummate mystery and miracle of being alive.

It was time for the show to end. It had been a kind of passion play, and an inchoate sense of its application to all life had come to me, and I felt at once tranquil and triumphant; now I had enough, my wits and my nerves were tired, and my sensibilities would soon dull. All the guests I had invited to the feast had come and gorged—those that Cottar had promised and those that he mentioned as fair prospects. True, he had spoken of the remote possibility of an elephant wandering by on other business. Happily I felt certain that I need not contend with this.

So any more would be repetition, and that was bad showmanship. And what I meant, really, the hidden truth, was that I had stood on guard too long, and if a new crisis rose, I might not be able to meet it.

I wished the lions would finish their meal and go. I wanted them to vanish in the night, then K'nini and I would lay in our blankets and sleep. I had no more than thought it than they did vanish, in an abrupt and impolite fashion. One moment they were eating noisily and greedily as ever, and the next they were gone.

This was not the answer to my wish. It only seemed to be. Something had gone wrong. To try to put a stop to the mumbo-jumbo in my brain, I glanced at K'nini, expecting to find him calm and happy and thinking of his light o' love in some elegant sheet-iron hut in Nairobi Black Town and of the bright silver shillings he would jingle in her ear. Then the back of my neck prickled fiercely.

His crouching position only *seemed* the same. Actually he was poised as a coiled snake. His head was a little cocked, the lines of his face showed very deep, his eyes were big and empty; and he was either smelling or listening to something very faint. I ached to reach him with words. But he told me a good deal when he picked up my rifle that I leaned for comfort's sake against the boma wall and put it in my hands.

I listened with him, as though leaning out into the night, and presently heard a very soft swish, as from some one passing slowly through long grass. But it came from too far to be a light body; only one very heavy would be audible at this distance. All at once the noise loudened and became mixed and then drowned out by the crackle of brush.

"Buff?" I asked, for most of the camp men knew this white hunter's word for the great Cape Buffalo.

He shook his head and instead asked a question, not of me, perhaps, rather of his own perceptivity, and the night and his gods. "Kifaru?"

"Yes, it's a rhino," I told myself with dark fatalism.

In a moment we heard him declare himself with his resounding snort. And now I knew what it was that Cottar had started to say, when, talking of my night watch, he had fallen silent. These were good rhino grounds.

Had this rhino merely blundered in our way? I could not be sure, when I remembered the direction of the breeze which long ago I had learned to mark. Quite possibly he had winded us and his usual sulkiness had turned into evil temper and he was coming up to quarrel, perhaps to fight. Certainly he would smell us soon, if he continued in this direction.

I had thought I was done with rhinos and their everlasting belligerence. Now K'nini and I were up against another of the brutes and rapidly approaching the most critical situation, perhaps the only truly ugly one of our night on the veldt.

I made the quick decision to get on my feet. The rhino would see me no better there, anyway he wasn't an eye-minded animal and interpreted his world through scent and sound; and I would be able to see him immeasurably better. At my signal, K'nini got behind me, ready to throw his light. I could shoot now, if I had to, and there was a hard core of resolution in my mind, which neither fatigue nor fear could shake, to shoot my level best. We had no room for maneuverability. I had no battery to fall back on, only a single piece. I did not have old Cottar, with his gun that was part of his body, to get me out of a fix. My responsibility for K'nini might be giving me a little lift, especially when I saw in his face that he felt responsible for a good performance of his job.

In a few seconds the moon showed the brute, black, vast, grotesque, trotting surlily toward us. Thank the stars above me he was in the open, and thank the moon for letting me see him plain, because plain seeing is the better half of straight shooting. He stopped about 50 yards away. Again he snorted, lowered his head and pawed the ground. But his steam was not up yet, he was willing to fight but not spoiling for it and not committed to it. So he raised his lance again and walked belligerently nearer. Only 40 yards from us he again stopped.

Long ago, when the white man was new in the land, he was so bedeviled by ill-natured rhinos that he mad a practice of shooting them on sight. I decided not to wait any longer. The full-dress charge of a rhino, horn lowered, quarters rocking, is harder to stop than a lion's, a leopard's, or even a buffalo's, the elephant's alone being more irresistible. The beast made a clear target and could become a perfect one in the glare of the flashlight. I meant to place the heavy bullet in the base of his neck.

He pushed on a few feet more. When he lowered his horn, his tail jerking, I signaled for K'nini to throw his light. Meanwhile the rhino moved, causing me to change my aim a little, and I think my shoulder knocked the black man's arm. In any case, the sleeve of his cotton shirt caught on a thorn and the burst of light fell not on a rhino but on a young tree, some 20 yards to one side of the blind.

Before he could free his arm, there came an utterly astonishing development. The rhino saw the trunk of the tree light up, the brightest, most conspicuous object of the scene, and in the great stupidity of his mind, he picked it as the object of his rage. Down he thundered upon it, missing it with his horn, and striking it with his shoulder. Then he stood there as though dumbfounded.

What followed was even more dramatic. It was, when I thought about it later, perhaps the most thrilling example of human wit and resource I had ever seen.

As the brute turned his huge head, seeking another target, K'nini provided it for him. Many wild animal charges have been stopped by accident, many more by the beast's vacillation, the greatest number were only bluffs to start with, but a black man stopped the one now threatened, and with a joke. With a truly remarkable grasp of the situation, he threw the light's beam on a low bush about 50 feet from the enemy. The rhino caught sight of it and lunged toward it. In a few seconds he rode it down and stopped, wondering, no doubt, where it had gone.

Both Cottar and I had observed the gaiety of K'nini's spirits since he had dodged the rhino in the thorn. He thought himself a devil of a fellow, Cottar had said. That lift, that *elan,* was no doubt a factor now, in K'nini playing the joke through, instead of having me turn this comedy into an affair of shooting and bloodshed. When he threw his light on the trunk of a stout tree fully 50 yards away, the rhino started for it at a full gallop. I noticed, though, that he did not lower his horn, and that his pace slacked a little as he neared it. I thought he was seeing it with his dim eyes, and although he could not make sense of it, he could no longer accept it as an enemy. He ran up to it, gave it a little butt with his nose, and came to a dead stop.

Then as though in shame and ignomy, as if he knew some one had made a fool of him, taking advantage of his stupidity which he could not help, he turned a little and galloped off in another direction. This time, he did not stop. K'nini and I heard him enter some thickets and crash through them. For many seconds more his heavy feet clumped the hard ground, the sound dying away at last.

I took K'nini's hand and shook it hard.

"Bwana Kifaru," I told him. The way he showed his teeth in a big smile told me that he understood that I called him the Rhinoceros master. So ended our magnificent adventure. I produced some biscuits and dried meat from my pack-sack, and my companion and I chomped on them together. Then we drank some hot coffee and settled in our blankets.

The old moon, that had seen so many sights, and was hard to amuse or startle, shone serenely and with great beauty overhead. •

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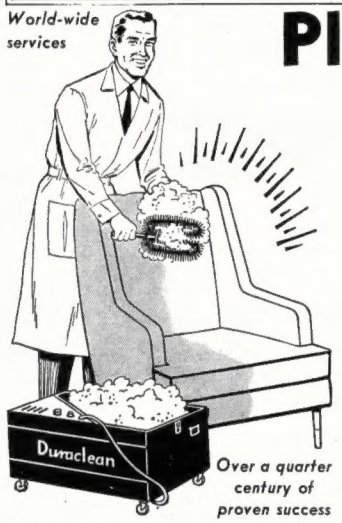

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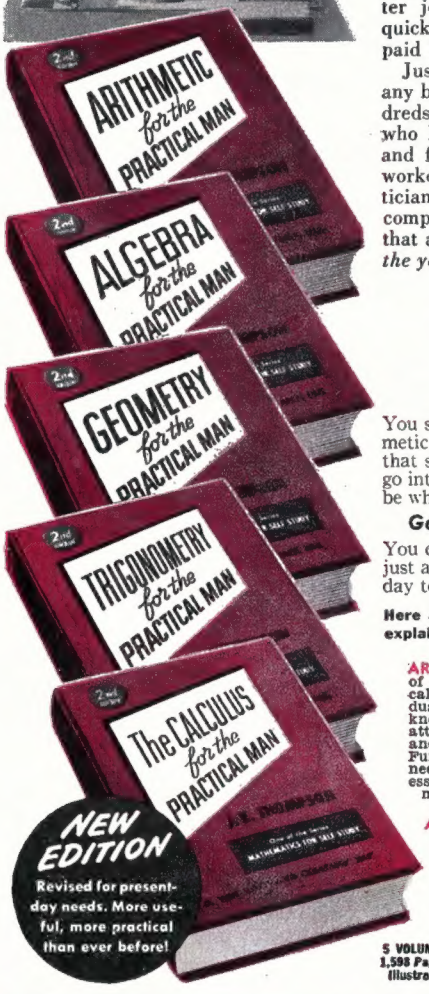
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